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Alice Duer Miller—Woods Hutchinson—Isaac F. Marcosson—Floyd Parsons
Hugh Wiley—Garet Garrett—May Edginton—Clarence Budington Kelland

"PASSED BY THE BOARD OF CENSORS"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

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Why That Buttonhole in Your Lapel?

There was a time when men's coats were made with stand-up collars fitting snugly around the neck. For comfort, or to display the lace-trimmed shirt, the coat was sometimes worn open at the throat. The top button and buttonhole were fastened in bad weather.

Coats no longer turn up about the throat. The lapel-button has disappeared, but the buttonhole remains, handed down from that earlier day when it had a real duty to perform.

There are strictly modern clothing features, too—for instance, the McBedwin Finish in Adler Collegian Clothes. By fine tailoring and exquisite needlework alone, the inside of the coat is finished more beautifully than full silk lining. Yet, it costs you nothing extra.

Your Adler Collegian dealer is displaying smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY
Milwaukee

The McBedwin Finish

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

A HART SCHAFFNER & MARX NORFOLK —IT "HAS STYLE"

YOU probably say it often—a certain man "has style" You aren't thinking of the details of his clothes as much as his whole bearing and manner Our clothes are that way—they "have style"; not in the lines alone, but in the total effect; the all-wool fabrics, fine quality, expert needlework and all

Find our label—and you'll have the style you want

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?

There They Were—Her Mother Looking Down at Her From the Gallery and Her Father Waiting for Her Below. What in Thunder Was She Going to Do?

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE girls marched into chapel singing Jerusalem the Golden. Some of the voices were shrill and piping, and some were clear and sweet; but all had that peculiar young freshness which always makes old hearts ache, and which now drew tears to the eyes of many visiting parents looking down from the gallery, and trying not to crane their necks conspicuously when their own offspring appeared in the aisle below.

On Sundays the whole school came out in blue serge and black velvet tam-o'-shanters. The little girls marched first—some as young as eleven years—and as they came from the main school buildings and marched up the long aisle they were holding the high notes, "Jerusalem the golden," and their voices sounded like young birds', before the older girls came crashing in with the next line, "With milk and honey blest.". They marched quickly—it was a tradition of the school—divided to right and left, and filed into their appointed places.

Last of all came the tall senior president, and beside her a little figure that hardly reached her shoulder, and seemed as if one of the younger children were out of place; yet this was an important figure in the life of the school—Lita Hazlitt, the chairman of the self-government committee.

Her face was almost round except for a small point that was her chin; her hair—short curls, not ringlets—curved up on her black velvet tam, and was blond, but a dusky blond. There was something alert, almost naughty in her expression, although at the moment this was mitigated by an air of discretion hardly avoidable by the chairman of the self-government committee in church.

In this, her last year at Elbridge Hall, she had come to love the chapel. Its gray stone and dark narrow windows of blue or amethyst, the organ and the voices, gave her a sense of peace almost mystic—a mood she could never have attained unaided, for hers was a nature essentially practical. Like most practical people, she was kind. It was so easy for Lita to see what was needed—to do a problem in geometry or mend a typewriter or knit a sweater—that she was always doing such things for her friends, not so much from unselfishness as from sheer competence.

The seniors sat in the carved stalls against the wall, and Lita liked to rest her hand on the rounded head of a dragon which made the arm of her chair. It had a polished surface and the knobs of the ears fitted into her fingers.

"Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us, in sundry places, to acknowledge and confess ——"

Lita loved the words of the service, and she noted that part of their beauty was the needless doubling of words—dissemble and cloak—assemble and meet together—requisite and necessary. Yet Miss Fraser, who taught English at Elbridge, would call that tautology in a theme. . . . She sank on her knees, burying her small nose in her hands for the general confession.

As they rose from their knees and the choir broke out into O Come, let us sing unto the Lord, Lita allowed herself one glance at the gallery, where her lovely mother was just rising, slim and erect, with a bearing polite rather than devout. Lita could see one immaculate gray glove holding her prayerbook. She was a beautifully dressed person. The whole school had an orgy of retrimming hats and remaking dresses after Mrs. Hazlitt had spent a Sunday at Elbridge. She was as blond as her daughter, except that somehow in the transmission of the family coloring she had acquired a pair of enormous black eyes from some contradictory ancestor. Even across the chapel Lita could see the dark splotches that were her mother's eyes. It was great fun—the Sundays that Mrs. Hazlitt came to the school, and yet Lita was always a little nervous. Her mother said anything that came into her head—simply anything, commenting on teachers and making fun of rules. The girls loved it, of course, but sometimes —— The First Lesson had begun.

The service went on. It was not until the Second Lesson was being read that Lita, glancing idly toward the antechapel, saw that a terrible thing had happened: Her father had arrived too—unexpected and unannounced. He was standing there under the gallery, his hat and stick and gloves all held in one hand, and his mouth just not smiling as he at last contrived to meet her eyes. There they were—her mother looking down at her so calmly from the gallery and her father waiting so confidently for her below, each unaware of the other's presence. What in thunder was she going to do?

Their divorce had taken place a great many years before, when Lita was so young that her mother was not much more important to her than her nurse, and her father very much less so. She was accustomed to the idea of their divorce; but she did wish they were divorced as Aurelia's parents were—quite amicably, even meeting now and then to talk over questions of Aurelia's welfare. Or the way Carrie Waldron's were—each remarried happily to someone else, so that Carrie had two amusing sets of half brothers and sisters growing up in different parts of the country. But Lita was aware of a constrained bitterness, a repressed hatred between her parents. When they said, "Perhaps your father does not quite take in, my dear ——" or "I would not interfere with any plan of your mother's; but I must say ——" Lita was conscious of a poisoned miasma that seemed to rise from old battlegrounds.

"I Think It Would be a Good Idea if Miss Hazlitt Could be In and Out of the Infirmary a Good Deal During the Next Few Days"

And now, in a few minutes, these two people who had not spoken for thirteen years would come face to face in the cheerful group of parents which every Sunday brought to the school. The few minutes after the service when everyone stood about on the grass outside the church and chatted was a time of public friendliness between three inharmonious classes—parents, teachers and pupils; and there these two dear foes of hers would be, each waiting so confidently to claim her undivided attention. She must prevent it.

She had the sermon to think it out, and for the first time in her life she hoped it would be a long sermon. The preacher, a fine-looking old missionary bishop, with a long upper lip like a lawyer, and a deep-set eye like a fanatic, was going up into the pulpit, turning on the reading light, shaking back the fine frills of his episcopal sleeves.

"My text," he was saying, "will be taken from the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, the sixth verse: 'The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.' The eleventh chapter of Isaiah, the sixth verse."

Well, the text was not inappropriate, Lita thought; but she had no intention of listening. The situation, besides its practical difficulties, brought all the emotion of her childhood's worries and confusions. One of her very earliest recollections went back to a time when her parents still loved each other. She and her mother had been sitting on the floor playing with paper dolls, and suddenly her father had appeared unexpectedly in the doorway—returned ahead of time from a journey. What Lita specially remembered was the way her mother sprang up in one single long motion and flung herself into his arms, and how they had clung together and gone out of the room without a word to her, leaving her conscious, even at four, that she was forgotten. Presently her mother had sent her nurse, Margaret, to finish the game; but the game was already over. Margaret was desirable when one was tired or hungry or sleepy, but absolutely useless at games of the imagination.

After that Lita could just remember days when she would see her mother crying—peculiar conduct for a grown-up person, since grown-up people were never naughty or afraid and could do anything they wanted to do, and did. It shocked Lita to see her mother cry; it was contrary to the plan of the universe. And then, soon after this, her father, as far as she was concerned, ceased to be; and it must be owned she did not greatly miss him.

He ceased to be as a visible presence; but at immensely long intervals—that is to say, once a year, at Christmas—magical presents arrived for her, which she knew came from him. The first was the largest doll she had ever seen. It came from Paris and brought a trousseau in a French trunk. It was an incredible delight. She dreamed about it at night, and could hardly believe each morning on waking that it was reality. The only mitigation of her delight was that her mother did not admire the doll. She said it had an ugly, stary face. Lita, beginning the stupendous task of writing a letter of thanks, with a lead pencil on ruled paper, wrote, "Dear Father: Mother thinks the doll has a stary face, but I love her ——" Only Margaret said that wouldn't do, and she had to begin all over again, her round, cramped hand pressing on the pencil until her nails were white.

When she was eight a gold bracelet arrived, set with red stones. This time her mother was even more outspoken. She said to Aunt Minnie, "Of course, she bought it! Isn't it just what you'd expect?" Lita guessed that "she" meant her father's new wife, for she knew vaguely that he had married again and was living abroad. She herself thought the bracelet beautiful; but it was put away and she was never allowed to wear it. And now, only a little while before, she had seen it in an old jewelry case of her mother's and had been surprised to find it was just what her mother had said it was.

Then two years later a set of sables had come. This, too, her mother had utterly condemned.

"Sables for a child of ten!"

Aunt Minnie had suggested that Lita's mother wear them herself and had been well scolded for the suggestion. Lita was content that these should be confiscated. She preferred her own little ermine set.

Until she was sixteen, except for presents, she lived the life of a child with only one parent, and a very satisfactory life it was. Even when her father was in the United States he did not always take the trouble to see her. Perhaps it was not made too easy for him to do so. But within the last two years things had changed. His second wife had died and he had come back to New York to live. He was older, he was lonely, and a pretty daughter almost grown up was very different from a troublesome child who couldn't walk as fast as he did, who required meals at strange hours and could eat only innocuous food. In his own silent way Mr. Hazlitt began to bid for his daughter's affection.

Lita liked the process and she liked him, although she felt immediately that the feeling was a betrayal of her lovely, devoted mother. It wasn't right, she reflected, that her father, who had forgotten her existence for so many years, should come back, and just because he was nice looking and well off and knew the art of life should be able to capture her affection as much or more than if he had stayed at home and been a good parent. It wasn't right, but it was a fact.

For two years the struggle had been going on, steadily rising in intensity. Her father had begun by asking for very little—hardly more than an outlawed parent could ask—but Lita knew that she was becoming dearer and dearer to him, and that her parents were now contending for first place in her heart. Soon it would be for her exclusive love. The pain of the situation to her was that she was to them not only a battlefield but a weapon and the final trophy of the war. As they never met, and wrote only through their lawyers, she was their most vivid channel of communication. She loved her mother the best—much the best—but her mother was a presupposition of her life, part of the background, whereas her father was an excitement, a stranger, a totally new experience.

When she dined with her mother, that was the solid comfort of everyday life; but when she went out to a restaurant to dine with her father—that was a party. When her mother told her she was looking well the compliment often meant only that Mrs. Hazlitt approved of her own taste in clothes; but if her father said so it was the reaction of an outsider, a critic, a man of the world; it raised the whole level of her self-esteem. She couldn't help valuing it more.

The sermon was nearing its end. Twice already the bishop had begun a sentence, "And now in conclusion ——" The next time, Lita thought, it might take. If only Aurelia were about! Aurelia was an authority on the management of divorced parents, though usually with mercenary intent. Aurelia had studied the art of intimating to one parent that the other did you rather better. It brought Aurelia great affluence; but Lita did not quite approve. She thought it too easy to be sportsmanlike; the poor dears were so innocent. But Aurelia was stern. She said children ought to get something out of the situation. Unfortunately, this Sunday, of all Sundays, Aurelia was laid up in the infirmary with a strange and violent form of indigestion which Lita was afraid would turn out to be appendicitis. Miss Barton, the head of the school, believed it to be

indigestion merely because she had discovered that Aurelia the night before had eaten peanuts, peanut butter, chocolate cake and tomato mayonnaise. What of course one could not tell Miss Barton was that Aurelia had been eating just such illicit Saturday-night suppers ever since she came to Elbridge.

Lita had only said very gently "I'm afraid it's more than indigestion," and Miss Barton had just glanced at her as if she were a silly ass.

If Aurelia had been about she would have been sent bounding up the gallery stairs to detain Mrs. Hazlitt, while Lita herself would have run out and explained the situation to Mr. Hazlitt. Well, as it was, she would have a minute or two. The gallery stairs were narrow and it took people a little while to come down.

The sermon was over. The organ rolled out into Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, an anthem which Lita in her childhood had always supposed was introduced at this point in order to express gratitude that the sermon was over.

The girls sprang up as if on wires. Presently they were all marching down the aisle again. Lita looked up in the gallery and smiled at her mother, looked down and smiled at her father; and then, as soon as she was back again in the main school building, she turned and ran as fast as she could go to the main door of the chapel.

A crowd of parents and teachers had already gathered, all being as civil to one another as if they were not naturally hostile. Lita had once overheard Miss Barton exclaiming, "Of course, anyone could keep a good school if it weren't for these parents!" Her father was standing a little apart, waiting. He had put on his hat at the slight angle at which he wore it—a sort of defiance to his forty-two years. She ran up to him and flung herself into his arms.

"Pat, darling," she said—Mr. Hazlitt's name was James; Pat was a corruption of Lita's early attempts upon the Latin tongue—"it's simply great to see you back; but ——"

"I only got back last night," said Mr. Hazlitt, as if he himself were surprised at his own eagerness. "I have Miss Barton's permission for you to lunch with me ——"

"Pat dear!"

"——and spend the afternoon."

"Father!"

Out of the narrow doorway that led from the gallery stairs Lita could now see her mother emerging. She was dressed in soft blues and grays like a pigeon's breast, and her eyes, dazzled by the March sunlight, were darting about in search of her daughter among all the other figures in blue serge. Then Lita saw that Miss Barton had stopped her and introduced the bishop. That meant another minute or two; her mother would feel she simply must be civil to the bishop.

"Father."

"Don't interrupt me, Lita. You're just like—it's a very disagreeable habit."

"But you see mother's here, too, father."

Every trace of expression vanished from Mr. Hazlitt's face—his own way of expressing emotion.

Then he said in a hard, even voice, "My first Sunday!"

"I know, dear, but you see it's her regular Sunday."

"Of course. I'm not criticizing your mother," he answered, in that tone in which the phrase is so often used, as if he could do it magnificently if he let himself go. "Only I must say that after three months' absence I did hope ——" He stopped; his face, which had been blank before, now became set like steel, and Lita saw that his eyes had fallen on the former partner of his life. It was most alarming. At any instant her mother might grow weary of the bishop and turn from him. Lita laid her hand on her father's arm.

"So, you see, dear," she said rather glibly, "I can't possibly lunch with you."

"I don't see it at all," replied her father. "Your mother has had you to herself all this winter. I'm afraid I shall have to insist. There is something I want to talk over with you."

Lita had not anticipated the least difficulty with her father. He usually yielded his rights in silence, and afterward her mother explained to her how mistaken he had been in supposing he had any rights. She sighed, and he caught the sigh.

"Unless," he added, "you don't want to lunch with me."

His feelings were hurt. She couldn't bear that.

"Of course, I always want to lunch with you," she said, and she was glad this hearty assurance did not carry so far as her mother's ears. "I'll run and explain, and I'll meet you at the main gate in half an hour."

She turned away. Miss Barton, to whom Sunday was a terrible day, devoted to placating visiting parents, who always had one disagreeable thing to say before they left, had rather mistakenly abandoned the bishop entirely to Mrs. Hazlitt. As Lita approached them she heard her mother saying: "But I think it's so much nicer for wolves to be wolfish and leopards leopardy. I'm sure the heathen are ever so much happier the way they are, sharpening their teeth and eating one another up, poor dears."

"But they are not happy, my dear madam," said the bishop, driven by a sense of duty into correcting her mistake, and yet discouraged by a sense that whatever he said she would interrupt him before he had said it. "They are not happy. They are full of terror. Darkness and night are to them just a recurring fear."

"To me too," said Mrs. Hazlitt. "The heathen have nothing on me, as these girls would say. I look under my bed every night for a giant spider I read about when I was a child. You ought to be so careful what children read. So interesting—your sermon, bishop. I'm sure you could convert me if I were a heathen. Oh, I see you think I practically am. Oh, bishop, your face! Lita, the bishop thinks I'm a heathen. This is my child. May we go to your room before luncheon? Well, I never know. I'm so afraid of breaking some of their silly rules in this place. Oh, I hope Miss Barton did not hear me say that. I've asked that nice fat girl with the red hair to lunch with us at the inn. I'd rather like to ask the bishop too—he's rather sweet," she added regretfully as Lita began to lead her away in the direction of her dormitory. "But I suppose you girls wouldn't be amused by a bishop."

"Mother dear," said Lita, "prepare yourself for a shock."

"You've been expelled," said Mrs. Hazlitt as if it had come at last, as she always knew it would.

"No, it's almost worse. Father is here too."

Mrs. Hazlitt stopped short and looked at her child.

"What?" she exclaimed, and the final *t* of the word was like a bullet. "But this is my Sunday."

"But he didn't know that."

"Didn't he, indeed? It's been my experience that your father usually contrives to know anything that it's to his advantage to know—and the other way round. He just thought he could get away with it. Well, he can't!"

"He's been away on business for three months, mother."

"Has he so? Fortunately I am no longer obliged to keep track of your father's comings and goings—especially the latter. When I did attempt to ——"

She paused, bitterly brooding on her past anxieties; and Lita, taking her again by the arm, succeeded in setting her in motion. They entered the building where Lita lived, mounted the stairs in silence and went to Lita's room. Aurelia, who shared the room, being in the infirmary, secured them from interruption.

Mrs. Hazlitt walked at once to the window and peered out in all directions; but the window did not command that part of the grounds which lay between the chapel and the main gate. Finding the object of her hostile interest was not in sight, she turned back to her child.

"It's really too much," she said, "that I cannot have my one quiet Sunday a month with you. I never wanted you to go to boarding school at all. I only yielded because your coming here gave your father a place where he could see you without being obliged to come to my house—not pleasant for either of us. But it's a mistake to yield an inch to some people, as I ought to have known. I insist on my own Sunday. All other days are open to him, except this one, and so, of course, that's just the only one ——"

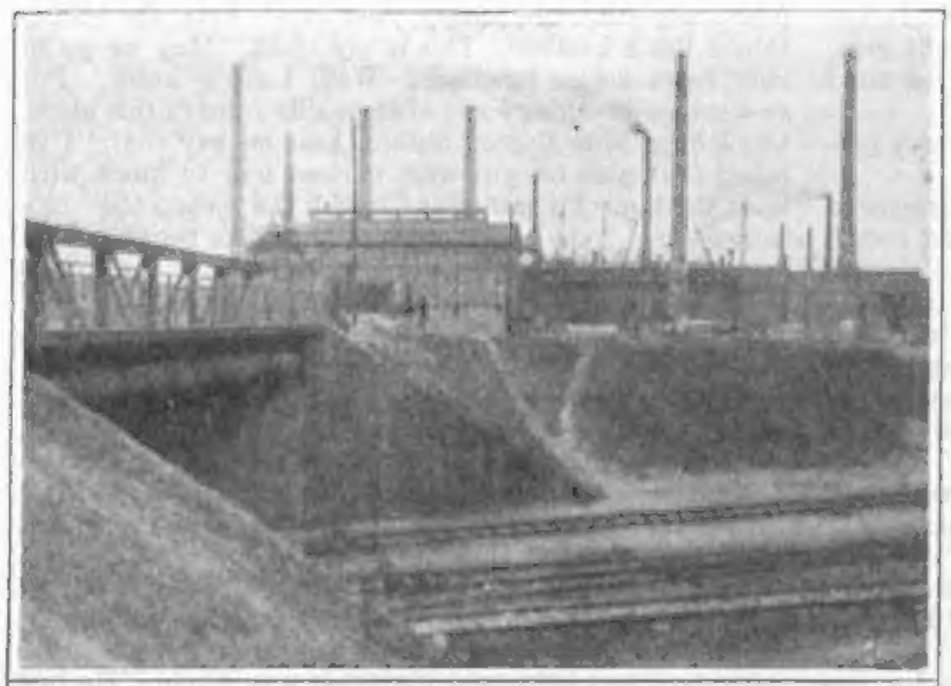
"Only, mother dear, while he's been away I have been coming down to you in New York for most of my Sundays."

Mrs. Hazlitt had a way of opening her large black eyes until her curved lashes were flattened against her lids and looked as if they trimmed her eyes with black fringe. She did it now.

(Continued on Page 141)

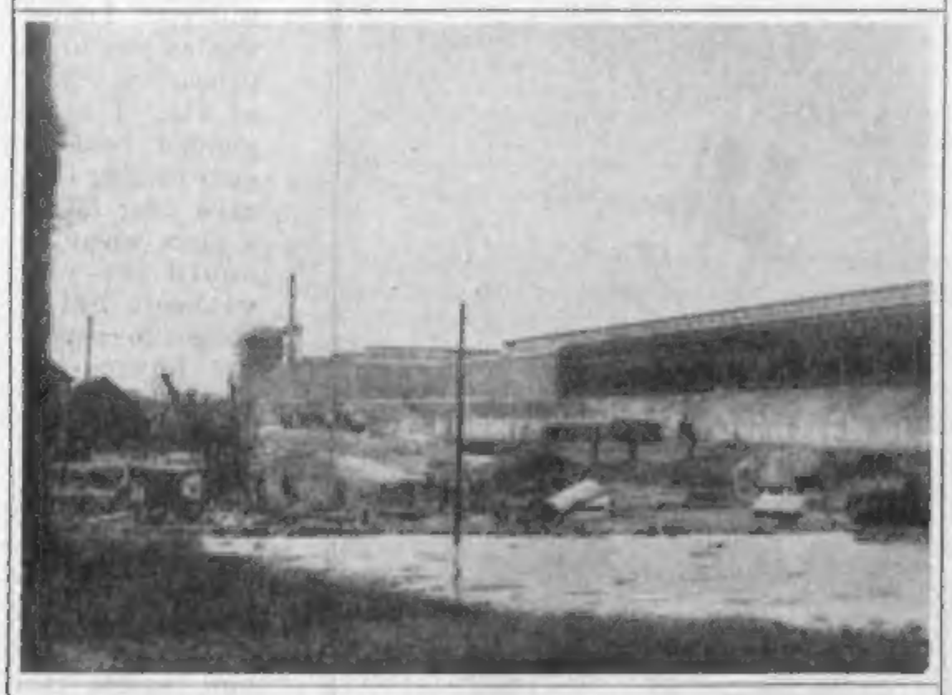
Lita Saw That His Eyes Had Fallen on the Former Partner of His Life. It Was Most Alarming

THE BLACK GRAIL OF



A Cement Plant Recently Constructed at Oberhausen

A New Office Building, Typical in German Cities



A New Stinnes Rolling Mill Building at Bochum

AT ESSEN the French engineers have on their walls an excellent map of Germany's Rhenish-Westphalian industrial district. This map, printed by the French army staff, is dated January 23, 1918. It tells nothing about ports or defenses or the topography of the terrain. It is an economic map of the Ruhr, that amazing heart of Germany's industrial organism, depicting its parts, ventricles and functions. All the great steel mills, blast furnaces, zinc works, coke ovens, chemical plants and textile industries are first placed by symbols and then identified by name in marginal notes. But the most significant feature of the map is a faint blue dotted line tracing the *Limite du Bassin Huiller*, meaning the limits of what is perhaps the richest and certainly the most convenient coal deposit in Europe, if not in the world.

And now if you take a red pencil and trace on this map the line of French occupation, as every French engineer has done, you will see that with only here and there an arbitrary divergence it exactly coincides with that blue dotted line of the *Limite du Bassin Huiller*.

As with a pair of scissors, the French dissected out the very heart of industrial Germany. They did not, in fact, detach it. They put their hands around it and began to squeeze, saying, "Now pay."

The Germans said, "This is murder. We never can pay if you do that. Let go and we will discuss it."

The French said, "Everything has already been discussed too much. There is no novelty in that. You must pay." And they squeezed a little harder.

France to the Front

THE Germans said, "You are mad. You don't want to be paid, really. Your motive is militaristic."

The French said, "You shall pay to get your heart back," and squeezed it still harder.

So there it was.

The Germans could not surrender their heart; or if they did, how could they pay? On the other hand, France had got security in lieu of words and broken promises. How could she afford to let go of that for any new promise Germany might give, giving it as she gave the first one, which was to save her life? Therefore an apparently hopeless impasse—France in possession of a thing she could not relinquish except in exchange for a thing Germany could not give.

Now this was much more than a shapeless matter of live or die between France and Germany. It changed the economic face of Europe. It may alter the destinies of all Western civilization.

By this one act of laying her hands upon the Ruhr district France became the dominant economic power of the Old World for so long as this power shall continue to reside in the possession of iron and coal. Moreover, in the moment that surgical act was accomplished, it was possible to say this astonishing thing: That now only three states on earth were able to munition a great war—namely, France, Great Britain and the United States.

Before the war Germany was the foremost economic power of Europe, having superseded Great Britain in that distinction. Great Britain was second; France was third. Germany's power was in both coal and ore. She had as much coal as Great Britain, very much more ore, and supremacy in skill of what engineers call mass production. About three-quarters of her ore was in Lorraine. She took it from the French in 1870. Most of her coal was on the Rhine and in Upper Silesia. The richest and very best of it for all metallurgical purposes was in that basin where the little Ruhr River runs into the Rhine. All this basin is called the Ruhr. It is what the French have seized.

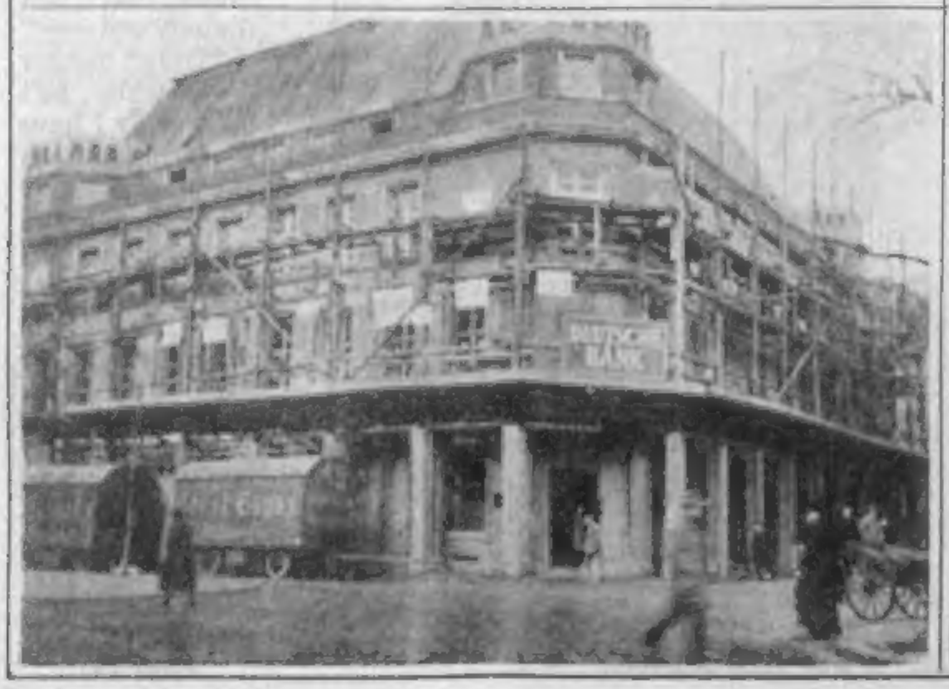
The Acme of Industrial Efficiency

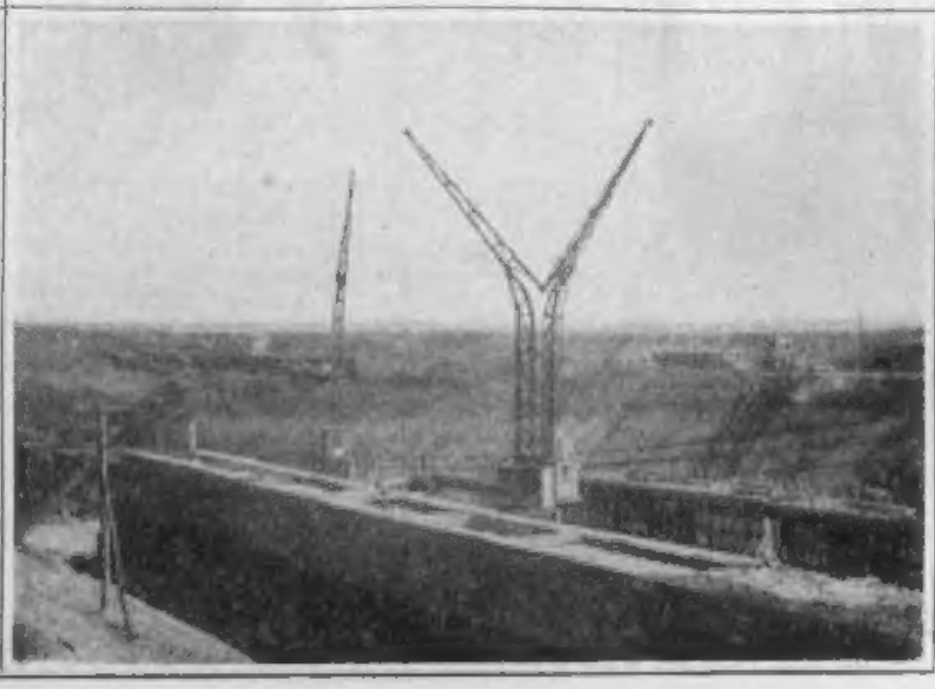
THE great German blast furnaces to smelt the ore of Lorraine were in Lorraine on top of the ore. Then in the Ruhr on top of the coal were rolling mills and coke ovens. Trains were continually running to and fro with balanced loads. They hauled coke from the Ruhr to the Lorraine blast furnaces and brought back pig iron and steel ingots to the Ruhr rolling mills. The function of the Ruhr mills was to turn the pig iron and steel ingots into rails, structural shapes, plates, bars, sheets, rods, tubes, and castings both for export and for the machine works and fine metal industries throughout Germany. More than three-quarters of all the iron and steel consumed in the finishing factories of Germany came in semifinished forms from these Ruhr mills.

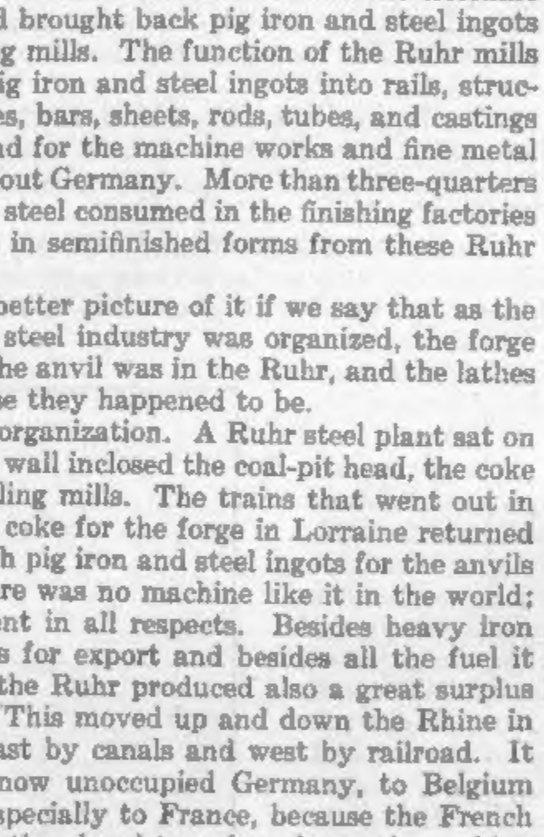
You will get a better picture of it if we say that as the German iron and steel industry was organized, the forge was in Lorraine, the anvil was in the Ruhr, and the lathes were anywhere else they happened to be.

It was an ideal organization. A Ruhr steel plant sat on its own fuel. One wall inclosed the coal-pit head, the coke ovens and the rolling mills. The trains that went out in the morning with coke for the forge in Lorraine returned in the evening with pig iron and steel ingots for the anvils of the Ruhr. There was no machine like it in the world; no other so efficient in all respects. Besides heavy iron and steel products for export and besides all the fuel it needed for itself, the Ruhr produced also a great surplus of coal and coke. This moved up and down the Rhine in trains of boats, east by canals and west by railroad. It went to what is now unoccupied Germany, to Belgium and to France—especially to France, because the French had not mastered the chemistry of modern coke making and could buy coke from the Germans for less than it cost to make it for themselves.

The Ruhrort, at the junction of the Ruhr River with the Rhine, grew amazingly. Twice the little Ruhr River was picked up and flung aside to make room for private harbors taking off from the open port. Then the great Rhine-Herne Canal was built. It was begun before







Above—A New Administration Building at Hanover. At Left—A New Lock Being Built for the Great Rhine-Herne Canal. At Extreme Left—A New Bank at Duisburg

EUROPE — By GARET GARRETT

the war and has been finishing ever since. It will take a 3000-ton boat; it connects with the Dortmund Canal, which touches the Ems River, making another outlet through Germany to the sea. As shipping facilities increased, new industries appeared, such as chemical works to utilize the by-products of the coke ovens, cement and fertilizer factories to utilize the waste of slag, then textile industries, potteries and various things, until the Ruhrort as an industrial inland port became unique and incomparable in the world, and the Ruhr district was a forest of chimneys.

All of this by reason of two accidents. One was that in this basin millions of years ago an unimaginable quantity of vegetation was overwhelmed and buried alive, thereby trapping unspent sunlight which man in time was destined to find in the form of coal. Finding it changed both his civilization and his motives for war. The other accident was that the great Rhine River came walking by and made a water path from where this thing had happened, to the open sea.

In these natural circumstances the Germans, with their technical cunning, with the British coal mines getting deeper and deeper, and with the French comparatively poor in coal, coke and ore, were bound to become the iron masters of Europe. They did, passing England in a few years, once they got started. But they had no sooner gained this power than they turned it, as we think, to the uses of conquest. They made of the Ruhr an arsenal that shook and terrified the whole world. They wrought weapons unlike any that had been produced before in the steel age. Some of them to this day are remembered with awe and superstition, as things the reality of which is admitted not upon witness of their existence but solely upon evidence of their effects. It is so, for example, of the gun that bombarded Paris from an impossible distance. The Allied Disarmament Commission has searched Germany to the skin. It has pulled her teeth, so far as it knows, until only her gums are left. Yet that gun has never been found. Did she swallow it?

Coal the Economic Dictator

NEVERTHELESS, for a reason we well know and cannot clearly explain, spirit overcame force. Germany lost the war. With it she lost the ore of Lorraine, which was three-quarters of her supply, and with the ore she lost all that wonderful Lorraine forge, probably the most highly perfected machine of its kind in the world. That is to say, the German blast furnaces in Lorraine, though they were privately owned and therefore not actually lost with the war, were nevertheless in a practical sense foreclosed because a German-owned blast furnace in a French Lorraine would be at a certain disadvantage. So the Germans offered to sell out their Lorraine forge to the French, and the French steel and iron people bought it privately. As to ore, the economic balance of power had already passed to France. When the Treaty of Versailles was signed the distribution of the total ore resources of Europe lay thus:

	PER CENT
France . . .	35.2
Great Britain	18.2
Sweden . .	12.5
Germany .	11.1
Russia . . .	8.3
Spain . . .	5.
Balance scattered	

France took first place, with more than one-third of the iron ore of Europe. Great Britain stood in second place, as before, with less than one-fifth, and Germany was fourth where she had been first, with now less ore than Sweden.

However, Germany still had the coal. True, by having to cede the richest part of Upper Silesia she lost her second-largest single source of supply, but she had still a great plenty, and very much more than France. She had above all else her Ruhr coal intact. She had been producing in the Ruhr fields alone almost half as much as Great Britain in all her fields, and this output could be greatly increased. Coal in some ways was even more important than ore. The Germans thought so. They attached a high strategic importance to coal. In a memorandum to the Imperial German Chancellor, dated May 20, 1915, the German Industrialists wrote: "Coal is one of the most decisive factors as a means of influencing policy; neutral states are obliged to obey that belligerent which is able to assure their coal supply."

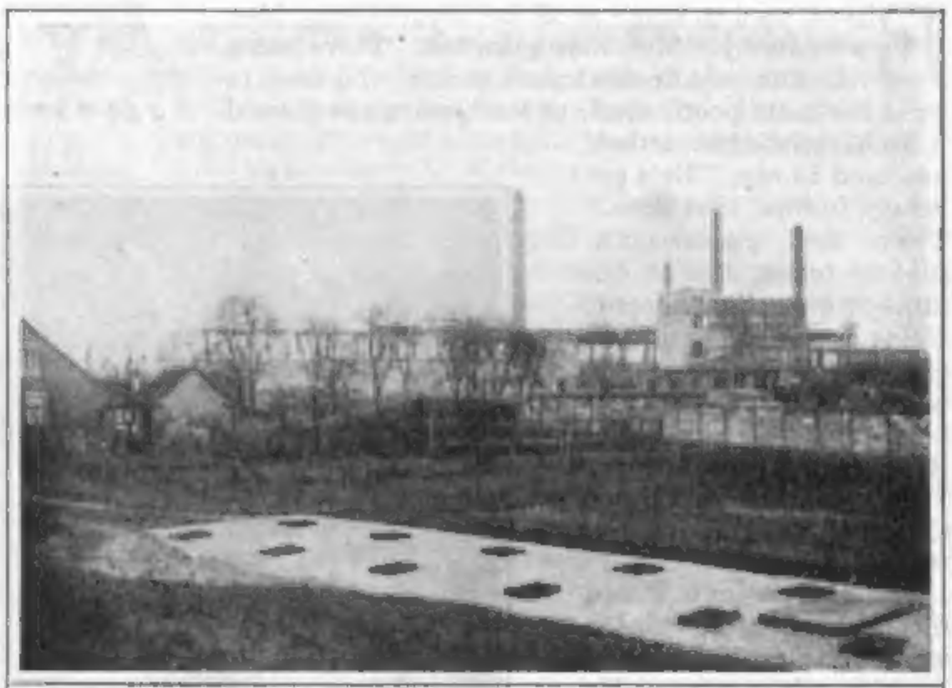
Hidden Profits

IT WAS after this that the Germans drowned a third of the French coal mines by flooding them. France was already poor in coal, unable to supply her own needs. And that is why in the treaty the French stipulated for about 2,000,000 tons of coal a month from Germany as reparations.

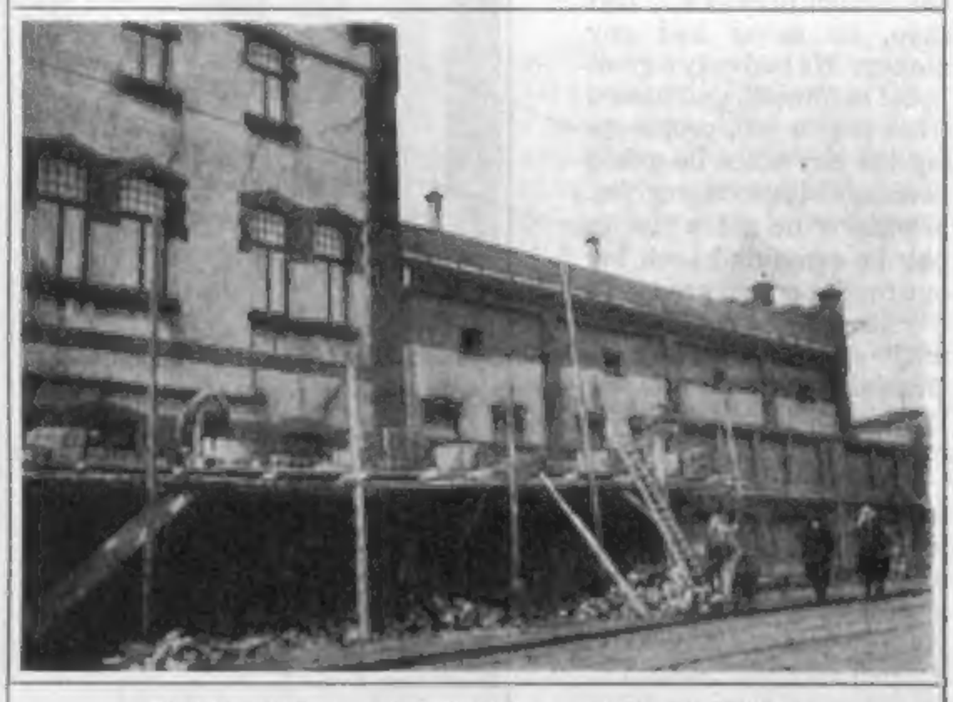
Well now, having lost the ore of Lorraine and the blast furnaces there, what did the Germans do? They proceeded to reproduce the Lorraine forge in the Ruhr. In so doing they adapted it, not to Lorraine ore, which they would have to buy from the French, but to Swedish and Spanish ore. This they began to import by water in large quantities.

And that is not all they did. The great German industrialists, Stinnes, Thyssen, Haniel, *et al.*, directly subsidized by large grants of credit from the government and indirectly subsidized by the motive rather to spend their profits for new works than to reveal them for taxation on account of reparations, proceeded further to develop the Ruhr district in a titanic manner. The repatriated forge represented by new blast furnaces had to be larger than the forge they lost in Lorraine, because at the same time they were increasing the size of the anvil. That is, they built new rolling mills on a magnificent pattern. They built also new coke ovens and new chemical works. They opened new coal mines and created new villages to house the workers in those new mines. They had a thought at the same time to increase the capacity of the Ruhrort harbor. They built private railroads connecting new works; also new sorting yards for railroad freight. They began

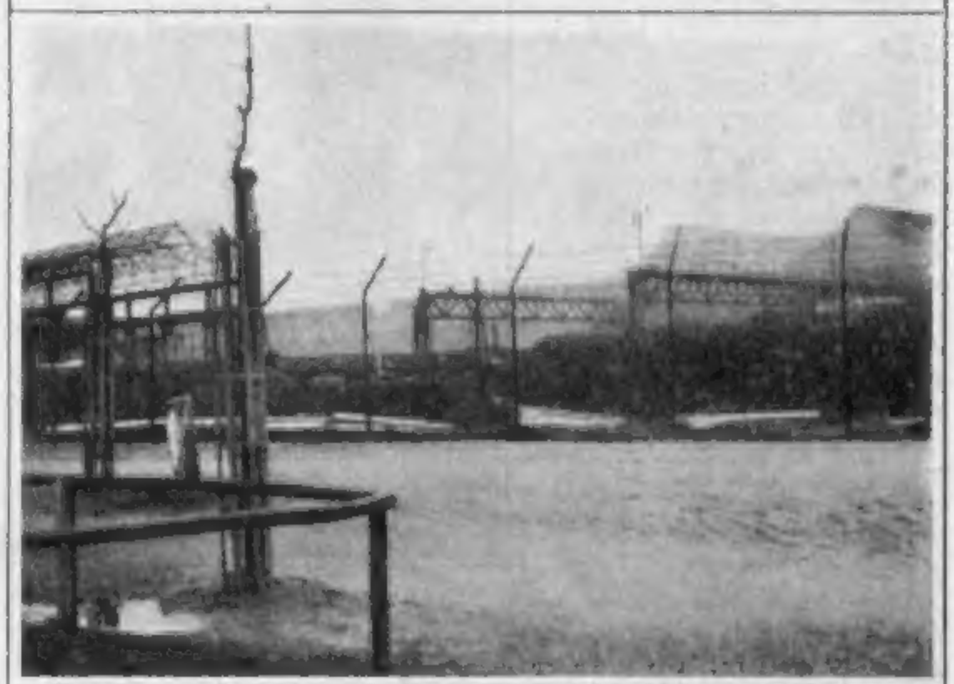
(Continued on Page 70)



A New Steel Plant Near Ruhrort



Building Higher Walls Around a Plant at Hamburg



Piles of New Brick Made by the Industrialists

Above—A Building Under Construction at Hamburg. At Right—A Thyssen Village in the Ruhr Valley Not Yet on Any Map. At Extreme Right—An Office Building at Essen

SHUT THE DOOR

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

ELISE used to laugh at all her love letters. Men were funny. Men were grim too. There was a rich and middle-aged stockbroker who used to write her quite poetic stuff; at least, when she showed it to Gracia, that artistic one used to say, "He's got poetry in him, that man." Then her guardsman, slightly terser, was at the same time more hectic. Going out with him to dine and dance on some evening was quite a bit of an adventure; not that she feared the simple brutes.

"They make me scream," she used to say; she meant, with laughter.

Little Truelove wrote oftenest. His chocolates were not so fine as the guardsman's, nor were his cigarettes so expensive as the stockbroker's. But then, he never had any money. He had only a great belief in himself, and passed from job to job, prophesying the day when he would persuade Elise to marry him. Whenever he got a rise in pay he came and took her out to dinner and proposed.

"Money doesn't tempt me," she used to say to Gracia.

"Liar!" Gracia used to reply.

All the same, she knew for a fact that Elise had refused all of them; that is to say, she had refused whatever they had to offer beyond the trivialities of dinners and what not. The stockbroker was married, anyway.

Then there was Lord Mars ——

Elise had begun life as plain Ellen—very plain and dirty Ellen—in a slum that she never had any desire to forget. Indeed, she often thought about it when she sat in one of the tiny fitting rooms, rocking a little as if she were rocking a baby, and nursing a slim elbow in each slim hand.

She used to muse, "It makes me laugh. Fancy me coming from there!"

For now she was Elise, of Paula's.

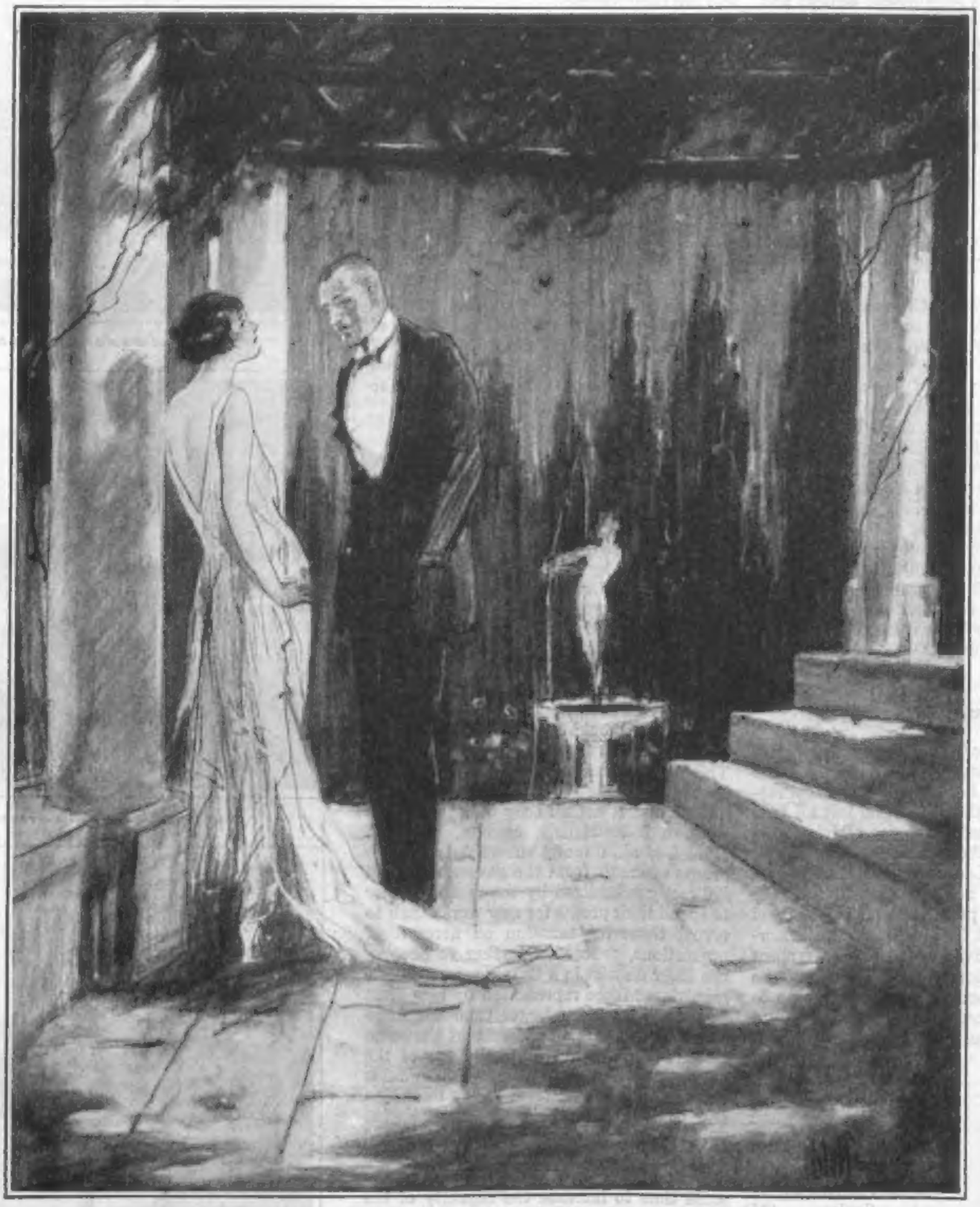
There were only two of them—Gracia, besides herself. They were Elise and Gracia, of Paula's, two of the most admired manikins—in a moderate way—in London. Elise envied Gracia—as much as she envied anyone for anything—for her superior education. Gracia envied Elise ferociously for Lord Mars.

The reason why Elise did not envy anyone for anything very much was because she had attained what to her had for many overcrowded years seemed the height of luxury. She rented, now, two little rooms furnished by herself at the top of a dilapidated old house Bloomsbury way; no one shared the rooms with her; no one ate with her or quarreled with her or slept with her.

Her early life had shown her that life's greatest and most difficult luxury for strugglers is privacy. She had also learned that to obtain it she must pay for it herself. It was the one thing no man ever wished to buy for her.

Every night she went home—and she shut the door. It was wonderful.

She never asked anyone home. No guest ever set foot across the threshold. It was home, and a unique place in her life. She kept it so. Even Lord Mars was left on the doorstep, for all his condescension in climbing to her attic threshold when he took her home. He could not understand it. He could not understand Elise's disrespect for beautiful clothes either. She wore them all day and knew them body and soul, and cast them off quite gladly for the little frock she had bought herself, at night.



It Took Mars a Long While to Say Good Night Under Such a Moon

She did not want Lord Mars to rent a handsome flat for her, or to place a car at her disposal, or to do anything else that would endanger her precious possession of privacy and liberty. She was a damnably difficult girl.

She liked Mars and ate his dinners and explained herself as well as she could to his sulky comprehension. As for Mars, first he desired her, then he liked her, then he admired her, then he loved her as well as he could. He said he loved her crazily.

When he begged for a photograph, which he would pay for, she told Gracia, and Gracia said, "Tell Paula."

So Elise said to Paula, "Lord Mars wants to have me photographed. Can I borrow the little osprey hat?"

Paula was a rather stout man of benign aspect, but as keen as a razor blade. He answered smilingly: "Why, of course, dear! And don't be a little fool. Keep the hat when you've got it. It'll please him. He's longing to buy you something."

As well as the hat, Paula lent Elise a silver-fox stole worth three hundred guineas. It was one of the most superb stoles in London. A lesser one would have photographed as well, but Paula was not thinking of the photograph; he was thinking of Lord Mars.

As a matter of fact, he sold neither the hat nor the stole to Lord Mars. Elise was too stubborn. She was so stubborn that if it had not been for the Apache grace of her figure and the gamin glint in her eye and her dark red hair that made even hennaed dowagers gasp, Paula would often have liked to sack her summarily. But she was such an entrancing manikin.

The portrait was entrancing too. She wore a long string of sham pearls for their luster. She had a skin very like pearl, and with hardly more color in it. The little black hat, fenced round with ospreys, made her a crown, and the silver fox embraced her slim shoulders. She looked out at the world with her suavest look, daring it.

Gracia saw the portrait first, and sighed, "You might be a countess."

Paula, looking over their shoulders, saw it next, and he added slyly, "She very well might be."

And Elise suddenly said for the first time, "I—suppose I might."

"Make up your mind, dear," Paula whispered, stroking her shoulder, "and you will."

Elise looked at her own photograph, and would not have been human had she not experienced a little thrill of triumph.

She was human and she experienced it.

"May I have a little extra time for lunch?" she coaxed, wriggling nearer to Paula. "Till 2:30?"

"Make it 2:20," said Paula for the sake of discipline. But he was well pleased. "Artful kid," he thought, moving away.

Elise met Mars for lunch at the Carlton. She wore her own little hat, then, with only one osprey in it—a damaged one that Paula had given her for Christmas. It was a tiara instead of a crown.

Lord Mars had arranged for her one of his epicurean little lunches. There was a bouquet of violets beside her plate. "Fresh gathered from Towers this morning," he said. "I had my man go down and gather them. Thought you'd be pleased."

For to such a pass had Elise brought him that his tender thoughts as well as his passionate ones were for her, and he thought of all sorts of absurd little tributes to pay, for he really did love her as well as he could.

She knew that Towers was nearly fifty miles out of town, and again she would not have been human had she not enjoyed this.

Being human, she did enjoy it.

"All that way!" she murmured with a little flame alight under her pearl-white skin. "And London so full of florists too! You could have gone to Soloman's."

"It wouldn't have been the same," said Lord Mars; and he sat and feasted his troubled eyes upon her. She troubled him greatly.

For about the fiftieth time he asked her, after lunch had been eaten, and she played with a nectarine, "Dearest child, aren't you getting to like me the least little bit?"

"I like you very much indeed, Lord Mars."

"Why can't you call me Teddy?"

"I can—Teddy."

Mars' eyes shone.

"That's better. Every blessed time I see you I have to ask you not to call me by my confounded title. Every time

you agree; every next time, back you go to this cursed caution. Dearest child, what are you so afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid of anything," said Elise.

"Then why won't you let me do more for you? Why——"

"You'd want more from me."

"Why are you so different, so difficult, so ——"

"I'm so happy as I am."

"So you always say. But how can you be happy as you are?"

"I've got all I want."

"Oh, Lord! My dear, if you only knew, you've got nothing. But you do know. You do! That's what I can't understand."

"It's what you can never understand that beats you — that it would take a great deal to make me give up what I've got."

Mars' highly colored face colored more highly yet at the blatancy of the words on his tongue. He hesitated and spoke them.

"My darling girl, I have a very great deal."

II

ELISE heard again Gracia's "You might be a countess," and Paula's sly assent "She very well might be." She mused, not without excitement, "Fancy me—fancy me ——"

She had seen pictures of Towers, a great sixteenth-century house with lawns and sundials and pergolas and lakes and —— All these hazy impressions swam together and clarified in her brain. Now it was she who was suddenly troubled, while Mars went on speaking. It was her temptations that troubled her. Up to now she had not been very certain about Mars; or at least she had thought that she had been very, very certain indeed.

But what was he saying?

"Darling girl, I'm crazy about you. I think about you all day and dream about you all night. I've got to have you, Elise. I've got to! I'm that sort of chap—always had what I've wanted, and if I can't it—it goes damn badly with me. And I've set my heart on you, darling. Take me, and take Towers and all I've got and make me happy. I'll know no peace till I've married you, and that's how things are with me."

Being a girl, born in the gutter, already transplanted to a garden and filled full of the beautiful vanities of life, her head swam. Her breath caught; she could hardly believe her ears. He was asking her to be Lady Mars; that was, future Countess of Towers.

Portraits and paragraphs in society papers swam before her. She saw the beautiful picture and read the flattering page, both with herself as subject. This giant, handsome, strong, red and brown with princely sports in all weathers, traveled, privileged, lordly, born of the flower of the land he was subjugated by her, plain Ellen of the long-lost slum, Elise, of Paula's. He would be her mate; her son, her eldest son, would be Lord Mars.

"Fancy me! Fancy me! Fancy me!"

But she saw two little quiet rooms with the door shut. So she paused.

Mars was devastated by that pause; frightened. He had plunged recklessly. And she did not know of the simply terrific battle he had waged at home before Lady Towers brought herself to sit down at her desk and write the letter that Elise would receive shortly

"I like being independent," she began. "I like to be alone when I want to be alone. I like to have a door that I can shut. And if you ——"

"Look here, dear," said Mars steadily, though his heart was beating and thudding in a great passion. "Everyone has to pay a price for what they can get. You would pay with your notions and all that. I don't understand 'em, anyway. Soon you'd never miss 'em. I can give you much to make up. I can practically give you—well, the earth. What's wrong with me?"

Elise looked at Mars.

"Nothing," she almost faltered. "You're a wonderful-looking man. Gracia's mad about you."

"Nice of Gracia," said Lord Mars, smiling.

"You're an extraordinary fine catch," said Elise.

Mars moved uneasily.

"Look here!" he besought.

"Do you know what I am or where I come from?"

"Wouldn't make any difference if I did," said Mars

"I'm lucky," she said audaciously, "to be an orphan and an only child. I was born in a slum. 'S far's I know, I'm illegitimate. I was brought up —— "

"Drop it!" said Mars. "You can drop everything when you're my wife. You can begin with a clean slate."

"But I don't know that I want to drop everything that's mine. It's mine. It's me. I was brought up by people who lived eight in a twenty-foot room, eating and sleeping. I never knew what being alone meant till I was twenty, 'cos after I left that room I shared a bed with two other girls. I came to see that being able to shut your door and shut everyone else out is just wonderful. I've got it. I'm my own. It would take a lot to make me give that up."

"I have a lot," Mars repeated.

"No, listen! I don't want to keep on taking. All my life I've known people begging and cadging to secure their daily bread. I was one of them. I'd like to give. And I'd feel like a queen. If I marry you, I still take everything. What do I give? What ——"

"Dearest child, darling child, I'm more than satisfied "

"Yes, because you want me just now. After ——" She thought, "If I wasn't a fool I'd say, 'After all, I'll still be Lady Mars, future Countess of Towers.' Paula'd say I was a fool "

Before she had disentangled her confused thoughts Lord Mars was speaking again.

"You'll receive a letter from my mother directly, asking you to Towers for a week. I want you to come."

"Me?"

"I've spoken to my mother."

"About me?"

"About you. She ——"

"She must be mad about it!"

"She was," said Mars after a moment's hesitation. "Let me be frank, darling; she threw fits. Then, after she'd thought it all over, she calmed down. Wants me to marry. I've been a bit of an anxiety to 'em in my time, and—well, short of impossibilities, she—she's willing to welcome a daughter-in-law."

"I'm an impossibility," said Elise.

Mars was quiet. If she only knew some of his adventures, if she only knew what Lord and Lady Towers knew, she would see that they might easily resign themselves to any daughter-in-law who would run straight herself and

(Continued on Page 168)

Lady Towers Watched, Thinking, "I Shall Have to Train Her. It Must be Done"

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

ALDERMAN TOMLET was a statesman of few but tersely direct words. If he erred in speech it was upon the side of brevity; yet in spite of a schooled discretion he uttered one word too many. In consequence of this redundant word a sway-backed, overworked, rheumatic, hardened-arteried old adage was compelled to drag itself out of retirement for a long stretch of wearing labor. The adage was this: That politics makes strange bedfellows.

Among these political bedfellows was Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, whose husband's name was merely Pratt, without either hyphen or Lattimer. It so ran in the social notices appearing in the Corinth Daily Tribune; for example, "Mr. George Pratt and Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt were among the guests," and so on. Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt was a missionary and her mission was to abolish dieting. There were very few months, indeed, in which this social arbiter and leader of Corinth's thought did not deliver to some organization of one-hundred-and-ten-pound working girls her famous lecture on the dangers of dieting to reduce, during the course of which she freely offered herself as an exhibit of what excellent health might be expected to accompany a hospitable attitude toward adipose tissue

Another whose orbit was made to touch that of Alderman Tomlet by reason of that carelessly spoken word was Miss Petunia Nancy Gunk, who signed her name P. N. Gunk and was by profession, predestination and inclination an organizer of the Woman's Party, a political entity by means of which the sex revolution was to be accomplished, pure and efficient government established and the bitter lot of the American woman ameliorated to a point where life should become bearable if not delectable.

Also there was young Marshall Tree, a serious-minded youth, much impressed by the dignity of the legal profession, of which he had recently become an ornament. Marshall was both ambitious in a political way and an exceptionally efficient golfer. Socially, no exceptions could be taken to him either on the grounds of family, funds or personability; but Geraldine McKellar declared him to be utterly impossible. Her ground for this view was that in conversations in which he took part a certain heaviness of topic was apt to creep in, while lightness and frivolity flew away headlong.

"Women," Said Marshall in His Best Forensic Manner, "are Not Adaptable to the Intricacies of Politics"

"Marsh's trouble," said Geraldine, "is that he thinks he's an educational institution and his pupils are all half-wits."

"Maybe we are," said Violet Black.

"Anyhow," Geraldine replied, "the half we have is the part you see a joke with."

Which brings us to Geraldine, universally known as Jerry, the individual about whom and in whose hearing Alderman Tomlet uttered that unnecessary and far-reaching word—a word that altered the trend of Corinth's political history; a word that, like the shot at Lexington, rang, if not around the world, at least reverberated throughout Corinth's area. And the queer thing about it is that Alderman Tomlet never knew and doubtless never will know what an avalanche his pebble of a word started on its irresistible way.

On a certain day in June, in the year 1922, Jerry McKellar returned to Corinth from a four-year sojourn at some institution of learning and expense where young women are taught to be an aid to their husbands by correcting their grammar or their stance or their tennis stroke. She was met at the station by a bevy of young women of the country-club class who fell upon her with exclamations, gesticulations and kisses, to the end that the station platform became a sort of motion-picture mob scene and the routine business of operating a railroad was compelled to wait on a sidetrack.

Alderman Tomlet also alighted from the train. He was met by a trusty henchman named Dink Gadget, who came to be first with the political gossip of the realm. Alderman Tomlet surveyed the scene with distaste, for it had been a hot, dusty ride, and his urbane disposition had a cinder in its eye. He poked an authoritative thumb in the general direction of Jerry and scowled.

"Who is that ——" said he, and paused. If the pause had become a full stop; if he had set down an interrogation mark at the end, all would have been well. But it was only a comma or a dash or at most a row of periods such as Mr. Wells is fond of using in literature. He continued: "Flapper who's causing all the excitement?"

When the alderman asked this question he was not more than six feet from Jerry, and the word "flapper" reached her ear distinctly. Now had it been in 1918, when the word "flapper" had a sort of elegant meaning, when it referred rather to a subdeb than to a subway gum chewer, no offense would have been taken. But in 1922! The very word was *passé!* Jerry did not, as she would have expressed it, bat an eye; but inwardly she raged. Nor was it necessary for her to inquire as to the identity of the individual who had applied the term to her thus publicly, for every man, woman and child in Corinth knew and had known Alderman Tomlet these many years. He was as well known as the clock tower on the city hall and apparently as impervious to the passage of time and the ravages of storm. The alderman's business was politics, and he worked at his job without grumbling for an eight-hour day. In fact, so long and so successfully had he labored that elections in Corinth had become really unnecessary. They were still held, it is true; but along in the July preceding the November elections, Alderman Tomlet had already selected the incumbents of the city's various public offices, and the subsequent casting of ballots was neither more nor less than a regrettable waste of good white paper that might otherwise have been used to print mail-order catalogues.

The alderman and Dink Gadget passed on to enter Tomlet's conservative motorcar, ignorant that the moment had been pregnant. The alderman's momentary irritation had passed, and he became his tolerant, diplomatic self.

"Well, Dink," he asked, "what's the news?"

"Ain't much," said Dink, "except the wimmin—if you count them."

"What wimmin?"

"The female wimmin—all of 'em. The ones that's been give the vote by this here Nineteenth Amendment."

"If you was to ask me," said the alderman, "I'd say they've been given a flute without a book of directions for playin' it. But if they ever take it into their heads to hire them a teacher, why, a ruckus is apt to bust loose in the vineyard."

"That's what I come to the station to see you about. They've fetched in a bird that by all accounts is a she William Jennings Bryan compiled with a Richard Croker, and they're aimin' to organize."

"U'm—Republican or Democrat?"

"Neither. Independent-like. Woman's Party."

"Gwan! Huh! Wa-al," he ended philosophically, "the's a lot of 'em. More wimmin than the' is men, accordin' to the newspaper almanac. U'm—if they go and organize as wimmin I hain't goin' to worry. Seen sich things before. Too many folks is people to git anywhere with that kind of a thing. Folks with some special kind of a leanin' are always organizin' to run politics, but it don't mean nothin'. Sure! Universalists and Presbyterians and grocerymen and red-headed folks and men with one leg is always aimin' to get together and vote as sich and run the country; but they don't never do it; and I'll tell you why, so's you won't have that to worry about any more. It's because folks votes the ticket they think'll do them the most good. That's why. If you could cast a solid red-head vote it 'ud mean somethin'. But they split. Be the same with wimmin—them of them that votes. All they mean is more votes but not a diff'rent kind of vote."

"But," objected Dink, "wimmin is diff'rent."

"Not in politics," said the alderman. "You can't no more git all the wimmin in a town to agree to foller one party then you can git the men, and maybe less so. But there's another side to it that I'll tell you, Dink, so as you'll be up on that point, and this is it: In politics, don't never miss a bet. Maybe somethin' comes up that you know don't amount to nothin', but you got to make believe it does and act like it does till its teeth fall out. Why? 'Cause you can't ever tell."

"So you're going to do somethin' about these wimmin?"

"I'm goin'," said the alderman, "to encourage 'em."

The same topic of conversation arose that evening when Marshall Tree and a large bouquet of roses came to call on

Jerry McKellar. One would have imagined that a young gentleman might have hit upon a more personal and engrossing subject than politics to discuss with a girl of Jerry's disconcerting good looks, especially when those good looks have not been on view for a matter of four years; but, as Jerry once told him to his face, "Marsh, if ever you go to the legislature, you'll pass a law substituting encyclopedias for engagement rings."

There came a lull in the conversation—a momentary silence. Marshall broke it in an exclamatory manner.

"Petunia Nancy Gunk!" he said.

"You mustn't swear," said Jerry. "It's so old-fashioned."

"Eh? I wasn't swearing."

"It doesn't matter what the words are," said Jerry with specious virtue; "it's the intention you say them with."

"I—what I said was Petunia Nancy Gunk."

"I heard you, and it sounded positively impious."

"It's a name."

"Most swear words are "

"Of a female politician Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt has imported."

"For what?"

"To organize the women into a political party."

"Sounds fun," said Jerry.

"It's absurd," said Marshall, "and I hope you'll have nothing to do with it."

"I'm of age Tuesday," said Jerry, "and that gives me a vote, and you don't expect me to let it spoil on my hands, do you? I'd look pretty carrying around a stale vote, wouldn't I?"

"Oh, I've no objection to your voting, so long as you don't go in for politics. Just vote and let it go at that. Ask your father whom to vote for, you know, and have it over with."

"Thank you," said Jerry meekly.

"Women," said Marshall in his best forensic manner, "are not adaptable to the intricacies of politics. By nature they are not capable of the sort of thinking required in affairs of politics and of state."

"Really? Aren't they really? Why?"

Jerry's voice rang with a simple, youthful eagerness to be informed.

"It is," said Marshall, "a matter of evolution. Men have evolved more rapidly than women and to a higher mental plane. This has necessarily been so. The preservation of the race has demanded it. Woman must feel rather than think. She must remain always nearer to the primitive ideal—more elemental, more emotional, less logical. The mind of woman cannot invent, cannot create. It is constructed to preserve. Don't you see?"

"It's becoming a little clearer," she said; "but there are still a couple of dark corners. Throw your little flashlight into them, please."

"The task of conserving the race is in woman's hands," he elaborated. "The care of children must always be theirs, and Nature has formed their minds to that end. It is and always must be women who care for and protect babies and young children. They guard them, oversee their health, instruct them. Therefore they must be primitive, given to primitive passions and emotions, like—er—like a tigress with—er—cubs, you know."

"Oh, I see," said Jerry with girlish enthusiasm; "and isn't it sweet to think of women that way—as tigresses!"

"Understand me, I am not saying the mental processes of women are inferior, but only of a different kind."

"To be sure. Women have nursemaid minds and men have golf minds. Everybody knows a golfer makes a poor nursemaid, and it's quite likely true a nursemaid would make a poor golfer, though I never saw one try to play."

"You have the idea," said Marshall with satisfaction. "I'm quite quick that way. Lots of folks have noticed it. Marshall, you're a nice boy. There are times when I like you."

"Times?"

"Yes."

"When are they?"

"Those rare ones when you're not putting on your impersonation of King Solomon—and doing it without a beard to deceive the audience."

"Jerry, I ——"

From his voice it was obvious it had occurred to him to take up another subject than politics, but Jerry interrupted.

"Marshall, you"—she paused in imitation of his pause—"are on your way to the door. I've a light mind. They forgot the reënforcing bars when they built it and it can stand just so much strain. I can hear it groaning now, and if you don't go away from here it's going to crack." She got to her feet. "I'm going to put you on a schedule—the length of your calls. Like this: Subject: Einstein's Relativity; length of call, one minute. Subject: Settling the World's Difficulties; length of call, half an hour. Subject: Just fluff; length of call, until father stamps on the floor."

It will be seen from the foregoing conversation that Jerry's thumb was forced to thrust itself into the political plum pie, for it was a characteristic of the young woman that she could never refrain from tampering with what was forbidden to her. Marshall's psychology lacked adroitness. He should have arrived begging Jerry to save the city, the state, the nation, by taking up practical politics as a profession. In which case it is likely Jerry would have died at an advanced age, still wondering what the inside of an election booth looked like.

Inevitably it was Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt who extended the pie with an invitation to break the crust, which was due partly to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's desire to draw everybody else into anything she herself was interested in and partly to the fact that Jerry was president of the Junior Literary Club, and as such entitled to official invitation.

Of course, Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt was president of the Corinth League of Women's Clubs, and naturally the organization of the Woman's Party must be set in motion by that agency. It is a fact that neither its president nor the league was in possession of all the facts concerning the Junior Literary Club and more especially the major fact that its title to the use of the word "literary" was based wholly upon its exhaustive study of both fashion and motion-picture magazines. It had been organized for purposes satisfactory to its members, and its name had been chosen for the same reason that artillerymen in our late debate with Germany had painted their guns to represent cows grazing in a pasture. But, as Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt put it, "to show the young things we really take an interest in them, and to give them encouragement in their laudable objects," they were allowed to assume the dignity of membership in the league. Which becomes a matter of political and social moment, as shall be demonstrated.

The first meeting looking to the formation of the new political party was called by Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and was select and informal in its nature. Ten ladies were present—and Miss Petunia Nancy Gunk.

The ladies were all personal friends of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, ladies who lived in the right kind of houses in the correct part of town and who were the leading figures in those clubs whose doings are noted by society editors with extra respect. The hostess welcomed Jerry, who as usual arrived a bit late and breathless, with that expansive kindness and condescension that is so apt to drive the young to acts of rashness.

"My dear," she said, "we are so glad—so glad to welcome you, as it were, to the ranks of womanhood. I am told you have celebrated your twenty-first birthday this week. Ah, what a field that opens before you! What privileges! What responsibilities!"

"I'm rather keen on the privileges," said Jerry. "I explained them to dad. I made it perfectly clear to him."

"You made what clear, my dear?"

"That hereafter he would have to ask me not to do things instead of telling me not to."

(Continued on Page 130)

"We Have Before Us a Work of Purification, a Labor of Uplift. Among Other Things, I Believe the Pernicious Habit of Dieting to Reduce May be Made a Political Question"

OUR LORDLY LIVER

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHAT would you give for a portrait of one of your ancestors, with a strong family likeness, done in the year 3300 B. C.? Yet a sturdy but unassuming citizen of our body state can claim this distinguished honor.

Under a glass case in the Babylonian section of the British Museum may be seen a beautifully molded, baked-clay model of a liver—lobes, gall bladder and all. Its whole surface is ruled off by sharply indented lines into squares, like those of a checkerboard, each of which is inscribed with mystic characters.

The model is labeled "Used for purposes of divination," and was a prophecy chart of the Babylonian priests. They carefully examined the livers of animals offered for sacrifice, noted the shape of the lobes and the markings and mottlings upon their surfaces, and then foretold the future according to the mystic signs of the squares on the clay chart in which the markings fell. As these markings were usually dilated veins or bile ducts, the liver prophecies were literally written in blood—and bile. A full and swollen gall bladder, for instance, meant increase of lands or power to the king or warrior who was having his fortune told.

The Babylonian priests explained their reverence for the liver as a prophet by the quaint logic that, having been offered to a god to be eaten by him, it had become itself divine. So that our lordly liver, our great chemical factory, can trace its descent, like the heroes of old, to the very gods themselves.

The Prophesying Powers of the Liver Continued With Undiminished Glory From the Days of Babylon to Those of Julius Cæsar

The prophesying powers of the liver continued with undiminished glory from the days of Babylon to those of Julius Cæsar. This most modern ancient was proverbially more practical than pious. There is a legend to the effect that upon one very important occasion, when the first liver examined by the augurs, or prophet priests, showed markedly unfavorable signs for his plans, he suavely suggested a new deal. This was repeated, and again and again, until finally the liver of the fifteenth animal showed the proper markings of divine approval for the projected campaign.

"Ah!" purred Cæsar. "This is the real omen; those others were simply celestial misfits: we start tomorrow." And the results proceeded to show that the great Julius was as good a judge of livers as he was of men.

Cinderella in Reverse Gear

BUT, alas! some are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness taken from them: even so with the liver. The legend of the Byzantine general who in his day had been second only to the emperor in power, and yet who in his old age was forced to walk the streets of Constantinople, calling aloud for alms, is sadly typical. Not even the possession of a long and honorable lineage affords the slightest protection against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, either in the world at large or within the human system.

The history of the liver is the history of Cinderella in reverse gear; from an inspired prophet it has been degraded into a dishwasher. But a better day is dawning for this neglected and unappreciated organ; the low esteem in which it was held in recent ages was quite as unreasoning as the veneration paid it in days long past. We have now come to realize that even though the liver may not be a prophet of the prophets, neither is it merely a scullion, but a very useful, quite indispensable, extremely efficient citizen of the body state, which we should respect and admire even if we can no longer worship and revere it.

Today again the liver is as highly respected and honored as it ever was, but upon far less romantic and distinguished grounds. The man in the street regards it with profound respect because he believes it to be the source of that dark brown taste in the mouth and general morning-after biliousness, which are Nature's vengeance upon a celebration gorge, whether solid or liquid.

The scientist declares that it is the greatest chemical factory in the body, cooking and compounding our food, turning poisons into harmless wastes, purifying and enriching the blood. Romantically considered, it is something of a drop from a prophet to a poison filter, from a gold-laced chief of staff to a buck private on perpetual Kitchen Police, but the latter is of vastly more practical utility to the body. Moreover, it still retains some of its old prophetic powers, for a disordered liver predicts damnation, and to become melancholic—black-biled—from liver failure—in other words, self-poisoned with our own wastes—is one of the unhappiest lots that can befall us. For both peace of mind and comfort of body the classic gibe still holds: "Is life worth living? That depends on the liver."

The latest and perhaps the most plunging descent from the sublime to the commonplace made by our great bile factory is that from the reputed seat of the soul to the lowly post of the body barkeep.

Or to bring the comparison strictly up to date and Volstead, the body soda jerker; shooting just the right amounts of sugar sirup and fat cream into the life stream which carries the liquid food and air supply of the entire body. For we live by drinking, not by eating, and can literally never afford to let our business interfere with our—internal—drinking.

But this descent in the social scale is more apparent than real. It seems unlikely, to say the least, that the liver was ever the seat of the soul, as once believed, while it most certainly and unquestionably is the balancer of the food ration for the entire body. It pours the sugar fuel for the muscle engines into the blood during working hours, and turns it into animal starch and stores it in its own tissues between times. It is in fact an animal hot potato filled with starch for future use. It deposits the surplus fat cream in the body banks just under the skin and around the intestines, and checks it out again whenever the machine needs lubricating, or a specially rich gas mixture is required, or the brain cries for its bottle, with cream soothing sirup. For fat, not fish, is the real brain food.

Part of this fat it stores in itself and may actually become nearly one-seventh fat and another seventh animal starch at its storage times. The hot potato has butter in it also. And although our body food shop no longer has the honor of housing the soul, it may still powerfully affect the temperament of that immortal spark. So long as one can sing in paraphrase of the old hymn, "It is well with my liver," the complexion of your spiritual disposition is likely to be bright. And as Bishop Vincent once shrewdly remarked, "Many Christians think they're pious when they're only bilious."

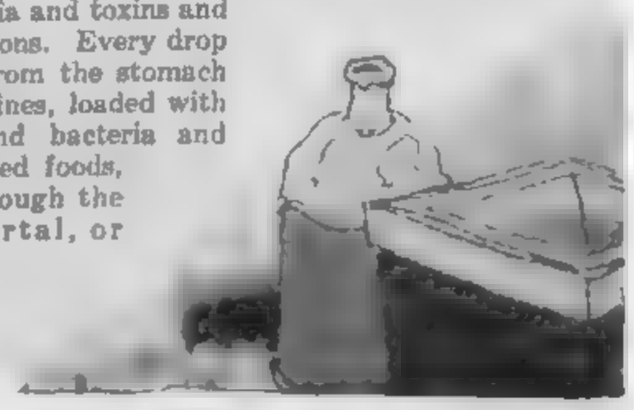
Conjuring

LAST, but by no means least, the liver takes the poisonous ammonia brought back to it in the blood from the combustion in the body tissues of our protein foods—milk, meat, eggs, fish, and so on—and neutralizes or unpoisons it in a most extraordinary fashion. The greater part it turns into the nearly harmless waste, urea, which is eagerly picked up by the cells of the kidneys and drained out of the body. The small remainder is mixed with the surplus proteins or meats of our food, and by a marvelous chemical sleight of hand is, according to McCollum, transformed into one or more of those now famous spark foods, or life essences, the vitamines—a transmutation as incredible as that of the philosophers' stone. This explains why we have always craved a surplus of proteins, or meats, milk, and so on, in our diet, over and above the amount needed for repairs, and perhaps why pellagra comes if we don't get it. Some animals can thus form their whole vitamine supply, but most need assistance from without. The liver may not be a prophet, but it certainly is a conjurer, and can bring rabbits out of a hat with the best of them.

Altogether a most useful and desirable citizen, and withal a cheerful and even convivial one, mixing our drinks, putting the stick into our vitamine cocktails, and the sugar and cream into life's coffee. And yet to feel livery is a synonym for dumpishness and general discomfort.

The later classic days set us the example and dropped the liver from its pedestal, when all the livelier emotions, like courage and love and cheerfulness, were taken from it and ascribed to the heart; leaving the liver as the seat of only the darker emotions—anger, hatred, envy and melancholy. A most unfair deal in the game of life, giving the heart all the aces and face cards, and the liver only the deuces and treys. Even the complexion of the green-eyed monster, jealousy, was taken from the color of the bile. Never was a prophet so utterly without honor in his own country, or a public benefactor treated with such ingratitude.

One luckless hap explains it all. We blame the liver for our own shortcomings. The great gland stands like a sentinel across the flow of the river of our bodily life to bar out bacteria and toxins and waste poisons. Every drop of blood from the stomach and intestines, loaded with poisons and bacteria and half-digested foods, pours through the great portal, or



In an Earlier

gateway vein into the meshes of its poison sponge, through the pores of its toxin filter. There it is strained and purified and full-digested before it can pass on to the heart, to be pumped all over the body to furnish the battle chemicals and the sinews of war.

When our bile factory performs this Herculean task with neatness and dispatch we give it no credit whatever. That's its business; we simply ignore its existence. But when we have poisoned our drink with alcohol, or gorged ourselves with spoiled and surfeiting foods, or turned our colon into a sewage swamp by lack of proper muscular exercise, and the portal vein dumps the whole garbage-can mixture into the liver, putting out its furnace fire and blocking its filter, so that some of the poisons slip by its guard, then we blame it for our self-made bilious attack.

The keynote of the liver is loyalty, service; and its diseases are honorable wounds, received in the defense of the rest of the body. Lying as it does just above the stomach and intestines, and just below the heart, with all the blood currents of the body swirling through it, it is the busiest port on the whole river of life. Not only does it receive the food-laden-blood from the food tube below, but one of the largest arteries in the body pours a literal torrent into it from the heart above. So that all the blood in the body passes through on an average about once in fifteen minutes, and it can actually hold a sixth of it at once. And every drop of this eddying flow has to pass the strict health inspection of its filter, leaving its wastes, its germs, its surpluses behind, or carrying them on to the body sewers and escape pipes, changed into harmless, sanitary forms.

When in Doubt Say Liver

USUALLY these difficult and delicate processes of garbage burning and rubbish screening are carried out with marvelous skill and success, but occasionally some of the screened-out toxin rubbish is so poisonous, some of the germ snakes that the liver has received into its bosom, like Arnold von Winkelried receiving the Austrian spears, so lively and venomous that they attack the substance of the filter itself. This is the cause and basis of nearly all liver diseases, which, considering the tremendous and incessant exposure of our great body filter, are not nearly so common as is usually supposed.

Yet so firmly convinced to the contrary are most of us, that the liver is a real godsend to the puzzled physician in a doubtful case, for a diagnosis of liver out of order or sluggish liver will be readily accepted by almost any patient. The reasons for this popular misapprehension are twofold. First, because biliousness, which is always blamed on the liver, is not the gland's fault at all, but due to indigestion, with fermentation and putrefaction in the stomach and bowels, as is clearly shown by the quick relief usually given by purgatives, like calomel and salts, sweeping the whole offensive and germ-laden mass out of the system; or in milder cases by drugs that, like the salicylates, phenacetin and other coal-tar products, lessen putrefaction in the intestines. Nearly all the drugs, in fact, that are supposed to work on or stimulate the liver do so only by cleaning out the food tube and thus taking a load off its back, which is far the best way of stimulating a tired horse.

The other reason why liver troubles are supposed to be so common is their striking and dramatic character. When a gland already weighing three to four pounds, about the size of a cottage loaf of bread, grows and swells to a weight of ten to fifteen pounds, and the size of a small pillow, so that it can be felt through the skin, it naturally makes a powerful impression on the imagination, especially when, in addition, it announces its enlargement by turning the whole skin of the body and the whites of the eyes yellow with jaundice from piled-up bile. There are three or four different kinds of these enlargements, known as cirrhoses of the liver. But they nearly all agree in three respects: First, in being due to poisons or infections brought to it by the blood, most commonly from the alimentary canal; second, in enlarging, in the beginning, with formation of fibrous repair stuff, when they are called hypertrophic, or overgrown, and shrinking afterward sometimes to half their original size from the contraction of this repair stuff, when they are termed atrophic; last, in that, once fully developed, they are not very easy to affect by treatment.

But, on the other hand, we have the cheering knowledge that we do know how to prevent them, for they are chiefly caused by dirty drinking water, spoiled or infected foods and diseases of the intestines due to these, such as typhoid, diarrhea and dysentery. Moreover, of all the germ products that get into our stomachs, one of the most harmful to the liver is one we deliberately put there ourselves, alcohol. One of the commonest forms of cirrhosis is so largely due to this factor that it is known as a gin drinker's liver. Alcohol seems to act by combining with the delicate fatty substances of the liver

cells and thus lowering their resistance to the attack of disease germs, just as an overdose of ether or chloroform will.

All three narcotics probably act in this manner by reason of their affinity for fat. Gin alone, or germs alone, the liver can defy, but the wicked partnership of Gin, Germs & Co. is too many for it.

Most forms of cirrhosis are commonest in middle-aged men who are or have been steady drinkers, much less common in women, and comparatively rare in children. In the few cases occurring in the last class there is often a history of alcohol given to the luckless little ones by their intelligent parents. As alcohol is almost the only toxin men get in abundance, women much less, and children normally not at all, the parallel would appear to be tolerably close.

However, it is only fair to say that many cases of cirrhosis are caused by infections without the aid of alcohol in excess, and that not a few old soaks escape it entirely. Nor is this view of the food infections and alcohol causation of liver cirrhosis just a theoretic one. We are now getting the facts to prove it, in an apparent general decline in deaths from liver diseases since our water supplies have been filtered, our foods rigorously inspected and handled in sealed packages from farm to table, from cow to customer, with a sharper decline in the last four or five years coincident with the falling consumption of alcohol.

The Passing of Dropsy

IN ENGLAND, for instance, the registrar-general reports a decrease in deaths from cirrhosis and other diseases associated with alcohol, from 1915 to 1920, of nearly 50 per cent, during which period the consumption of alcohol from war and postwar restrictions had fallen off more than one-half. This, as the report remarks, may be only a coincidence, but looks suspiciously like something more.

Any of us on the riper side of forty can roughly check up this falling off in liver diseases by noting how much less frequent dropsy has become. This striking and distressing accumulation of watery fluid in the abdomen may also occur in heart disease or kidney disease, but its most extreme forms are due to the enlarged and contracting liver blocking the return of blood from the stomach and intestines to the heart. Thirty years ago tapping for dropsy, with the removal of five, ten or even twelve quarts of fluid, was a common affair, but now it is a comparative rarity, which is God's mercy; for of all the distressing and lingering deaths to die, this choking in your own fluids was one of the worst—the quaint but not illogical popular belief being that the water rose until it reached your heart and then drowned you!

The most striking single symptom of liver disturbance, whether mild or severe, is jaundice. This is literally color

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Day Surgeons Were Not So Superbly Painstaking and Expert

SARGASSO

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

They Sailed Northerly Until Wandering Icebergs Mocked Them

A MAN may not live his lifetime out on the wide seas and die a coward. If he has the yellow streak in him at the beginning, one of two things must happen: The strong brine of old ocean magically turns the yellow of the coward into the red, red pigment of whole manhood—or he quits.

Men said of Sargasso that he was as yellow as the gulfweed that gave him his name. From the time when he was picked up adrift in an abandoned ship's boat in the Sargasso Sea, a baby of three, until full manhood, he had spent his lifetime at sea, except for the seven years of enforced residence in Popley Orphanage. And he never quit, which means that he could not be a coward unless an ancient truth lied.

Yet men had seen him turn ashen, greenish-gray, ashiver with fear at the mere sight of a bit of floating weed. Sam Sargasso they had named him when taken ashore, a baby, to be registered a native of Stepney Parish for want of closer data; Sam Sargasso was his name on the articles of a score of ships, his signature on half a hundred discharges. Sargasso Sam they called him as man to man, and as Sargasso Sam every sailorman sailing the seven seas knew him or had heard of him—as Sargasso Sam the pluckless man.

He held stubbornly to all the beliefs and fears of the sailor. At ten years of age he swarmed down a rain pipe from his orphanage dormitory, barefoot and naked lest he be identified and haled back to hateful pauperism. At that early age some inner urge forbade him to resign himself calmly to the lot of a poorhouse drudge. Vaguely he feared the sea. Vaguely he had heard hodgepodge stories about his origin, how he had been found in a little boat along with the dead bodies of two sailors and a negro woman dressed as a nurse girl, floating in the middle of that vast area of golden weed-choked azure sea that fable and superstition have peopled with dead men and filled to congestion with the wrecks and ghosts of dead ships.

Sargasso Sea! He always remembered that name. In later years he remembered how he used to shiver at it, and as a man he shivered even as the boy had shivered.

But his flight from the orphanage was from something yet more fearsome than the Sargasso Sea. He stole over walls and through deserted streets; he stole into a stable and stole a corn sack. And dressed thus simply he fell over a sleeping sailor and woke him up by the effective agency of an elbow and a small bony knee placed firmly and with accidental precision squarely upon a rather rotund stomach.

He was badly scared when the sleeper stumbled up and seized him in one knotted fist, the other knotted member held aloft in angry threat while the wielder gathered his badly disturbed breath. And years afterwards Sargasso remembered that a near-by clock chimed the hour of three o'clock in the morning just as the blow was about to fall, and it did not fall. He remembered, too, through the years, how his captor heard the clock strike, laughed not unpleasantly and held him off at arm's length while he struck a match. Thirty-five years later he could repeat the precise words in the exact tone used:

"Little shiny fishes! If I ain't caught a little babby marmaid! Wrong ag'in; 'tis a marman; and no ways 'fraid o' ketchin' cold too. Well, well! Sonny, you tromped on yer Uncle Billy's tripes jest in time to save him his ship, by all the signs. What you doin' cruisin' around in this rig? Ain't you got no home?"

And Sargasso recalled his answer:

"No home, nor any folks, please, sir."

He recalled, next, being dragged, half carried, along a lane beside a high brick wall, his captor, guide, self-styled Uncle Billy, staggering a bit, going large and chattering with growing coherence:

"Brig Pallas, that's my ship, sonny. Sails on th' early ebb, and 'tis 'most due. If you hadn't trompled on my belly when you did I'd never have heard that church strike six bells. That'd have been eight bells for me sure enough, sonny. Mate's been waitin' to git my berth a long while. . . . So you got no home, hey? Well, well! You want to be a sailor, don't you? Right you be, sonny. Nelson started as a boy, didn't he? Wasn't Paul Jones a gardener's muck spreader? Ain't you as good as them? You come alonga old Bill Gammidge an' he'll make a man o' you!"

He recalled being hustled through a grim gate through which a suspicious face peered before more than a tiny grille was opened; then up a dizzy ladder and to the decks of a grimy little brig whose shore lines were already slacked off and beside which a small, fussy, belching tug lay impatiently. He remembered the brief but powerful wordy battle between the skipper—his Uncle Billy—and the mate, the chaos of sailing and the mystery of the great river; then there was the haunting memory of the voyage to Demerara, the passage through the Sargasso Sea; his recurrent, inexplicable terror and his desertion of the brig in Berbice.

Boy though he was then and overpowering though his fears were, the sea had called him with an insistence too strong even for his fears. The sea had claimed him for its own. He had shipped as boy in a black-owned sugar coaster; he had eaten sugar cane and learned to drink rum like water; he had learned seamanship from some of the finest natural seamen in the world; and he had at last gone farther abroad, sailing in better and better ships until he found himself second mate of a tall nitrate clipper trading between Liverpool and Callao.

He was an amazingly good sailorman. In days when steel ships had already replaced ships of wood; when turnbuckle screws did duty for lanyards and deadeyes; when bowsprits and jib booms were built of steel all in one piece, fastened down with iron bands instead of chain gammonings; when topgallant masts were rigged to a necklace instead of catharpings and futtock bolts. Sargasso Sam could gammon a bowsprit with chain, rig out a jib boom and flying jib boom, take a sheer hulk and fit her for sea from fore-royal stay to spanker lifts in fashion old or new, and never peep inside a book.

But he never mastered his fear of the Sargasso Sea, nor forgot the hoary old tales heard in his youth. Tenaciously he held onto them all, those beliefs and fears of the unlettered sailor. With it all he read assiduously; read books such as few sailors knew the existence of; such as fewer could have read except as a penance, alternative to some horrible punishment. His fear was the more unaccountable. He could never explain it. When an owner, intending to offer him command, quizzed him about his reputation for superstitious terrors, Sam quoted, to the other's astonishment:

"Wouldst thou," so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secrets of the sea?
Only those that brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!"

"You ought to know it!" the prospective employer had snapped, irritated at being thus dealt with by such a man as Sargasso.

And Sargasso had replied gravely: "I know its mystery, sir. I don't comprehend it, and I've sailed the world around since I was half a fathom high."

That command had gone a-glimmering. A skipper who quoted poetry and still hung on to ancient myths and superstitions might be a good sailor, but not good enough for that particular shipowner. So Sargasso remained second mate of the tall Chiliman until the mate left; then he sailed mate and made good. He performed a piece of seamanship during a bitter January gale in the North Atlantic, when he took a boat manned by volunteers and saved forty men and a woman and baby from a derelict four-master; which two nations called heroism, which at least one woman called a miracle.

It brought him his second chance, and this time the offer of command was not laden below Plimsoll with curiosity regarding his beliefs. A steamer had picked up the derelict four-master and towed her to port. The owners sent for Sargasso.

"The Khedivieh is sound, Mr. Sargasso. She will be put into shape. You may have command of her if you want it. She's going on charter to an American firm, and ——"

"Where to, sir?" Sam had asked.

"That I do not know. I understand she is to make at least one voyage out to China, then I believe she will stay a while in the Pacific trade."

"Sail from here for China, sir?"

"No; you take her to New York with a cargo of coal, then ——"

"I'll take her," said Sargasso Sam, so briskly that his new employer smiled and almost asked him the reason for all his close questioning on seemingly minor matters.

So Sargasso took his big ship under the coal chutes at Barry Docks and went over every new stay and shroud himself after the riggers had finished, while the coal roared into the yawning hatches. Then he walked along the grimy wharf, when the day's work was done for everybody except the coal men, scanning her trim, appraising her shapely line of painted ports; his sailorly eye roved critically over her lofty spars and glistening steel rigging. He had forbidden the mates to bend any sail until the ship was washed of its last coal dust.

"It's the first time I ever heard of a blessed coal wagon trying to get to sea clean, Mr. Fisher," the young second mate grumbled to the mate at supper.

Sargasso had ignored the supper bell. He was still on the dock, inspecting his ship.

"Mr. Bunce, ye live and ye learn, if so be ye're able to learn," the mate had answered with cumbersome wisdom. "Ye'll learn that if yer skipper tells ye to get the brooms out and scrub th' coal as it comes down, it's yer duty to do so. Captain Sargasso has th' name of being a sailorman. Anyhow, he's captain here."

The second mate finished his meal in abashed silence. The mate had not uttered so many words altogether since they joined the ship a month before. That the notion of cleaning ship before bending sail must surely mean loss of one tide, if not two, was no concern of anybody except skipper and owners, and Sargasso Sam seemed willing to take the responsibility.

Sargasso came down as the mate went to his room for a pipe, and called out full-throatedly:

"Mr. Fisher, we finish coaling at ten o'clock tonight. We haul out to the dock head and you'll see that the hands are turned to washing down at once. Let them start at the mastheads and wash down. There'll be light enough from the pier."

"The men are ashore, sir," the mate retorted. "We shan't get a man of 'em aboard if they hear they've got to wash down at midnight alongside the dock."

"It is your duty as first mate, Mr. Fisher, to see that the hands are turned to at ten o'clock. I could do it if I were mate. No doubt Mr. Bunce could do it, too, if he ——"

"I can do it!" snapped Mr. Fisher sharply. He confided to the snickering second mate, a few minutes later: "The old story, Mr. Bunce! Beggars on horseback; give a man a box of eggs and a bloody big stick and he'll play hell! And ye'll mind, mister, 'tis Sargasso Sam, Sargasso Sam, th' man o' no guts, as is givin' th' orders!"

"Anyhow, he's captain here," grinned the second mate with relish.

The skipper could be heard softly whistling in his cabin. Soon they heard him come out to the saloon table and begin to pick bits of food, standing up; and since he could not whistle and eat, he began to utter scraps of verse, some fine, some superfine, some sheer scraps of sailor doggerel.

"Whistlin' sailor!" muttered the mate contemptuously. "And him chockablock full wi' every silly superstition that ever was!"

"Aye, mister, but hear that!" remarked Mr. Bunce as the whistle ceased and Sargasso recited with intense fervor:

"We are outward bound for the West tonight,
And the yards go up with a cheer;
The bells will ring in the town tonight,
And the men in the inns will hear.

"The carls will creak in the lanes tonight,
And the girls will dance to the band;
But we shall be out with the sails to fist,
And the topsail sheets to hand!"

"Ugh! Whoever heard o' handin' tops'l sheets, mister?" the mate growled.

"It's poetry," the second mate retorted. He was interested in his new skipper for all his queerness; perhaps because of it. "Listen! There! Pure sailor, isn't it?"

Sargasso was walking slowly around the table, a cold mutton chop in one hand, a cup of tepid tea in the other; and between bites and sups he began to sing, as if to himself, a chantey better suited to the roaring of wind and the thundering of sail:

"As I walked out one sunny morn to view the fields around,
I spied a pretty primrose lass a-tripping o'er the ground,
Singing:
"Blow the winds in the morning, blow the winds heigh-ho!
Clear away the morning dew and blow ye winds: Hi! Ho!"

He sang through the old song until it reached the point the youthful second mate was eagerly waiting for; then the

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He Performed a Piece of Seamanship Which Two Nations Called Heroism, Which at Least One Woman Called a Miracle

LUNCH FOR ONE

By OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. GATTER

The Couch Was Too Short for Mr. Brewster. He Tried to Lie With His Feet Tucked Up First This Way, Then That Way

EVERY day Mr. Brewster, the woolen merchant, left his office at fifteen minutes past twelve and walked down Madison Avenue to the old Madison Avenue Hotel to have his lunch. Of course, it is a little ridiculous to say that it was always fifteen minutes past twelve. Sometimes it was ten minutes past, sometimes twenty. And every day, too, the other middle-aged gentleman walked up Madison Avenue between ten minutes past twelve and twenty minutes past on his way to the Madison Avenue Hotel for his lunch.

Mr. Brewster and the other man did not know each other. They did not know each other's names. They had never spoken to each other.

Yet for many years they had sat at opposite tables facing each other in the old-fashioned dining room of the old-fashioned and old Madison Avenue Hotel. And during the last year or two Mr. Brewster had let himself go as far as nodding to the other man or returning his nod. He couldn't remember whether it was he or the other man who had given the first historic nod.

Mr. Brewster approved very highly of the other man. But, indeed, as he sat there at his own small table—the table that was always reserved for him—and gazed at the other man, it was almost as if he were gazing into a mirror in which his own sedate virtues were reflected.

The other man's clothes, like Mr. Brewster's, were inconspicuously dark and yet unmistakably of excellent quality. His cravats were somber. He always looked immaculate, neat, well shaved, well tubbed. He kept very much to himself and indulged in no unnecessary chatter with the waiter or the head waiter; and, according to Mr. Brewster, no man could have a greater virtue than the minding of his own business. How he hated gabblers! And the other man always ate plain and substantial food—a mutton chop with a baked potato one day, a slice of rare roast beef the next. In short, a thoroughly respectable fellow of modest tastes and decent income. Just like Mr. Brewster himself

Yes, Mr. Brewster whole-heartedly approved of the other man. The old-fashioned dining room of the old Madison Avenue Hotel, with its white walls and its white-and-black marble floor and its palms and its respectful although somewhat decrepit waiters, was a rock in Mr. Brewster's life. It was something he could depend upon. And the other man was another rock.

Everything else had changed. Mr. Brewster disliked the changes intensely. The streets he had known since his boyhood had become overcrowded, filled with alien faces, harsh with alien voices. Business was no longer conducted as it had been, as it should be. There was no more leisurely, gentlemanly trading, exchange of compliments, a fine faith in the quality of the goods one bought and sold. Now there was nothing but pushing, competition, haste, carelessness. Mr. Brewster had sometimes contemplated retirement. His fortune was ample. But he was appalled at the vacuity that confronted him if he should retire. What in the world would he do with his time if he did retire?

In Mr. Brewster's personal life, too, there had been appalling changes. He was a bachelor. His only near relatives were a sister—a sister who had a daughter. The daughter was to inherit Mr. Brewster's money. But he didn't altogether approve of his niece. She also was the product of a changed world—a wild young thing who thought of nothing but dancing all day and most of the night. And his sister encouraged her wildness, or, at best, had no power of restraint over the daughter. But then Mr. Brewster knew only too well that his sister had always been a fool—a garrulous fool. No, the girl should have his money, but otherwise Mr. Brewster felt himself in no way bound by family ties.

The appalling changes in Mr. Brewster's life really had nothing to do with his relatives. The first had come about because the house in which for fifteen years he had occupied an entire floor had been torn down to make way for a department store. The second change was similar. For no sooner had he taken refuge in another house in the same neighborhood than it had been remodeled into kitchenette apartments. Kitchenette apartments! The very expression was odious! Finally he had been forced to seek quarters in his club. But the two small rooms, all that the club could let him have on a permanent basis, were not nearly so comfortable as the floor he had once occupied. Why couldn't things stay as they were? He was opposed to further growth. The city, goodness knows, was large enough as it was!

So, what with one thing and another, the dining room of the old Madison Avenue Hotel and the other man who lunched there every day had come to occupy a unique place in Mr. Brewster's affections. He had faith in their immutability—a faith that was a little pathetic. They, at least, had not changed. They, he felt sure, would never change.

Yet change they did. At least one did.

And, strangely enough, it was not the old Madison Avenue Hotel that betrayed Mr. Brewster's faith. One would think, naturally, that the ancient structure might be demolished any day to be replaced by a modern office building. But the old hotel remained as it had always been. It was the mirror of Mr. Brewster's own virtues that changed. It was the other man.

Mr. Brewster came in one sunny spring day for his lunch, and at once was startled by something extraordinary about the other man. After they had exchanged nods he studied the other man surreptitiously to discover what the extraordinary something was. And then he realized! It was his cravat! Instead of his customary black or dark-blue cravat he wore a cravat gayly striped with many bright colors. Outrageously bright colors! The outrageous cravat wasn't even becoming. It was incongruous. Against the somber attire of the other man the gayly colored cravat flared as incongruously as a single spray of tender little green leaves sometimes flares suddenly in spring against the battered hulk of an old, old tree.

Mr. Brewster experienced an abrupt and almost irresistible desire to break the reserve of years and ask the other man what he meant by wearing a tie like that What the devil he meant by wearing a tie like that!

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His Eyes Devoured Her With Pride. He Leaned Close to Her Across the Table

PICORON

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

UPON the stroke of noon, from all the mills and factories embedded in that morass of tenements which fringes Paris on the north, there toned forth the hoarse Angelus of labor, the noise of the midday hooter. "Knock off!" it bellowed to bench and forge; "knock off and live for an hour!"

And at the sound of it the man Huet, bent and laborious in his potato patch—a cinder-defiled strip of herbage strewn in the fork of a street that fell asunder and wandered out to die among the market gardens—straightened his blue-shirted back and let his hoe fall as though in a companionship with the unseen thousands who also accepted that harsh-trumpeted release. But it was not till the last noise of it had died down that he turned and began to move with long, slow strides across his rows of vegetables; so that when he reached at last the little shabby *brasserie* on the brink of the city it was already loud and lively.

The seats about the small iron tables were full; swarthy men and men swart with grime occupied them, all vivaciously clamorous for their pale beer or red-blue wine; but a few stood at the little zinc-tipped bar which cut off a corner of the room. It was thither that the man Huet made his way, always with the same deliberate long strides. From their tables men looked up to nod to him or to speak in brief greeting; to each he replied in kind, smiling as he did so with a suggestion of bland contentment, a mere relish in being where he was and what he was. At the bar the unshaven, pale-jowled minister of wine received him with a grimace in the shape of a smile.

"As usual?" he queried perfunctorily, reaching for a glass upon a fat stem.

The man Huet replied with his own contented smile and laid down his coppers.

"As usual!" he said, and received his sloppy glass of wine. It was plainly a thing of ritual.

He rested his forearm, sinewy and red as rust beneath the rolled shirt sleeves, upon the bar, drank and let his eyes wander. The smoke of cigarettes, the clatter of voices, the smell of human bodies made an atmosphere in which he seemed to subside into a tranquil reverie. In such a showing one need never seek long for faces and figures that are arresting and picturesque; a Paris brass finisher can look like a poet as easily as a Paris poet can look like a cab driver. So that Huet, with his baggy dungaree trousers, belted about him with a twist of red-and-yellow kerchief, his cap slouched dashingly over his right temple, his mustache powdered with gray over a wide, thin-lipped mouth, his length of limb and the clear bronze of his face, was no more conspicuous than another.

He stood, still faintly smiling, as though relapsed into comfortable thoughts; it was merely the sudden catch in the babble of talk that caused him to look round and mark the reason for it. A taxicab had halted and stood fretting by the curb; its two passengers had entered and were passing up the tables towards the tiny bar. All eyes followed them. The leader of the two addressed the large personage behind the counter.

"You are the *patron?*" he demanded.

In his manner of speaking there was that blend of menace and suspicion which constitutes the tone of officialdom. He was a plump man, with a spade-shaped black beard and the complexion of a girl; he wore overcoat, gray hat, gloves and spats—the livery of prosperity. His gaze had a touch of consciousness in its arrogance. The livid-jowled proprietor pressed quakingly forward to reply.

An Obese Concierge, Taking the Air in the Ruins of a Basket Chair, Motioned Him to the Appropriate Doorway

"At your service, m'sieur. What is it that m'sieur desires?"

The bearded man had pushed his way to the bar, and now stood beside it, with one shoulder turned to Huet.

"My name is Borel," he announced. He said it importantly, and the proprietor's bow was like the movement of one who flinches. "I am an *avoué*, an attorney, and I am engaged upon an inquiry. You understand?"

"Perfectly, m'sieur," replied the landlord.

The men at the tables and those at the bar, listening eagerly, also understood, for the *avoué* did not lower his voice.

"Then," said Monsieur Borel, "you will tell me whether among your customers or your acquaintances in this neighborhood there is a man named—er—Huet?"

"Oh?"

Everyone moved except the man named Huet. There was a stir of pleased anticipation; this jolly little situation promised well. The *avoué* looked round him at the eager, listening faces. He frowned and turned back to the goggling landlord.

"You know such a man?" he demanded peremptorily. "Be careful how you deny it, or you ——"

The landlord could have only one idea of it all. The man Huet was wanted; to betray him was certain loss of custom, and to shelter him might incur penalties. He stood, open-mouthed, visibly loitering between the one course and the other. The audience held its breath delightedly. Here was drama.

The man Huet himself spoiled it. While the lawyer churned on with his demands and unspoken threats, and all sat in a tenseness of interest, he raised his glass, drained it and set it down. Then, behind the sleek, black shoulder, he spoke.

"What do you want with me?" he said.

Monsieur Borel came round on his heel with a startled briskness, to find himself fronting the bronzed face under the slouched cap. There was an instant during which he gaped, merely staring at it.

"You are—your name is Huet?" he asked then.

"Huet!" confirmed the other. "You came in here shouting it as if you were crying 'Stop thief!' Well, what do you want with me?"

"Er ——" The attorney hesitated. "I want to speak to you," he said. "I have been—er—directed to you. It is a small matter and I would, of course, pay."

His manner of bombast had gone utterly. Even the proprietor now regarded him with indignation. Huet surveyed him steadily, with thin lips pursed under his mustache.

"You want to speak to me," repeated Huet. "Well, speak then!"

Monsieur Borel's companion leaned to him and whispered. None had observed him before. He was a tall youth, an effect of lean, slack limbs and eyes stagnant and lusterless. Huet heard the whisper: "Not here! Get him outside! Can't talk here!"

The attorney nodded.

"That would be best," he said aloud. Then, to Huet, his returning assurance tempered by a yet uneasy deference: "You live somewhere near here? What I have to say—that is, to ask you—will not take long. It would be better, perhaps, as my brother suggests, if we ——"

He made a little inviting motion towards the door. Huet did not move.

"Who was it directed you to me?" he asked.

The lawyer had turned as though to lead the way out; he paused now and turned back again. But the tall youth was before him. He leaned his white, unhealthy face to Huet, moving with the gesture of one who makes a vicious and telling retort. But his voice was low; only Huet heard him.

"It was Tropin!" he said, between scarcely parted lips. "Tropin—you understand? Now come!"

The onlookers waited. They saw Huet flush slowly through his bronze, and hesitate. There was a moment in which he seemed about to strike the last speaker down. Then he straightened up.

"As you will," he said, and laughed briefly. "Let's go."

Those of the baffled audience who went to the door to look after them saw them walking together, Huet in the middle, towards the potato patch. The taxicab remained, but its driver could tell them nothing.

"Perhaps he has come into a fortune," they guessed. "Lawyers and fortunes—they always go together."

Upon the base of the triangle of poor earth which was Huet's farm and garden they saw the remains of a building. Perhaps a farmhouse had rotted away there, leaving of

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CHECKING THE ALIEN TIDE

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN you try to diagnose the prevailing indirection of government you soon learn that one reason for its existence lies in the imperfect correlation of many contributory factors. It is impossible to deal with one without touching all the rest. Another is the persistent failure of lawmakers to attack the fundamental things. Like Europe's patchwork peacemakers they find it easier though costlier to follow the line of least resistance.

Many American problems clamor for recognition and solution. The outstanding difficulty in such an undertaking as this series of articles is to know where to begin. Even when you get under way the mass of conflicting comment almost baffles coordination. This mêlée of ideas is partly due to self-interest but particularly to the result of the sectionalism of opinion such as obtains in a country as large and diversified as ours. Moreover, the average person is not apt to see beyond the frontiers of his own little world, and that world is usually his all.

Upon one proposition most people agree—namely, that production is the basis of progress and prosperity. Into it nothing enters more vitally than immigration: first, with its ramifications to farm and factory; and second, in the larger aspect of the relation to what might be called the national integrity. A foreign strain was blended into the complex blood of the republic, but by the same token a streak of radical red has also helped to discolor the American fabric. This article therefore will deal mainly with the American point of view about immigration.

From the days of the open door down to the present quota period when 3 per cent of a nationality, as shown by the census of 1910, are admitted each year, immigration has provoked discussion

Looking at the subject dispassionately, you realize that it has suffered from fear, sentiment and politics three of the evils that have helped to distort the European perspective and derange the Continental economic machine.

For years there had been a feeling among uplifters that any opposition to the unrestricted influx of aliens would hurt somebody's feelings. This attitude embodied an almost complete disregard of how the unassimilated alien might hurt us. An emotion that labeled the United States the sanctuary of the oppressed swept all before it

We relied upon spontaneity of immigration, quite forgetting that a volcano is also spontaneous in its eruption. Incidentally many people began to lose confidence in the effectiveness of our laws governing immigration, naturalization and deportation. A congressional pull, for example, almost invariably got an undesirable out of the hole and permitted him to add his bit to the general discord

Headed for the Rocks

UNTIL an intelligent and aroused public opinion forced Congress to put up the bars there was a wide and deluded belief that the old spirit of assimilation that animated the pioneers from abroad still obtained. They pointed to a Carl Schurz, for example, who fled from political tyranny to graft his inherent love of law and liberty into the life of his adopted country. But the Schurz pattern somehow got smashed in the latter-day European shuffle, and radicalism, with all the destructive trimmings, arrived instead.

One more preliminary before we strike the stride of the story. Analyze Europe's plight today, and it is clear that a considerable part of it grew out of the fact that wartime control was too quickly released with the advent of the unrest miscalled peace. Paradoxical as it may seem, during the period when the business of the world was destruction the economic forces that contributed to national and industrial existence were held in leash through drastic, even autocratic, powers. As a consequence, exchange was held almost at parity and food and raw materials were conserved. Before Europe was ready for it all this control ended. The Pandora box was opened and the powers of evil let loose. What has amounted to bootlegging in nationalism, as well as in currency and commodities, followed.

Now for the parallel with immigration. Under an unrestricted system we were headed for something like the consequences of European decontrol. It is reversing the picture, for we have got to the remedy first. By instituting the quota system we have avoided an overproduction in industry in the larger interests of a standardization of markets and prices.

What is more important, we began to sterilize what had become a growing menace to the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness by the American people.

With this out of our systems, we can proceed to find out what Americans of all types think of the immigration problem. Just as the South views the universe in terms of cotton and the Middle West in terms of wheat and corn, so do need and locality, often aided and abetted by the prejudice born of caste or color, mold attitude towards the alien. The Pacific Coast, for example, sees the Japanese as a sort of red rag that inflames passion and demands exclusion. On the other hand, many of the big industrialists of the East, in their desire for cheap labor, deprecate restriction. Back of these differences is the great body of sober, patriotic sentiment that can see only danger in an undigested horde of newcomers.

At the outset it may be well to dispense with any arguments about the obvious facts. The principal ones are: That one-third of our population is either foreign born or descended from alien parents; and that expansion of industry, roads and public utilities requires a certain amount of so-called common labor.

Immigrants at Ellis Island

The big questions to be answered are: Shall the present quota system be continued, made more drastic or more liberal? Will it be possible for us to develop a pick-and-shovel class among Americans? If not, how is our common labor to be recruited? Can we select what immigration is admitted? And once admitted, how can we Americanize the alien before he tries to alienize America?

What follows is the result of a nation-wide interviewing campaign. I have not only run the range of human activity, but I have sounded the average man and woman in club, train and public and private meetings. That immigration is not surpassed in vitality of interest by any other topic is shown by the quick response wherever I put a question about it. A prohibition of class or commodity invariably focuses attention upon it. Thus the quota system not only set up a definite safeguard but stimulated the national consciousness about a pressing problem. Incidentally it put the immigrant into the ken of the bootlegger. The smuggling of aliens, whether white, yellow or brown, is a profitable industry.

An Overworked Joke

ONE thing is certain: The whole country is thinking about immigration and is beginning to revise the old sentimental feeling. I can illustrate with a personal experience. One of the first magazine articles that I wrote—it was about twenty years ago—dealt with this subject. At that time there was practically a unanimous feeling that the United States was the haven of the oppressed and the prize sanctuary of the unwashed. The melting-pot idea was a glib asset of the orator. To have opposed it was nothing less than a low and unfriendly gesture akin to sacrilege.

Today all that is changed. Save among the interests that either prey or profit on unrestricted immigration, everywhere you get the reaction that drastic restriction is essential to our national well-being. It is one of the few constructive by-products of the Great War.

As a sort of premise to this paper, let me quote what one of the ablest of living Americans, who has kept his finger upon the pulse of human progress to a degree equaled by few of his contemporaries, said when I asked him to analyze the fundamentals of the immigration problem. Here it is:

"Immigration is a matter of biology pure and simple. The problem is to get a racial stock that can best be absorbed in the laboratory that is American democracy. The melting pot is a joke. It has never been more than a phrase, but it has worked overtime.

"The United States can no longer be the asylum for social and political refugees. We want no more surpluses from the slums of Europe. What we do want is workers, and, moreover, those who are assimilable. The best basis for any future quota system is the census of 1890, because we need the hardy stocks of Northwest Europe, not those whose sole desire is to get a financial stake and then return to their own countries with a thin veneer of Americanism.

"An imported horde means overproduction sooner or later. If American industrialists will only face the facts frankly they will realize that it is far better to have an underproduction that will stabilize markets and at the same time conserve the principles upon which this republic was reared. It would be folly to meet economic necessity at the expense of good citizenship.

"Because business happens to be good at the moment, the big manufacturers are crying for a more generous quota of imported common labor. They cannot see that there would be an inevitable reaction with unemployment. It is precisely like the inflation times of 1919 and 1920, when in an orgy of paper profits everybody was clamoring for a continuation of credit. But for a prompt shutting down

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BUSINESS IN FRANCE

By J. R. Sprague

IT TAKES seven hours to go by train and boat from London to Paris, but the business atmosphere of the two places is as different as though they were seven weeks apart. In England more than a million people are out of work; able-bodied men are everywhere standing about selling matches, turning hand organs or dumbly holding out their hats for coppers. In France not only is there no unemployment but in many lines there is an actual shortage of labor, and at the time I write this there is a movement on foot to bring some thousands of the English unemployed over to help in the reconstruction of the devastated areas.

For a number of weeks a London newspaper which publishes a Paris edition has been asking its English readers to write letters expressing their views on the subject of Germany's debt to France, and each day the Paris edition publishes columns of these communications.

Where Buyers Come to Sellers

ABOUT every third letter contains the expression "France, our brave little Ally," the emphasis being on "little"; which probably voices the patronizing viewpoint of the average Englishman toward a country that is almost as large and populous as Great Britain and that has always been able to look after itself quite competently, particularly in a business way. Other people besides the English have somewhat the same viewpoint. Recently I talked with an American executive who spent the past year in France putting his concern's product on the French market. His efforts have been quite successful in spite of the depreciation of the franc, but evidently he sticks to the ideas that he brought with him, which he expressed in the following words: "These French business people are a funny, old-fashioned little crowd. They haven't got a thing to teach us about business. Not a darn thing!"

Just how these ideas got abroad in spite of all the evidence, it is hard to say. For more than a hundred years France has been the most consistently prosperous nation in the world, never experiencing great booms or serious depressions. If anyone has an idea that the French are not a regular business people he might ponder this: Every other nation has to send its salesmen out into the world to sell its products; the French manufacturer sits at home and the buyers come to him at their own expense.

The object of this article is to point out some of the things that appear to have brought about this desirable state of affairs, the information having been secured at first hand during several months' stay in the country and from scores of informal talks with business men in all lines.

Perhaps one reason the French have been somewhat disregarded as a business nation lies in the fact that one never hears talk about business matters in the restaurants, hotels or other public places. An American who has represented a New York house in Paris for a great many years and who goes about socially a good deal told me that he had never, outside of office hours, heard any French business man speak of commercial matters even to the extent of saying "How's business?" He went on further to state this:

"The average French man of affairs would not think much of any man who carried his business around with him all the time. The feeling is that if a man is really competent he ought to be able to make a success out of his business during business hours; that if he can't do it there is something deficient about him. Just this, perhaps, explains why Anglo-Saxons have an idea that the French business man is a light-minded person, thinking more of his pleasures than he does of business. In France it is a matter of principle as well as pride to lock up commercial matters with the closing of the office door."

As a matter of fact, the average Frenchman puts in longer office hours than the Englishman, and probably works fully as intensively as most Americans. Practically all the Paris executives I have talked with are at their desks at half past eight in the morning and stay until six in the evening, with a strict limit of one hour for lunch. Nor is there the half hour in the afternoon for tea which is the invariable custom in English offices.

The basic policy of the average French business man is to keep things going on an even keel and to avoid extremes of expansion or contraction. In Paris I met an American buyer for a great Middle West department store who told me of an occurrence that had taken place the day previous. Among other merchandise that he had been commissioned to buy in France was a quantity of imitation-pearl necklaces, and after hunting around among the Paris manufacturers he had found one concern that appeared to make an exceptionally salable article at a reasonable price. The American picked out the items he wanted and stated he would place an order at once for a thousand necklaces, with the prospect of further orders if they sold well. The manufacturer asked how soon he wanted the order filled; the buyer replied that the goods must be shipped within thirty days.

Business Turned Away

"IN THAT case," the manufacturer replied, "I am very sorry, but it would be impossible. My output is limited and I have other orders ahead."

The buyer was a little nettled; he was not used to having orders declined, for the house he represents is of almost world-wide reputation and known in every trade for the great quantities of merchandise it can sell and its prompt payment for purchases. He made the Frenchman another offer.

"I like your goods," he said, "and I'll tell you what I am willing to do: If you will agree to ship a thousand pieces within thirty days I will give you a further order for three thousand pieces, a thousand to be shipped each month for the next three months. You say you have a limited output; but you have plenty of room in your workshop for more people, so all you have to do is to hire some extra hands and get out the quantities I want.

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"Cradle of Paris," the Island in the Seine Which Was the Embryo of Today's Great City

PUSSY WILLOWS

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

IT WAS a beautiful windless night, with a glorious moon riding high in the east. A Saturday night, and the big dining room of the Bonnie Brae Inn was filled with a gay company of diners; moonlight parties, most of which had motored down to the popular road house after the theater, coming from the city, ten miles away. Diamonds were everywhere, for it was a sporty crowd. Immaculate waiters hurried about, and from the raised platform at one side of the room a jazz orchestra struggled frantically with the clamor of conversation.

Suddenly the report of a revolver sounded above the uproar. It was exactly like firing a shot into a flock of singing blackbirds, and a dead silence succeeded. A voice spoke, coming from a slim masked figure that stood in the main entrance.

"Sit still!" ordered the voice. A heavy automatic waved about, menacing and compelling. "Per-fect-ly still!"

The command was obeyed. Over in a far corner of the room the silence was broken by a woman's hysterical laughter; a shrill, feminine yelp, followed by the noise of a fall and a hurried scrambling of demoralized escorts.

"Per-fect-ly still!" came the voice again. "The little lady's trun a fit—that's all. You big boob wit' the gray brush, t'row a glass of water in her face. . . . All right, boys!"

At the side entrance opposite, a second masked figure appeared, carrying a canvas bag. Behind him a third man took his station in the door, gun in hand. A fourth came in from the kitchen, herding before him the scared Korean cook. The man with the canvas bag began passing down among the tables.

"Dig!" It was the voice of the leader, standing in the main entrance. "Dig till it hurts! Hey, you! Stop plantin' that watch under the tablecloth! Leave it lay, leave it —— Now, lady, don't take off that diamond yet! Wait till the deacon wit' the collection plate reaches you. He'll attend to it for you. . . . Perfectly still, gents! Hands on the table —— Per-fect-ly still!"

The affair proceeded in silence. Already the canvas bag was beginning to bulge with its weight of purses and watches and diamond rings. Then abruptly arose the sound of a scuffle at the rear of the room. The Korean cook had attempted to bolt back into the kitchen. The guard at the kitchen door met the rush with a brutal thrust of the big gun, shoved into the Oriental's stomach.

"Here, Charley!" he growled. "Lay off the rough stuff! What's eatin' you, anyway?"

"Chicky burn!" squealed the cook, his own peril forgotten in the technic of his profession, now in sad jeopardy. Hoarse laughter arose from behind the white masks.

"Now, now, Charley!" said the kitchen guard. "Keep your shirt on! Chicky's all right!"

"Chicky burn!" insisted the Korean. "I smell um!"

From various parts of the room came giggles. The women of the crowd were beginning to experience a certain thrill, not entirely unpleasant. A real holdup! A saucy flapper looked up into the white-masked face as the collector reached her table.

"Are you a Ku-Klux?" she demanded impudently.

"Nix on the clucks, chicken!" retorted the collector. Indistinctly the girl could see protruding upper teeth as the man grinned behind his mask. "Quit kiddin' and dig that ring out of your sock, see? Now, now, I saw you plant it! Dig, kid, dig!"

A roar of laughter came from all over the dining room, and the tension broke. Two tables farther down a young man with humor lines about his eyes held up a fat bill fold and regarded it wistfully.

"Chicky do burn!" he said. "I smell um too!"

His sigh was heard all over the place as he dropped the bill fold into the bag. Again a wave of laughter.

From the driveway came the sound of an automobile. It stopped, and presently a serious, athletic young man came in, accompanied by a girl.

"Ladies and gents," announced the masked man, whom the two had not yet noticed, "allow me to present Mr. I. M. Next and lady!"

For a moment the two young people stood looking about them, puzzled by the nervous laugh that greeted the strange announcement. Next instant the boy grasped the situation. He snatched the water carafe from a table and hurled it at the masked man. The robber ducked under the missile and brought his gun down upon his assailant's head with a vicious crash. The young man went to the floor in a heap, and the girl flung herself beside him, sobbing and exclaiming incoherently, trying to lift his head. The laughter had ceased suddenly.

Then He Collapsed Inertly in His Chair Like a Sack of Meal

"Cut the comedy now!" ordered the chief sternly. The ugly weapon again menaced the crowd, one thin yellowed finger quivering upon the trigger. "This ain't a matinée! It's a holdup, and don't you forget it, see?"

Once more the affair proceeded in deep silence, broken only by the occasional low commands of the collector and the choked sobbing of the girl who knelt beneath the table beside the sprawled figure of the insensible boy. At last it was over. The collector shouldered his clinking bag of treasure and passed out of the door. The chief backed out after him, the muzzle of the gun threatening the crowd as he went.

"Don't move!" was his final order. "Not for ten minutes! Any guy stickin' his map outside the door before the ten minutes is up goes home in a crate, see? Perfectly still now! Per-fect-ly still!"

II

IT WAS an extravagantly sensational picture, filled from beginning to end with melodramatic situations of the wildest type. Guns, knives and opium dens passed across the screen endlessly. And out of the unwholesome and entirely improbable presentation a picturesque young daredevil stood forth persistently, a hero. The exhibition ended with the innocent young girl renouncing the clean world wherein she had been reared and following the dare-devil young bandit into his own world. Old stuff. Cheap food for cheap brains.

The Korean Cook Had Attempted to Bolt Back Into the Kitchen

But to Tommy Mullen it seemed remarkably real and convincing. He was nineteen years old, but all his young years had been fed on dime-novel literature. To him, steeped in Nick Carter and the multitude of five-cent heroes, there was nothing improbable in the scene he had just witnessed. It was only when he stepped upon the sidewalk and the cool night air struck him that he sighed and came out of his daze.

"Gee!" he said. "That was a whale of a picture, wasn't it, Moira? He certainly made things step around some!"

Moira Kavanagh was silent. As they pushed through the dissolving crowd Tommy looked down at her.

She was a little girl, hardly reaching to his shoulder. She seemed smaller because of Tommy Mullen's height.

"Say," he said, "didn't you like it?"

Moira shook her black head and looked up, her Irish blue eyes perplexed and troubled.

"But for the love of Pete, why?" asked Tommy. "Me, I thought it was hot stuff!"

"He killed people!" explained Moira. Her voice, too, was troubled.

Tommy Mullen laughed. Men dying on the movie screen or on the pages of a dime novel did not stir a qualm within him. He was used to it. Dead men were like periods at the ends of particularly thrilling sentences.

"Sure he killed 'em!" He laughed. "He certainly was one fightin' fool, that kid!"

Moira did not reply, but Tommy failed to notice. He was still uplifted by the recent spectacle, and now his mind was busy reweaving the plot wherein he imagined himself the hero. The great moon looked down upon the city, cold, passionless and indifferent. So many years it had seen men groping from foolish youth to futile manhood. The two young people left Market Street and its crowds and lights, turning down the badly lighted street toward home. As they passed the dark mouth of Kingston Alley the small hand upon Tommy's arm tightened.

"What's the matter, kid?"

Moira laughed nervously, looking back toward the darkness.

"Nothing," she said. "Only—it's the dark alleyway. It always gives me the shivers. I'm forever imagining that horrible, guilty things live down dark alleys. Hideous things that kill! I'm afraid of the dark! And killing is so awful, Tommy!"

"Aw, say, don't you be nervous, kid!" Tommy's strong hand came across and closed upon the smaller hand that clung to his arm. "Ain't I here? Gosh!"

Moira smiled faintly, but went on.

"I once saw the pound man catch a dog," she said, "in a net. The poor thing cried and cried and struggled. It knew it was fighting for its life. But the more it struggled the tighter the net tangled about it. They threw it into the wagon and it went away. But I looked on ahead and—and saw it die!" She shuddered. "I thought of that poor dog tonight, Tommy," she said, "all through the picture you liked so well. You saw just an exciting game—nothing more. But I looked on ahead and saw that poor girl die."

"Aw, have a heart, kid!" begged Tommy, and grinned.

It was a likable grin, for Tommy Mullen was a good-looking boy, of the straight-featured Irish type. People could not help liking him. Moira had known him all her life. They had stopped before her door now and she looked up to say good-by. The moonlight fell upon her sweet face, and Tommy bent swiftly. She eluded the kiss, however, and slipped away.

"Aw, Moira," whispered Tommy tremulously, "have a heart!"

"You're still thinking movie stuff, Tommy," laughed Moira. "Wake up!"

Her own voice was a trifle unsteady, but she was not afraid. Long ago her instinct had looked into the heart of the real boy. Indeed, Tommy Mullen was a sad roughneck. It could not be denied. Environment and the lack of parental discipline had handicapped him from infancy. But inside and deep down there was good stuff.

They stood for a moment, two young things at the turning of the ways, looking at each other, all about

them the dim shapes of humble dwellings. The air was filled with the faint echo of traffic roaring that came from the lighted district across the city. Above them the indifferent moon.

"Tommy," said the girl suddenly, "why don't you get a job and steady down? They need a shipping clerk at Bernstein's. Billings told me so this evening."

Tommy laughed indulgently.

"Work all day for a Chinaman's pay?" he chanted. "Aw, say, kid, have a heart!"

"It would give you a start, anyway."

"Too cheesy!" said Tommy decidedly. "I got to get a lot of kale—and get it quick. Know why?"

Moira hesitated.

"No," she said.

"Because I'm going to get married, and I want to buy a car for my wife, and a mink coat and a solitaire. Get me?"

Moira laughed uneasily and edged closer to the door.

"Why," she scoffed, "you're just a boy yet, Tommy!"

"Boy!" Tommy scoffed in turn. "A man forty years old couldn't love you half as much as I do!" His voice began to tremble. "You know that! Aw, wait, kid ——"

But Moira had slipped inside the door. The lock clicked behind her and Tommy stood for some moments, uncertain and disappointed. The door opened a crack.

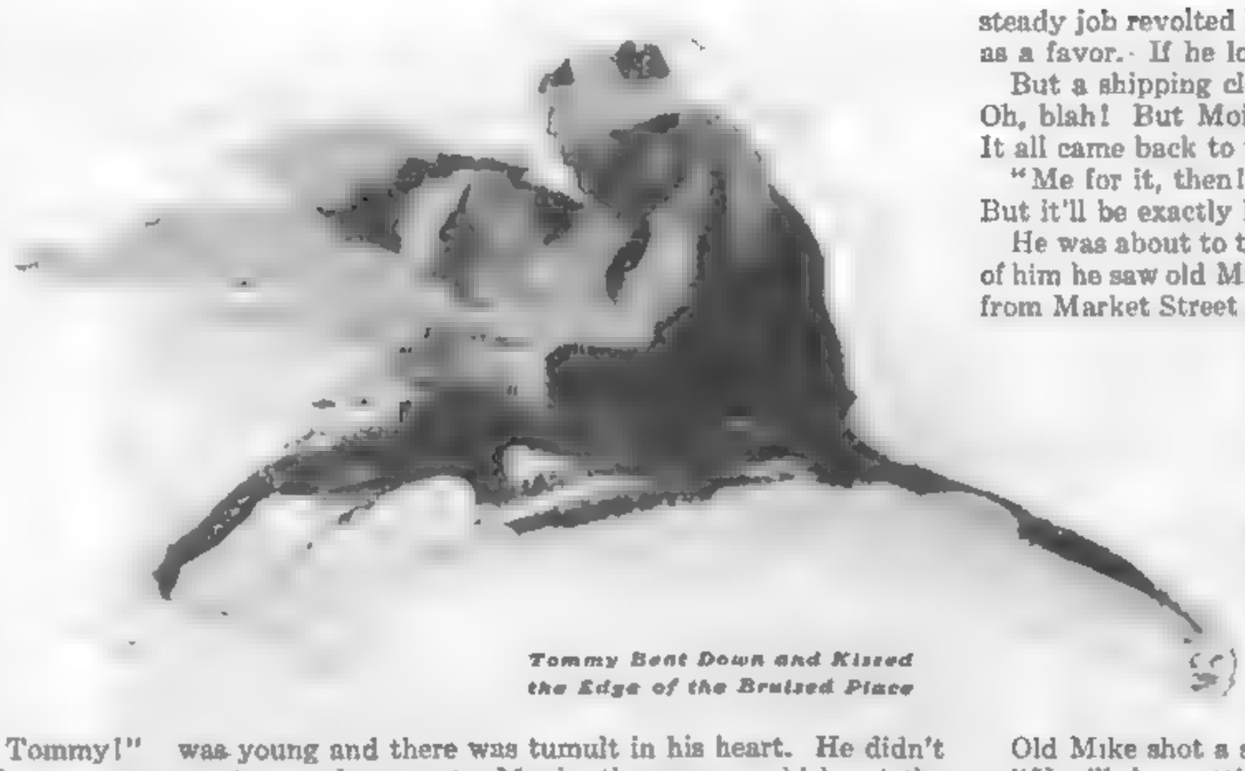
"Any job, just so you steady down!" said the girl's voice. "Think it over, please, Tommy!"

"Aw, gosh, Moira ——"

A short silence, and then suddenly cold terror struck into the big fellow's heart. What sounded like a smothered sob had come from the darkness beyond the crack in the door.

"If—if you—if you love me, Tommy ——" It was a barely audible whisper. The door closed definitely.

Tommy hesitated a while, vaguely unhappy. Then he went back up the street. It was nearly midnight, but he was young and there was tumult in his heart. He didn't want to go home yet. Maybe the gang would be at the old headquarters, down Kingston Alley. He hadn't been there for a month.



Tommy Bent Down and Kissed the Edge of the Bruised Place

As he went back up the sidewalk he was filled with many emotions. Moira loved him. He was sure of it now. Good little kid. Game, too. She had started in at Bernstein's as an errand girl.

Tough sledding at times, but Moira had stuck. Game, all right.

Carelessly Tommy thought of his own brief years. He had spent them just knocking about. He had worked in garages, quitting when the impulse struck him, drifting and having a good time. He had boxed a lot too. All the boys said he had a whale of a kick in his mitt. But Tommy liked machinery. Only trouble was that he was too anxious to be knocking about. The idea of buckling down to a steady job revolted him. But darn it, Moira had asked it as a favor. If he loved her ——

But a shipping clerk! Love of Mike! At Bernstein's! Oh, blah! But Moira had begged him—if he loved her! It all came back to that.

"Me for it, then!" Tommy sighed at last. "I'll do it. But it'll be exactly like going to the hoosgow."

He was about to turn down Kingston Alley when ahead of him he saw old Mike Lafferty, the cop, round the corner from Market Street and start down toward him. He went on past the alley, humming ostentatiously. Old Mike tramped up and stopped.

"Why, hello, Tommy!" he said. "Where you been for a mont'?"

"Driving a car for a traveling salesman," said Tommy. "All over the southern end of the state."

"Fine business!" said the old patrolman. "You must have pulled down a nice bunch of lettuce, at that."

"Oh, no," said Tommy. "Just my expenses. But I had a good time."

Old Mike shot a shrewd look at him.

"You'll be gettin' married one of these fine days, Tommy," he suggested. "You're only nineteen now, but you'll be twenty-one before you know it. You'll be cryin' your eyes out that you haven't got a wad of the green stuff hid in the old sock when pretty little Moira Kavanagh walks to the church wit' you."

"Aw, quit your kiddin', Mike," grinned Tommy.

"I ain't kiddin'," affirmed the older man stoutly. "Oh, well, I got to ramble on home. Me feet are fair killin' me. They been holdin' up two hundred and fifty pounds of raw meat all day, and believe me, boy, they got me sympathy! Flat feet is a joke to them that hasn't them. It's like the tack joke. The tack's mighty funny till you step on one yourself; then it ain't a joke at all—it's just plain hell."

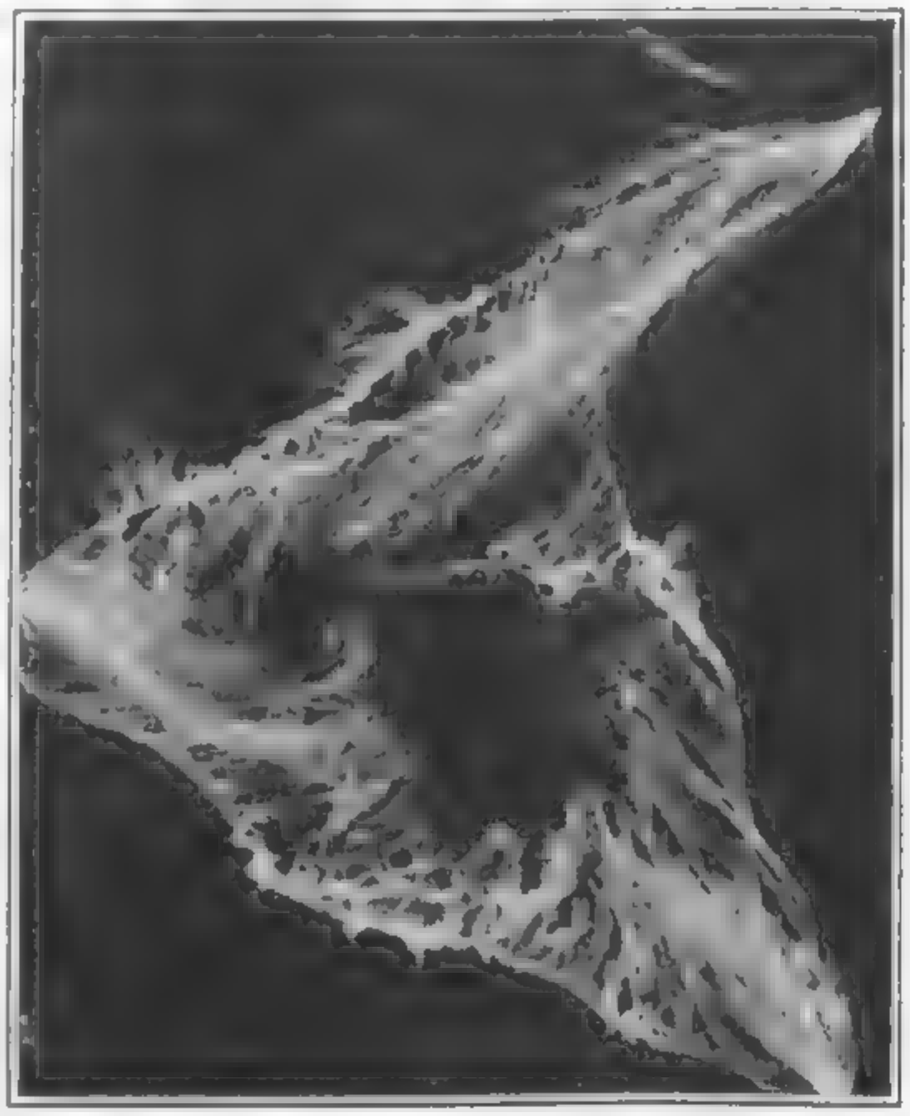
Fifty feet away he halted.

(Continued on Page 176)

"Sit Still!" Ordered the Voice. A Heavy Automatic Waved About, Menacing and Compelling. "Perfectly Still!"

PIONEERING BEYOND THE RIM

By Floyd W. Parsons



Photograph of an Electric Spark From a Current of a Million Volts

THE nation that leads the world in business and commerce must lead also in research. Success today depends more on mental than material equipment. The more we know about a substance, the more we can do with it. The vital need of the moment in America is for an additional 10,000 highly trained scientific investigators, each of whom may be used as a teacher or nucleus of research groups Only in such a way can we effectively remedy waste, improve government, and rapidly develop the basic art of industrial chemistry. If we let other nations excel in research we must concede to them important advantages and be content to play a minor rôle in world affairs

It is a mistake to assume that research must always be carried on in a big laboratory supplied with intricate apparatus. The fact is that most great discoveries were made by men whose chief equipment was nothing more than inquisitive, persevering minds. The possibilities of scientific or at least systematic investigation for everyone are beyond calculation. The steam engine came from the kitchen fire, the telegraph from a few pieces of wire covered with paper insulation, the wireless from the oddities of a little spark gap, and electricity was brought down from the clouds by Franklin with the aid of less material apparatus than the high-school boy now uses in acquiring a knowledge of the rudiments of physics.

It is always impossible to determine in advance the ultimate value of new knowledge. A single discovery may largely revolutionize life. And yet the average American evinces interest in the laws of materials and the wonders of Nature only when they directly affect his health, appetite or comfort. Fate has cast us into the garden of the gods, but we are content to subsist on weeds. We talk of our superiority, but even the Oriental is a better scholar and the average European is willing to work longer. Our leading position in the world has come through greater opportunity and not because we have a higher natural intelligence or exercise greater industry.

We have heard much talk about preparedness. Many people call attention to the fact that the earth has been in an almost constant state of war for 10,000 years. The truth is that active, increasing research is the very best type of preparedness, not only for national defense but for industrial peace. The uncovering of buried treasures of new knowledge is the most effective way for a people to strengthen themselves, and then their power in case of war comes rather as a consequence than as an object. The first tribe that invented the bow and arrow and the first nation that mastered the secrets of chipped flint conquered all their enemies. The future of the world depends more on what will come out of the laboratories of Central Europe than on the conferences of rival statesmen. The time to start work that will take years to bear fruit is years before the fruit is needed or expected. If we plan for cheaper fertilizers today we have provided for abundant explosives tomorrow. No nation has the power to select or control the moment of every crisis. To act any time, one must be ready all the time.

Potash Problems

IT HAS been the experience of every country that as the natural fertilizer in the soil becomes exhausted the yields of crops decrease materially. The wheat yields in many parts of our Northwest have fallen. One remedy is more nitrogen, and this means more research. Another great need of kindred nature is for a supply of American potash. We have plenty of feldspar, but no satisfactory method to get the potash out of it. Also, we have access to great oceans of sea water rich in potash, but don't know how to extract it. That this feat will one day be accomplished no one need doubt, for the thousands of tons of seaweed successfully extract potash from sea water, and the lesson is plain that instead of attempting to take the potash from the plant we should endeavor to learn and imitate the process employed by the seaweed in getting its potash from water.

When a nation stops discovering new things we have the first sign of sure decay. Though progress in research in the United States has been slow, it nevertheless is clearly evident. More than 1300 American companies have laboratories, and about 10,000 men and women are employed in them. Most of our corporations engaged in scientific investigative work have linked up with government agencies, trade and technical organizations and universities, in a systematic effort to increase the speed of actual accomplishment through an interchange of ideas. In some of these research shops there are scales delicate enough to weigh an inch of spider's web, pumps that manufacture liquid air at 320 degrees below zero, electric furnaces that will develop a heat of 5000 degrees above zero, and apparatus that will exhaust air down to one ten-billionth of an atmosphere.

But though we have laid the foundation for a broad campaign of national research, the effort so far made represents only the first feeble steps of an infant industry. Dozens of great corporations continue to pay $100,000 a year for legal advice and $10,000 for scientific guidance. Most of these companies are run by executives who lack the ability to keep one jump ahead of their competitors on the modern plan of inviting inspection, and therefore they endeavor to cover up their incompetence by resorting to the locked door and sharp practice. Industrial secrecy has done more than all else to retard coöperative research.

Miss Katherine Blodgett, a Bryn Mawr College Girl, Who is Now a Highly Skilled Research Worker in the Big Laboratory at Schenectady, New York

Incredible Waste

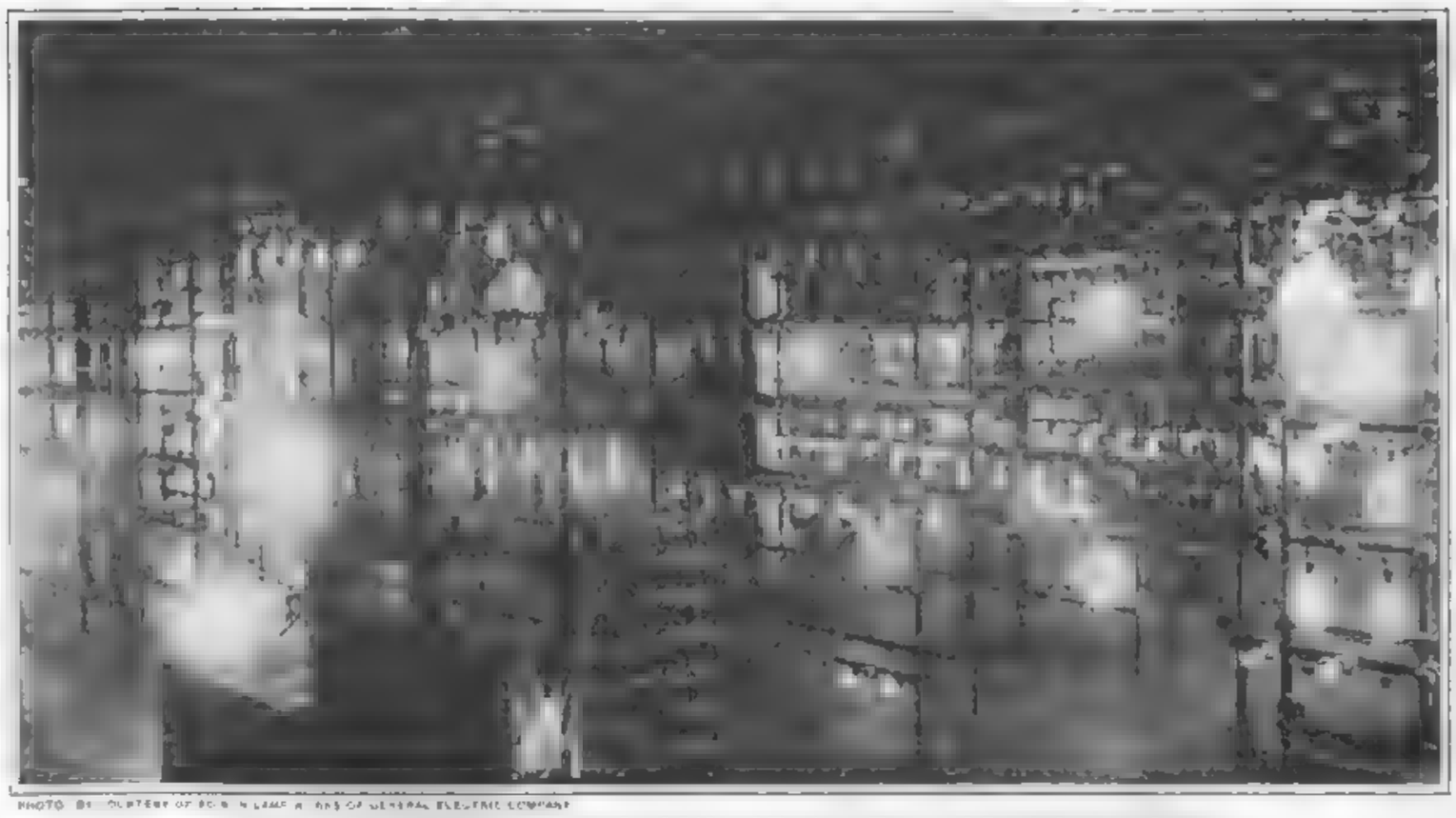
THANKS to some of our progressive leaders, and especially to our trade associations, the rank and file of American manufacturers are beginning to understand what research is, how much it costs, and why it pays. They have come to know that it is a mistake to rely upon governmental agencies to carry on scientific work that is designed to better their own particular business. They have learned that coöperation in research is absolutely essential, and that it is possible to improve life and yet make a profit on the operation. They are aware that transportation as carried on by our railroads is a big national enterprise made up of crude practices, that agriculture is a business of great waste, and that manufacturing, mining and lumbering are basic industries filled with lost motion and burdened with the heavy expense of misdirected effort.

Most of the locomotives on so-called through trains get water in the same slow, labored method employed a generation ago, and a hundred or more helpless passengers are forced to wait while such awkward operations are carried through. We utilize only a fraction of our wood waste, market or consume less than two-thirds of what our farms produce, and lose $2,000,000 a day through persisting in the practice of burning coal raw. It may be human to err, but it is diabolical to persevere in error. One may be surfeited with too much as well as starved with too little, and America's chief danger is her abundant wealth.

If there is anyone who does not believe in the wisdom of having business and science coöperate for their mutual advantage, then a brief study of industrial progress throughout the world in recent years should convince him. It was the research of Frasch that sent Ohio oil from twenty cents to one dollar a barrel, and the public as well as the oil men profited. The basis of our knowledge of heredity resulted from the thoughtful work of an Austrian monk whose experiments were carried on with nothing more pretentious than a few garden peas. It took seventeen years for a group of experimenters to discover how to manufacture indigo, and the work cost $5,000,000 before an ounce was marketed, but now the profits from this discovery are as much each year as was the total cost of the entire preliminary investigative work. When the first man noted that the slag of a fireside had become transparent, and started investigations that led to the discovery of glass, he little knew that he was giving a boon of immeasurable value to humanity. It is glass that has renewed our worn-out eyes, made it possible to heat our houses and at the same time let light into them, given us containers for liquids and foods, bulbs for our incandescent lights, and magnifying devices to bring into our range of vision not only the most distant stars but the smallest objects in the universe.

After research had shown the value of typhus vaccination, our

army doctors used it on nearly 2,000,000 soldiers in 1917, and as a result there were only eighteen deaths from the disease. If we had not been provided with such a remedy, and the mortality from typhus had been at the same rate that prevailed during the Civil War, there would have been over 7200 deaths. When metallic calcium was first made the discoverer himself did not know of any use for the new metal, but during the war it proved its worth by serving the nation in two different ways: First it was used as a generator of hydrogen in deep-sea sound-detecting devices, and later it was employed as a purifier for argon in rectifiers. This latter use has now become the basis of a growing business.



Plant for Determining the Length of Life of Various Types of Incandescent Lamps

At a comparatively trifling cost the Standard Oil Company started a program of research that has developed processes for cracking mineral oils that have yielded not only lower hydrocarbons for use as gasoline but also valuable aromatic derivatives of the benzol and toluol groups. Gasoline was just a smell around an oil refinery a few years ago. Once they threw it away. Today it is heir apparent to Old King Coal himself.

Reaching Out Into the Future

WHEN scientists came to realize the great waste of energy that attended the use of carbon incandescent lamps and proposed the use of tungsten filaments, all the experts laughed at the idea and declared that tungsten was forever a brittle element and could not be drawn into a flexible wire. They said it was fully as nonductile as chromium or silicon. But notwithstanding all this incredulity, and in the face of a mild skepticism even on the part of his associates, Dr. W. D. Coolidge finally succeeded in drawing tungsten wire, and the result of this single accomplishment has been a saving of hundreds of millions of dollars in the nation's lighting bill.

The big lesson in all this is that we have passed the time when it is safe even to say that certain elements have such-and-such qualities. We know now that there is no such thing as a product, a process or even a faith that does not alter with time. The impossibilities of one decade become the realities of the next. The modern man of business is no longer content simply to have his product the best among its contemporaries, but rather it must be the best among its future competitors. No less farsighted policy in industry is at all safe. Things made by hand today are made by machines tomorrow.

In chemistry today there are a dozen new branches, any one of which deals with more truth about matter than did the combined science of chemistry of our fathers. Each time the occasional traveler visits New York he finds the city moved farther uptown. No sooner do we succeed in getting the belt measurement of the great star Betelgeuse than we lose interest in what we have done, and set about discovering the dimensions of other stars bigger and farther off. When we were kids the periodic system of the chemical elements was the newest and most remarkable thing in chemistry, just as oxygen was the sensation in granddad's day, and Harvey's system of blood circulation the novelty of his ancestor. We still travel on steam railroads, but when we think of the future we pin our hopes on electrification. Even some of the diseases from which we suffer are new to the flesh, and the methods of treating them are stranger still. Scientists and engineers everywhere are planning, not the old stunts but new ones.

It has been only a few years since the introduction of the big one-cylinder gasoline engine, that weighed 200 pounds per horse power. Now we have motors with twelve cylinders, and who can say but that before long the average engine will have twenty or perhaps will be of a turbine type, with an infinite number of blades to take the thrust? The Indian who first rubbed oil on his aching joints started a line of research in petroleum that is only now getting well under way. Before long we shall probably be eating modified petroleum products, and it is likely we shall wear clothes colored with modified paraffin.

Night View of New York City, Looking South From the Metropolitan Tower at 23d Street and Madison Avenue

Science, like eternity, has no gray hairs. Even in agriculture, the oldest industry in the world, there is a continuous order of change. This should cause us to realize that in research we are ever only in the beginning. All that we know today is fit only for the histories of tomorrow. Just as there is more air for trees as they grow upward, so is there more new knowledge to tap as the existing branches of the technical arts spread out. For instance, the human mind is the most interesting and important thing in the world, and yet psychology as a science is only now being born. No longer do we consider that to make a utility of the beautiful phenomena of Nature is a regrettable prostitution.

Also, there is a general abandonment of the idea by industrial executives that the employment of imaginative scientists is a risky speculation, and that research to be pure must be sterile. The modern school of chemists and technical investigators is not of the class of time wasters who would gild gold or paint the lily. They are hard-headed, practical futurists, and have no more in common with fantastic dreamers than ham has with Hamlet. Our present research workers know that success with a new process in the laboratory represents merely the beginning, for all that can be developed in the laboratory is only the nucleus of a commercial process. They also refuse to turn over their processes to others, and insist on collaborating with the production engineers, so that they will be responsible until the experiments have been ended on a commercial scale. Even after that the wise research man will go with the salesman and help him overcome the customer's difficulties.

If Research Were Cooperative

WE HAVE entered an age when investigation and production must walk hand in hand. In fact, much benefit would result if all our manufacturers were united, with a great research laboratory. Then, as Dr. Willis Whitney has said, "The poorest furnace slag would be quickly tried for farm fertilizer, tested in cements, made into glass, ground into paint, calendered into writing paper, blown into thermal insulation, turned into asbestos, put into dynamite, or injected into medicines." Right now our universities might greatly help, but they are generally out of touch with the needs of industry, and therefore frequently choose untimely researches; or their discoveries fail to be applied in the most advantageous way. As industry now operates, business expediency causes many companies to enforce secrecy, so that competitors who do not share the expense of research shall not profit by the results, and there is much duplication of work.

(Continued on Page 123)

TURKEY TALK

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IN LOS ANGELES, early in November, after six months of solid sunshine, the Wildcat began to figure that enough is enough. Variety is the spice of life, and he began to crave spice. His definition of spice, outlined in long orations to his mascot goat, included persimmons, yams, hog-killin' time, the first frost, drizzling rains, wild turkey trotting the ridges, shellbark hickory nuts, muscadines, pawpaws, religious revivals, steamboat rides and the mystery of midnight hunting expeditions.

"Huntin' ennything, goat, makes no diff'runce whut you starts out fo'; whetheh you is got a lantern or not, you gin'ally meets up wid sumpin. Mebbe it ain't no mo' dan a baptize f'm de lef' barrel of some henhouse gun. Don't make no diff'runce whut it is, it sho be betteh dan de same ol' sunshine day in an' day out whut dey has in dis Los Anxious country. 'Trouble is us ain't los' an' is anxious. I craves me a earthquake o' a cyclone whut kin move me, or de ground, till I opens my eye somewhah roun' Memphis, Tenn-o-see. Dat's whah at ol' Cap'n Jack is. Ask me an' I tells you one nigger says dat's whah at ev'rythin' is."

Lily voiced a bleat of sympathy.

"Dere you is, goat, bellerin' like a ol' steam ingine! Don't do me no good to mention dis railroad bizness. All Ise 'quipped wid is two hind laigs whut is wore plum' stubby f'm marchin' roun' an' roun' wid dese golf-playin' white folks. Ise bore up undeh golf tools fur 'nuff wid dese ball-beatin' folks to reach f'm heah to Memphis an' back. Ain't done me no good. Whut did it git me, goat; I ax you?"

"Blaa-a!"

"You sez right! Nuthin' but blaa-a, wid mebbe a fo'-dollar bonus on steady days. Kain't do nuthin wid fo' dollars. Dis heah golf hardly makes us a livin', let alone railroad-ridin' money. Dey ain't no boat ennywhah near whut a boy kin git a rouster's job on like he kin in Sam Fram'cisco. Ain't nuthin' but de same thing oveh an' oveh an' oveh. . . . Wish ol' Cap'n Jack wuz heah! Wish Lady Luck would rally roun' an' slap a ear towards dis los' chile's moan."

The Wildcat's moan was interrupted by a summons from one of a golf-playing quartet of business men who craved action. The victim of too much sunshine and Lady Luck's neglect tied his mascot goat to a fence post near the caddie house and walked over toward his potential employer.

"Boy, can you carry double?"

The Wildcat did not like the "boy" business any too well, but it did not affect the gentleness of his reply.

"Cap'n, yass-suh! My strength is come back so fur dat did I crave to de chances is I could carry trupple or quipple."

At the seventh green the foursome developed a previously unsuspected golf lawyer in its midst and forthwith it became a quarrelsome.

"Dat's dis doggone yaller sunshine beatin' in on dese white folks' brains. Neveh seed such a place fo' argufying talk. Dese white boys mebbe runs banks or groceries, an' owns autobeels an' buys dey bootlaig likker by de case; but turn 'em loose in dis sun-dried golf orchard an' befo' dey plays half a game de wah is broke out. 'Bout de only way dey stays peaceful in de hot sun is when dey chokes down de battle cry wid gin. Enny ol' store-bizness boy gits plum' sweetened up wid mebbe six drinks. . . . Sho wisht I wuz back in de Memphis country whah de ruckus-cravin' folks uses cold talk an' hot lead 'stead of so much hot language."

The Wildcat held fast to his southbound ambition and dragged along until the eighteen holes were played, not knowing that his last prayer to Lady Luck had reached the compassionate heart of his unseen deity.

When the game was done one of the bankers, after he had grumbled a little at his luck, ordered the Wildcat to be at an appointed rendezvous at one o'clock on the following day.

"I want you to caddie for a gentleman who is coming in from your part of the country. We're going to play a foursome at the Midwick. You be here at one o'clock tomorrow and we'll get you."

Until the Wildcat and Lily and Ella Went Ashore at New Orleans, the Trip Was Without Incident

"Cap'n, yass-suh! Sho will! Us an' Lily stands hitched whah at us is till you comes rollin' by."

On the following day the foursome showed up at two o'clock. As far as the Wildcat could observe with half a dozen sidelong glances, the two passengers in the first long nickel-plated touring car were fairly well organized to defeat any long-distance hooch handlers.

"Chances is it's dis heah hot weatheh whut has delapitated dese white folks."

In the second car, not quite so dilapidated, was the gentleman from Memphis for whom the Wildcat was to caddie. The Wildcat boosted the mascot goat into place beside the driver of the second car and climbed in. From subsequent scraps of conversation it appeared that the Memphis gentleman was attending an important conference of white folks who ruled an' reg'lated de Fed'ral Preserve Bank.

"Dese folks is prolly dem bank boys whut buys up all de fruit farms an' makes dem yaller orange preserve."

All these idle and inaccurate speculations came to an end a mile or so beyond the point where the party had picked up the Wildcat, when on the way to the Midwick club the first car halted alongside of a high wire fence behind which paraded half a hundred scraggly-looking ostriches. It developed that a genius in the first car had collided with the idea that an ostrich would be a handy thing for a sterling citizen to have around the house. The quartet of financial leaders got out of their cars and rallied around a pint flask of hammered gold. With the second slug one of the mental giants broadcast a mental estimate of the earning capacity of a heavy-set plume-bearing ostrich.

"No tellin' how much the son of a gun would save in the household budget for you, Steve. Here you have two lovely daughters and a young-looking wife who still craves to adorn herself with plumage the same as mine does. No American home should be without its ostrich. Figure ten million homes saving a hundred dollars a year on ostrich plumes alone—that's a billion dollars! Figger how many ostrich eggs you could buy for a billion dollars an' what you could hatch out of 'em. Looks to me like we're responsible for all of this bunk about woman's extravagance. Why didn't somebody think of it before? Here we're criticizing the lovely ladies for spending money hand over hand, and never doing a thing in a practical way to relieve their distress."

"He's right a million! And furthermore, what I mean is when this delayed golf game begins we plays for ball, ball and ball, plus one full-blooded feather-bearin' ostrich for the low man. Gimme that flask!"

The flask gurgled its farewell for the third and last time, and its requiem was a suggestion from one of the ostrich enthusiasts that the impending golf game be postponed long enough to include a detour to a filling station where the life-giving qualities of the hammered-gold flask might be revived.

When the returns were counted it was discovered that the flask had won by a thirsty neck, and so, waving coyly at an inquisitive buck ostrich that had come over to the fence to see what it was all about, the quartet mounted their chariots and headed for the new oasis, where in the sanctuary of the locker room four lives were saved. Back then to the ostrich farm for another inspection of the prospective prize.

The golf game began at five o'clock. Stancing himself at the first tee, the first player kept his eye on the ball. He continued to keep his eye on the ball. He essayed two or three preliminary waggles with his driver, and then, grinning cheerfully, he lifted his head and addressed his companions.

"Keep t'head down an' blood runs to t'head. Nourishes the brain. Brain gits filled with big ideas. Ideas bigger'n os'rich eggs. Brain's all cluttered up with ideas bigger than os'rich eggs. Can any gentleman multiply by eighteen?"

"Drive off, you damn orator! It's getting late."

"There you are! What'll the newspapers say? Look at the headlines—Gush of Ideas Checked by Prominent Banker. I agree it's gettin' late; any wrist watch knows that. It's gettin' late an' this foursome's a tiresome boresome, so if anybody here can multiply by eighteen I proposes we plays one hole for the Southern California Household Os'rich Championship.

"Multiply by eighteen an' retreat back to the bright lights 's far as my humble homestead, with the winner of the match leading his prize."

The Wildcat, not knowing what it was all about, and yet sensing some impending irregularities that were to fracture the ancient and honorable shades of St. Andrew's, rolled his eyes in anticipation of the spoken cheers that greeted the orator's suggestion.

Each member of the foursome drove off for distances varying from three to twenty yards. There followed a flock of snake-killing iron shots; and out of the rough, zigzagging across the fairway with a group of eights and tens, the foursome rallied on the green with two seventeens, a twenty-one and a twenty-three.

The Memphis man holed his ball with his twenty-seventh audited stroke. He was followed by a perfect thirty-six, a forty and a forty-nine.

"It's too much. Nobody can multiply eighteen by forty-nine."

"Nobody has to. Gimme plenty paper and I'll multiply anything once. Let's get this down. There's big money involved, and you all remember your early battles with bank examiners. Gimme them figures! I'll give any leading banker in our midst a gold pencil for something I can write with."

In the gathering darkness four financial giants bowed their heads over the problem of multiplying eighteen by twenty-seven.

"Seven times eight is forty-nine where I come from."

"And ten off for cash!"

"Seven times eight sixty-five, as anyone knows."

Seven times eight got lost in a fog and they turned to the Wildcat for arithmetic advice.

"Cap'n suh, I neveh learned my numbehs 'ceptin' as high as six spots—dat's as fur as de dice goes. Ise learned up to twelve, an' dere I quits, 'ceptin' to add."

For a moment it looked like seven times eight was insoluble, until one of the contestants found a way out of the jungle of figures.

"Gimme that pencil! Gimme that paper! Hold your hand tight over my left eye, then turn me loose. It ain't seven times eight; it's eight times seven. Put down a six and carry a five. Two times eight and five is twenty. Put down a seven. Put down a two. Add 'em up! Simple as

can be. Two-twenty-seven. There you are! Always was good with figures when I could see 'em."

"Old Memphis Steve wins the Household Ostrich with a snappy two-twenty-seven!"

The Dixie guest smiled his gratification at his victory.

"Add these digits two and two and seven, and view a lucky 'leven. Where I come from the land is famous for its likker and its 'levens. Lead me to my prize!"

They led him to the prize, and at five minutes to six negotiations were completed for the purchase of one male ostrich, seven feet high, weighing a little over two hundred pounds and equipped with the devil's own temper. With one of his assistants the proprietor of the ostrich farm spent five minutes in lashing a pair of restricting hobbles around the ostrich's legs close to his feet. When this had been done the new owner of the ostrich pointed to the Wildcat.

"Let this boy lead him; he looks like he knew all about animals."

"Sho does! Dey's animal blood in me. Us leads dis heah os'rich, an' if he holds back us stretches his neck so fur dat when it pulls in two it flies back an' knocks him foolish. Ol' os'rich ain't nuthin' but de feather-bearin' half of a ol' circus giraffe, ennyhow. Plain mule blood, and us rules mules!"

When the parade started, the leading job developed into a holding-back effort; but after a while, when reason came to the trotting bird, he ambled along beside the second automobile at a twelve-mile gait in spite of his embarrassing hobbles. At the edge of town the leading citizens in the two automobiles began to realize some of the attendant possibilities of having their march observed. A quick council followed and a new line of march was laid.

The leading automobile headed straight for the Southern Pacific Station, where half an hour later the Wildcat and Lily and the plume-bearing ostrich were delivered to the tender mercies of an express agent.

Then before the Wildcat quite realized what was going on a roll of currency was thrust into his hand and his ears were all cluttered up with instructions.

"Deliver him to my King Street house in Memphis. Transfer to an Anchor Line packet at New Orleans. Keep that ostrich fed an' bedded down and protected against whatever cold weather you strike."

"Cap'n, yass-suh! Deliveh him an' bed him down."

"And don't bust his long feathers!"

"Naw-suh! When us beds him down us shelters his regalia. Sho is adorned wid feathehs like a Soopreem Leadin' Knight, 'ceptin' de sword!"

"He don't need any sword; he's got a kick like six mules."

"Yass-suh! Kain't do much kickin' wid dem rope handcuffs on his feet. Us feeds him alfalfa like you said. Us weeds out dem feathehs de bes' us kin. Chances is, when he gits cult'vated right, an' raked, dem feathehs blooms out so thick dat you kain't find de los' os'rich inside o' him no mo' dan you kin find one o' dese hairless dawgs in a load of hay."

The Wildcat said farewell to the white folks, and at eight o'clock that night, engaging the aid of one of the express messengers in the car, he managed to throw the ostrich into a recumbent position calculated to afford the ungainly bird a maximum of comfort. Immediately thereafter, Lily the mascot goat, sensing the end of the day's activities, curled up beside her new companion.

The Wildcat spread a borrowed blanket over the pair, and with the ostrich's halter wrapped around his own wrist he pillowed his head against an outstanding clump of wing feathers and began sleeping himself, Memphis-bound, to the cadence of the clanking of the car.

At nine o'clock, of the trio the Wildcat was the only one asleep. The change of scene and the unaccustomed quarters had so excited the nervous system of the ostrich that the bird began an angry hissing to relieve its overcharged nerves. Warm and comfortable under the blanket, Lily awakened and realized that she was hungry.

One of the mascot's first principles in the technic of obtaining nutriment was to eat whatever was handy, wherever it was; and accordingly the goat grazed for a while on the nutriment nearest at hand, which happened to be the plumage on the starboard wing of the ostrich.

Feathers are not equipped with nerves, and all went well at the feather lunch counter until the goat began nipping pinfeathers close to the awkward bird's epidermis; at which moment, under the blanket, there began a miniature earthquake that required the combined efforts of the Wildcat and the two express messengers to subdue.

Then the smoke of battle cleared away, and until midnight the Wildcat laid himself down between his two charges, resolved not to let anything detain him loose from no sleep. Now, with her appetite still unsatisfied and with the feather lunch counter beyond her reach, Lily devoted herself to the convenient business of eating away a large section of the Wildcat's left sleeve. At dawn, when the damage was discovered, the Wildcat addressed a promise of revenge toward his two-legged charge.

"De white folks sez you eats ennything. Us sez you reaches enny place wid dat long neck; but leave me tell you one thing, Ella: One mo' meal off of my pussonal raiment an' it's yo' fun'ral banquit!"

Ella the ostrich looked chagrined, but said nothing, while with her conscience crimping under the knowledge of her own guilt Lily the mascot goat hung her head and looked sideways.

"Where did he git the name Ella?"

One of the baggagemen evidenced his curiosity at the Wildcat's method of addressing the ostrich.

"Ol' os'rich belongs to de animal kingdom 'spite o' de vegetable leaves whut crops out on him. Biggest animal in de animal kingdom is de el'phant. Dat's how come us calls dis boy Ella. Short fo' elephant!" He turned again to his hobbled captive. "Uncoil dat neck whilst us 'ranges you like de white folks said, befo' you 'cumulates dis heah gluemonia whut sticks in yo' throat."

The Wildcat began wrapping a pair of spiral putties about the long neck of the ostrich. When the bird's respiratory canals were insulated, obeying his general instructions and realizing that Ella was a delicate bird and that the cool weather was apt to ruin him, the Wildcat summoned his two white companions to assist him in the business of adorning the awkward creature with a heavy pair of discarded pants.

Across Ella's back the Wildcat arranged a complicated system of string suspenders, and then with the addition of an old canvas hunting coat that he had purchased for the purpose at a secondhand store near the Southern Pacific Station, Ella's protective costume was complete. Again hobbles were fastened around the big bird's feet; and now with his charge safe from the variable temperatures of the car, the Wildcat laughed his scorn at whatever rough weather might await him. Thereafter, until the Wildcat and Lily and Ella went ashore at New Orleans, the trip was without incident.

The Wildcat prowled his way through the streets of New Orleans, asking questions every block to enable varying groups of brunet bystanders to accumulate a full idea of his importance, until finally he came to the warehouse near which, swinging on her lines, lay the upriver packet that was to convey him and the menagerie over the last leg of their journey.

"Whut makes dat big varmint walk so delicate?" The question came from an inquisitor of the Wildcat's own color. "Turn him upside down an' leave him hop along on his neck an' he makes mo' speed."

"Boy, speed ain't no object." The Wildcat rallied to Ella's defense.

"Turn him upside down an' he looks like a one-legged bird wid two necks. Whut you call dat circus-lookin' kangaroot thing?"

A chocolate-faced witness, hitherto silent, answered the casual query: "Dat ain' no kangaroot; ain't seen him set none, is you? Dese kangaroots is like dem wah aviation

(Continued on Page 114)

"Out de Way, Niggers! Leave Dis Turkey Walk Through! Git Dem Chillun to One Side Befo' Dis Ella Turkey Picks Himself a Chile"

NORTH OF 36

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

The Leader Rode Straight on in Without Any Salute or Reply

XXV

IT WAS high noon of the third day north of the Red River; a frank spring noon on the prairies. All the morning nothing except the countless wild game had offered life and motion to the eye of Jim Nabours, scouting carefully ahead of the herd. But now, as he topped a gentle rise, he saw coming toward him from the cover of a clump of distant timber the figure of a rider whom soon he knew to be a white man.

He pulled up, sat intent. The rider seemed a not unfamiliar figure.

The horseman advanced directly toward him, evidently seeing him. As he approached more closely in his steady trot he flung up his right hand in the sign of peace.

Nabours himself rode out to meet the stranger. All at once he halted sharply, his hand on his gun. But the other paid no attention to the hostile movement, came up at the same pace.

"How are you, Jim Nabours?" said he quietly. He dropped both his hands to his own saddle horn.

A scowl came over the foreman's face.

"You have broke your word, Mr. McMasters," said he. "You are in a risky place right now."

"I come with my hands up," said McMasters. "I'm in no more risk than you are. But I am going back with you to your own camp."

"No! We want no truck with you." Then a sense of the proprieties coming to him, he added, "You're counting too damn much on what you done down at the Red. No one ast you."

"Look at my horse," said McMasters quietly. "He's a Fishhook, isn't he? Yes. And I have been back of this herd or alongside of it for three hundred and fifty miles. You know that you got my letter, and you seem to have followed my advice. You've done very well by it. You'd have done a lot better if I'd been with you before you tried that crossing."

"Well, we put you out of our camp oncet. We meant it. We hain't held no trial sence then. I haven't ast you in, no time."

"Yes; but you don't seem to be able to keep me out. I'll ride this country the way I like, and not even Texans can keep me from it. I have come now because I think you need me again, and need me very much."

He told his news. The features of Nabours changed as he listened.

"My God!" said he. Then, suspicion dominant again: "But you was traveling with them people. You went right from us to them. Now here you're back."

"I need travel with them no more. I have got what I was after. I know who killed my father and Miss Lockhart's father. I am coming into your camp, and I am going to talk with Miss Lockhart."

"She sont you out oncet. We tried you. She won't talk to you—no, not even after what you done. She's never mentioned your name about that." Nabours still sat looking at him uneasily. "Besides, my men won't let you in again."

"No? I have been in your camp more than once since you first put me out."

"Not that I know of, you haven't."

"No? Jim, who killed that man near the women's carts the night of the big run on the Colorado?"

"I don't know who killed him; I only know he was dead."

"Well, that man was after the trunk you thought that I had stolen. Rudabaugh wants that trunk. He sent his boldest man after it that night. I was a little ahead of him, that was all. You know what happened to him. Now you know who did it. Yes, you might say I stole Miss Lockhart's trunk and put it in my wagon. But I stole it from Rudabaugh, not from her. What I said at the trial was true. Theft from her—why, great Heavens!"

He suddenly spread out his hands.

"I'm a killer now, Jim!" said he, his face strangely drawn by a smile that could not come to it. "I can't turn back now. The man who says I ever was a friend of Rudabaugh is a liar, and a fool besides. I call that to you here. I will call it to your whole campful just the same."

"Them's right strong words," said Jim Nabours quietly. "I only listen because I more'n half believe you're right. I can't answer what you say. But why in hell didn't you say all this at the trial?"

"Trial! Who gave you any right to try a McMasters of Gonzales? I took what you-all gave me because I thought it might make it easier for me to stay away."

"Well, I don't know what you mean by that."

"No; and I don't know that I can make you understand. Let me say, I realized that my path and hers could never run together.

"But you're in the Indian Nations now. There are three hundred Comanches in here somewhere north of you that have come in from the plains to visit with the Kiowas. That's Yellow Hand's band. If you meet those Comanches after what they surely will hear—why, I supposed you might maybe be willing to have a good killer along with you.

"I supposed maybe you'd be thankful to get this word in time. So, to that extent, you see, my path does once more run for a little way not far from hers. Maybe she'll talk to me. I'm going to see. You can't any of you stop me. You've all been ignorant fools. You deserve nothing."

"I used to read my Bible, in Sunday school," said Nabours after a long silence. "I done read about that there, now, Rachel—was it?—same name, she had, as Cohen's wife down to Gonzales, of the Golden Eagle Store. Now Jacob, he was a good plow hand, and he worked seven years night wrangling for said Rachel—maybe her name was Rebecca, I don't know. Well, anyhow, I reckon,

maybe it was all right about Jacob and the ranch boss. The trouble with me is, I got too damned many Jacobs along already in this here outfit. I wasn't studying to take on no more.

"Still, when the men hear about old Yellow Hand it's more'n likely they'll be glad to pick up a hand that can throw lead if he has to. Come on in. I won't let nobody start nothing. We can dig into this further along."

McMasters paid no attention to the other men about the camp that evening, who, even after the foreman's explanation, remained sullen and aloof. Without asking consent, he walked to the cook-cart plunder, unearthed his own bed roll and war bag and chose a place for himself outside the circle appropriated by the other hands. He made such toilet as he could, helped himself at the cook's kettle and pans—breaking a two days' fast—all without converse with the men who once had adjudged him unfit for their association. And in the twilight he walked without any by your leave directly to the camp of Taisie Lockhart and her servants. They watched him go. She saw him coming in the dusk; she felt her heart go strangely. How could she keep her face calm, her eyes severe?

"It is Mr. McMasters?" she spoke coldly, did not put out her hand. He had remained silent, his own face sad enough. "Why do you come—how dare you come?"

She had not asked him to be seated; was treating him as though he was one of the hands; as though he were her enemy, not her hereditary friend or ally, not a man who had saved her life but now. It was hard even for his courage to endure. Something at last gave way. When he spoke a resonance was in his voice which she had never known before.

"Dare? Why did I dare come? I dared not stay away!"

"You always presume on obligations I never asked of you. But I can't see—I don't know ——"

"You know I love you; that's the thing I can't help. You couldn't help knowing it. I am the man who kissed you that night in the dark—yes, I did that. You knew! I won't tell you why I was there that night, or why I am here now. Forget what happened the other day at the river—you'd as well. The woman who doubts me once is done with me forever."

She could not speak to this new man, savage, impetuous, the chill all gone from him.

"Dare? I do dare! I dare tell you that there will never be any other woman in the world for me. I'll never be even the last man in the world for you."

Doubt, contrition, fear—a horrible fear that she had been cruelly unjust, a yet more terrible fear that he was going away—all mingled in the mind of the girl.

"I cannot possibly understand how you could come. I don't know why you should. Always you put a load on me." Her own voice had been more certain at other times.

His answer came very slowly.

"A man has an indefeasible right to tell the one woman in the world that he cares for her, even if he is going to the gallows. I might as well be on my way to the gallows, so far as any chance with you is concerned. Chance? Why, a chance with you? I'd not give myself one if I could. Look at my hands!"

He extended his hands, long, slender, well kept, so that she might see.

"I am a killer!" said Dan McMasters bitterly. "That's what I have become for sake of Texas, for sake of the law, for sake of women and children, I suppose. But no woman or child for me! It's worse to be a killer than it is to be killed. Well, I know that. But I was mad that night. I just thought of what might have happened to you."

"Sir, this is not easy to listen to!" She sank back on her rude fireside seat, trembling. "I wish you had not come! I wish I had never seen you!"

"I can say the same! But why do you wish that? It's easy to forget me. But I cannot forget."

He stepped closer, his voice low. She only shook her head from side to side and would not speak.

"Why?" he demanded again fiercely, and still she answered not at all.

"You have nothing to forget," he went on. "It may be easy for women to forget—I don't know. But it is my curse that I can never change—I can't forget. What I want I must have—I can't change!" He sighed. His hands dropped, still crooked to clasp her, to grasp her arms and hold her fast.

"Well, say that I come to you now only as a peace officer tonight. I have used my own methods. That's all the life work there is for Daniel McMasters. There is no possible reward for me except to come to you some time and tell you that I have finished the work I started out to do."

She sat, her head bowed forward in her hands. A cricket was calling loudly in the grass. Presently she heard his even voice go on.

"I know who killed your father and mine. I could have killed Rudabaugh three days ago. I ought to have done so. I was on the point of killing him. What kept me from it? I knew that some one of his men would kill me if I did, but that ought not to have mattered—I don't think it would have mattered; we have to take those chances in my business. Why did I hold back? Why did I wait for another time? I'll have to tell you! Suddenly I thought 'If these men kill me now I'll never see her face again!' Wasn't it silly?

"I reckon I wanted to see your face again. I'd not be honest if I did not tell you that. I, McMasters of the Rangers, held back—for that! But this will be the last time. I came to your camp—it was a hard thing for a proud man to do. Well, now you know why I dared."

"Won't you be seated, sir?" Taisie's voice came faintly.

"No; you speak too late. I must go. But before I go I shall tell you once more, so you may remember it always—I love you more than anything else and everything else in all the world. There'll never be any other woman for me."

"Then, why, why?" she demanded hoarsely. "What is it that you mean when you say that you must go—that you never will ——"

The cricket in the grass was asserting himself loudly.

"Life is short for me," he answered. "It may be long for you. Why should I pretend, who am about to die?"

(Continued on Page 80

He Rode Out Carelessly. "Sí," Said He. "Me Yellow Hand. Habla Español?"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 5, 1923

What is There in It for Me?

AT THE last election a number of governors who now hold office went in on platforms of economy, and though their terms of office are still young, it is safe to say that the labors of Hercules lie before them. In all such states, whether they be on the east or the west coast or in between, there has already developed a situation whose truly colossal irony can hardly be equaled. All citizens good and true are for economy, but in the other fellow's territory, in the other half or end of the state.

Nearly all men agree that governmental extravagance must be reduced and taxes checked. But those who live in the city that contains the state university will have no reduction in its budget, suggesting, on the other hand, that expenses are far too high in the city that harbors the state capitol. What the opinion of those who live near the state capitol is need not be told. Highway expenses are conceded to be far too great, but the citizenry will rise in mass meeting and assert their rights as Americans if anything happens to the plans for several new concrete roads in their particular county or district.

Good old-fashioned economy, unselfishness, tolerance, coöperation—these must be practiced, of course, but by another group of citizens, by the other fellow. A governor in a Western state was campaigning for reëlection in a remote district and stopped for dinner in a small hamlet where in front of a house he saw a sign, "Meals, 25 cents." So he went in, and later told his experiences as follows:

"I ordered a steak, potatoes, buttered toast and a cup of coffee. When I finished I handed the lady proprietor of the place twenty-five cents, with a ten-cent tip. She looked at me, astonished, and said, 'What's that for?' 'Why, for the meal. Your sign said you served meals for twenty-five cents.' Folding her arms she looked down at me and said, 'You did not have a meal; you had a feed. Your bill is a dollar and five cents.' The point is that she did serve a twenty-five-cent meal, but I had demanded something more, which I had to pay for. You are demanding from your county, your city, your school districts more than a meal; you are demanding a feed, and you must pay for it."

This is an age of high standards in which much is demanded by many people, few of whom are willing to give up anything in return. The delegation of work and inconvenience to others is becoming a social disease. Men wonder what is the matter with the church, the real trouble being that they take such a light dose of religion or church attendance that it doesn't count. Their idea of religion, of church, is to be ministered to, not to minister to others. Religion, the church, is something for the clergyman to attend to, or perhaps a few societies and guilds. Anyway, it is something for the other fellow to keep going.

Every evil that afflicts the social, economic and political order is studied by thousands of leagues, committees, commissions, associations and institutes. These come and go like the waves of the sea. There is tremendous vocal enthusiasm, and little is done. As fast as one committee proves its incompetence another is formed. Naturally, delegated authority can never take the place of personal interest and participation.

Of course not every citizen can participate directly in every activity that touches his life. This is a complicated civilization. We no longer live in the simplicity of a New England town meeting. But it is foolish to expect our government or any other part of the existing system to function properly if all the work and sacrifice are left to others. We cannot expect habits of economy to prevail unless we are willing to economize a bit ourselves.

A group of the leading business men, dissatisfied with the progress made in a certain city by the port officials in preparing plans for the harbor's enlargement, quickly raised several hundred thousand dollars to organize a commission to study the problem. One doubter raised the question whether it wouldn't be better to devote a little energy to electing the right sort of officials or even for some of the distinguished contributors to give up their own time to such official duties. Perish the thought!

It was a long time ago that the Apostle Paul said that the body is not one member, but many, and all subsequent efforts to delegate to others the functions of the members have proved futile. Size and complexity of organization have obscured this truth, but nothing can disprove it.

We modern Americans are great believers in coöperation and the results that it is supposed to accomplish for government, state and community. But our idea of coöperation is to form a new committee or employ a paid secretary or publicity agent. There is thought to be some sort of secret or trick or mystery about it.

But this much-sought-after and highly prized coöperation is nothing but the thinking and acting alike of many men. If taxes are to be reduced, if a community is to be built up, if any desirable result is to be attained, there must be the devotion of more than a paid secretary to the cause, there must be some modification of the attitude of What is there in it for me? or, Let George do it! Kipling told England it could not win the war without the everlastin' teamwork of every bloomin' soul, and that statement applies to many national and community problems other than war.

Look Before You Jay-Walk

REDUCTION of the alarming number of automobile accidents calls first of all for legal action, backed by public opinion, which shall lessen additions to the number of drivers who are unfit to operate a motorcar, and which shall punish adequately those drivers already on the roads who are drunken, reckless or careless.

There remains an opportunity for further reducing motor accidents by tackling the problem from the other end.

In many of the motor accidents one of the parties concerned is a pedestrian; and not infrequently by contributory negligence, and occasionally by bravado or recklessness, it is the pedestrian who invites the accident and is largely responsible for it. Therefore, the enforced education of pedestrians who take such chances should logically be a part of any effort to bring about safer conditions on our highways.

As guiding lines for action in this direction, it may be accepted that street and road crossings, as defined by the intersection of highways, belong within certain limitations to the pedestrian first of all; and that on the roadway proper, between such crossings, the vehicle driver has prior rights.

Wherever there are foot pavements this division of rights is clear and beyond question, at least from a common-sense point of view; and ordinances and police regulations of cities and larger towns should and in many cases do attempt to secure recognition of that division of rights by the establishment of stop signals, by the stationing of officers at fixed points to direct and control traffic, and by exercising generally some influence over the movement of foot passengers across main avenues of traffic.

This effort, however, so far has been even partially successful only at the busiest of street intersections. Unfortunately, there persists an idea with the foot passenger that in all cases and in all places he has inherent rights superior to the rights of those who drive vehicles. This feeling seems to have its genesis in two common beliefs: First, that as pedestrians outnumber those in vehicles, they are entitled by virtue of their numerical majority to have their way. Second, that vehicular traffic, because of its greater potential ability to inflict damage, should be subject to all the law's restraint and the pedestrian, on the other hand, be given all the protection.

It is exactly here that a readjustment of the foot passenger's point of view must be brought about. Reasoning on the point, as well as ridicule, so far has been of little avail. A considerable number of pedestrians remain obstinate and even resentful. The practical remedy would seem to be the prompt and unsparing imposition of legal penalties for infraction of regulations governing the use of roadways and crossings by foot passengers.

Pedestrians' rights on roadways where there are no foot pavements, and at crossings of all roads and streets, are not paramount when they involve more than reasonable delay of vehicular traffic or inconvenience to it; and when those rights are so extended by the individual foot passenger as to increase the hazard of accident with vehicles properly operated they cease to be rights altogether, and any attempt to exercise them should be dealt with not less summarily than are those acts of the vehicle operator that put the pedestrian in danger.

The fact is that the almost complete substitution of motor-driven for horse-drawn traffic has brought about conditions that bear little relation to the conditions prevailing even as late as ten years ago. Accompanying the vastly greater congestion of vehicles on city streets, and in a degree upon main-traveled roads, has come the necessity for the more rapid and orderly movement of all traffic. As a result, the former leisurely progress of foot passengers across streets is no longer practicable, even if the chance of entailed accident was not thereby increased. An even more evident concomitant of the new conditions is the need, in the interests of all concerned, of strictly confining movement of foot passengers across city streets and other congested roads to those points at which intersecting streets or roads introduce conflicting streams of travel and at which opportunity exists to supervise this flow.

In respect to control of traffic, something already has been accomplished, largely because, except at main crossings, the almost uninterrupted solid stream of vehicles makes a crossing to the person of normal judgment appear unwise if not a physical impossibility. However, even at such places nothing should be left to chance or to the mercy of the selfish indifference that characterizes a certain class of foot passengers. In taking the risks they do, these pedestrians involve not only their own safety but also the security and, to a very large extent, the peace of mind of the driver and passengers in the motor vehicles between which the pedestrian dodges.

When all is said and done, the pedestrian who thinks and acts as if he owns the streets is only the motor road hog dismounted. Together with the jay-walker, so-called, and the young person who remains in the roadway or runs out at the approach of a vehicle to see how near he can come to it and so frighten the driver, he is a menace to the safety and comfort of others. Therefore, for the general good, now that the job of making it unhealthy for the drunken or careless motorcar driver is under way, we should also label the pedestrian offender for what he is, and by the injection of a little common sense into the court handling of cases in which such a pedestrian figures, discourage him from his practices.

SUBSIDIZING THE FARMERS

By ROGER W. BABSON

Battery of Narrows and Grain Drills on a Columbia Basin Wheat Farm

THE farmers are the backbone of our prosperity. This does not mean that the farmer makes prosperity any more than that a backbone makes a human being. There must be arms and legs that manufacture; there must be arteries, and a circulatory system that transports and distributes; and most of all there must be a brain that directs all parts of the body and causes each to help and supplement the others. It is the same with our nation. Statistics clearly show that to have a healthy country we must develop all sections, classes and industries together. It does not do a man any good to have merely a fine big backbone if his arteries are hardening or if his arms and legs are becoming paralyzed. Anything that develops one part of the body at the expense of any other is detrimental rather than helpful. One bad tooth may ruin a man's health, happiness and efficiency; and a little gallstone has sent many a man to his grave. Good health is the result of building up all parts of the body simultaneously. Good business is the result of building up all sections of the nation simultaneously. On the other hand, a good backbone is necessary for a healthy man and a healthy nation, and the farmers are the backbone of America.

Oil and Water in Politics

THEREFORE I repeat my first statement: The farmers are the backbone of our prosperity. They keep it erect. The farms are the backlogs of our fires. They keep them from going out. The farms are the backstops of our great national game of business. They prevent us from going to pieces when threatened with defeat. The safety of our democracy is absolutely proportional to the number of prosperous farmers that we have. No man was ever known to hang the red flag of anarchy over his own hearthstone. History shows that the decline of nations has begun when the number of its landowners began to decrease. The best insurance against Bolshevism is more successful farm owners and home owners. Such owners, however, must be successful. It does no good to have a man a landowner if he is heavily mortgaged and in constant fear of being wiped out. There must be contentment and a feeling of security. Hence the safety of the nation is not proportional to the number of farmers, but rather to the number of successful farmers. It may be as dangerous to have too many farmers as to have too few—if the country now has all it can profitably support.

The farmer is the backbone of the nation because he is naturally a conservative. Of course he goes off at a tangent once in thirty years. Every new generation of farmers has to have the economic diseases, the same as most children have measles, chicken pox and mumps. The last generation had its dose in 1893 to 1897; the present generation is having its now. Just about thirty years apart, are they not? Whether or not it will take this generation about four years to get the poison out of its system, only the future can tell. Yet, I repeat, the farmer is by nature a conservative. He is a property owner and must stand for the protection of property rights. He is an employer and must ultimately see things from an employer's point of view. It is well enough for pink professors to write about Farmer-Labor parties; but it would be just as practical to expect an Oil-and-Water party. A man will love a life preserver when he is in distress overboard; but he quickly loses his interest in the thing after he gets back on dry land. He does not think enough of it to carry it home as a souvenir, even though it saved his life. The farmers are glad to use labor to help them to put through some pet scheme; but if labor thinks it can depend upon the farmers' vote to help increase wages and reduce working hours, labor will be most terribly mistaken.

During the war I assisted Secretary of Labor Wilson in the important work of increasing production. With wheat pegged at $2.50 a bushel the farmers were, of course, tremendously interested in our efforts. The farmers then thought the Department of Labor was doing a fine work and they were very sympathetic with our efforts. Some even suggested we should take over the Department of Agriculture because labor and agriculture were working for the same end. After the war was over, however, and the price of wheat went down with a bang, they quickly forgot the Department of Labor. Although during the war hardly a week went by when we were not visited by a complimentary farmer delegation, I doubt if one such farmer delegation has been near the department since the Armistice was signed. They were then no longer interested in increasing production. Reduced wages was what the farmers wanted in 1919 and 1920. Now, of course, it was not the function of the Department of Labor to work for reduced wages.

"The department was established for improving the welfare of the wage earners," we told the Grange officials, "hence we do not feel justified in inaugurating any campaign to lower wages, even for farm labor. Let wages take their natural course. They will anyway."

"Very well," replied the farmers. "We thought you were our friends, but we see you are not. Guess we had better stick to the Department of Agriculture, for when we farmers flirt with labor we are playing with fire and are likely to get our fingers burned."

My paternal grandfather was a farmer near Gloucester, Massachusetts. He had three sons—one, named George, who stayed on the farm until he died from overwork; another, named Gustavus, who went as a pioneer to Nebraska, and finally settled in Seward, of that state; and the third, my father, who became a merchant, although he continued to spend much of his time at the farm.

Overworked Farmers' Wives

READERS who have visited Gloucester know the old Babson farmhouse, a yellow gambrel-roofed house about a mile from the railroad station on the right of the road to Annisquam. It is one of the landmarks of New England, having been built over two hundred years ago. It was there I spent much of my boyhood. Moreover, I have visited often the large farms and ranches of the Central West in which my cousins—the children of my Uncle Gustavus, who went to Nebraska—are still interested. Therefore I speak with some knowledge of and sympathy for the farmers. They are certainly a hard-working class of people. For a good part of the year their working hours are from five o'clock in the morning until eight at night. This reminds me of the farmer who always thought an eight-hour day meant working until the hour of eight at night!

Not only do the men on the farm work very hard, but in most cases the women and children are likewise forced to work. Considering the hours of labor that the individual members of the family spend on the farm, statistics certainly show that these people receive less per hour in income than any other group of workers. Hence the farmers are surely entitled to help in trying to be relieved of some of this drudgery—especially in the case of the wives and

(Continued on Page 188)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

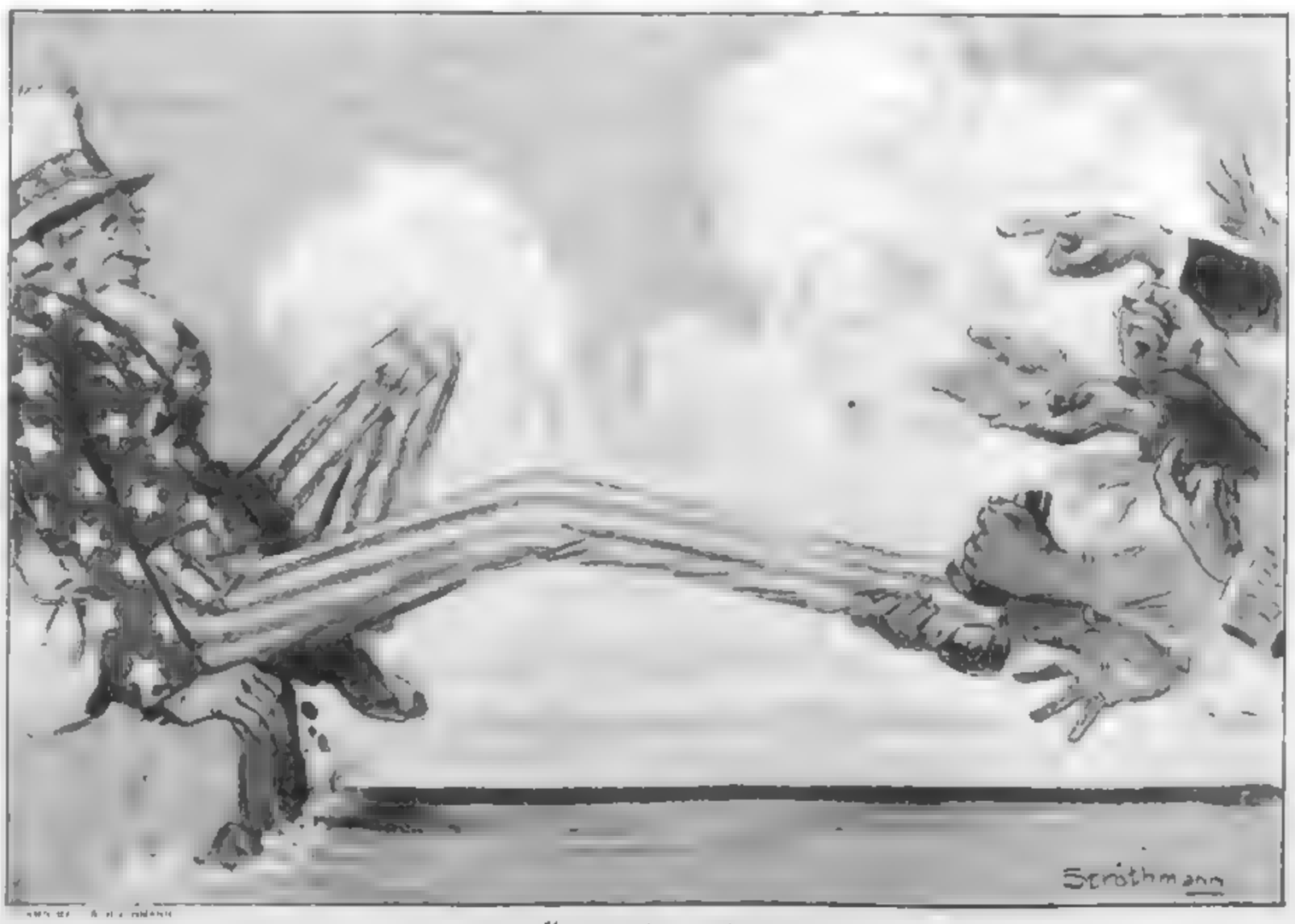
A Hick Town

A HICK town is a community where a Masonic ring or an Elk tooth won't git us by if we hain't got th' goods; it's a settlement where th' president o' th' People's Bank is as liable as not t' be a good cornet player, an' where th' purtiest girl in town gits ever'thing out o' life in one summer. A hick, or nine-flivver town, is a place where ever'buddy knows ever'buddy else's business, where, if a young man steals a cow, th' whole town knows that he's takin' after his gran'father on his mother's side, where th' postmaster cancels stamps with an indelible lead pencil.

It's purty hard t' fool th' people in a hick town. Sometimes a feller'll have t' usher in a church for two or three years before he gits a good chance t' clean up an' tear out. Ther hain't much opportunity fer anything in a little town 'cept t' be good an' noble, but if a feller kin be satisfied with one wife, a Sunday suit, an' th' approval of his conscience, he kin worry along purty comfortablelike. But except fer smells an' opreys ther's 'bout as much diversion in hick towns as ther is in th' cities. Occasionally a sign'll fall on an ole an' respected citizen, almost daily some well-known cow'll git hit by an auto, sometimes a prosperous an' widely known citizen'll fall an easy prey t' some epidemic an' leave seven or eight thousan' dollars tied up, occasionally some pioneer citizen who's been feelin' poorly for seventy years'll actually die.

Hick towns are only human after all, so they have ther eternal-triangle sensations th' same as th' cities. Maybe th' ideal an' unsuspectin' husband'll shoot th' liveryman, or maybe he'll take his errin' wife back, but none o' 'em ever cut any ice in th' social affairs o' th' town agin.

In a city, where nobuddy needs any other credentials 'cept a good front, it's different. Some folks thrive in a city that couldn' git trust fer a can o' cove oysters in a hick town. Lots o' folks blend right in with th' artificiality o' th' city an' that's th' place fer 'em. But if a feller wants t' live an honest, quiet, peaceful life, an' enjoy th' love, an' garden tools, an' lawn mower, an' confidence of his neighbors, ther's no spot like th' hick town where ever'buddy's ont' ever'buddy—where respectability is a real asset, where we kin git on committees, an' where we're remembered long after we're gone without givin' fifty thousan' dollars t' somethin'. —*Abe Martin.*



Those "Hands Across the Sea"

Hollywood Lyrics

A MOVIE actor was Ferdie Fay,
His eyebrows worked eight hours a day;
He could heave his chest with great emotion—
What 'twas all about he had no notion.

The envy of all is Roderick Rand—
He is famous, popular, wealthy, grand.
Successful, very, was his career—
He played three days as atmosphere.

Felix Flipp was a character freak,
And he only drew seventy-five a week.
Felix wanted to be a star,
But his eyelashes were too short, by far.

Four-fingered Fred was a movie villain;
If any were killed he did the killin'.

His courage, however, was overrated;
He fainted when he was vaccinated.

The film comedian, Granville Gold,
Had the high ambitions that artists hold.
But his highest ambition, as I surmise,
Was to throw—not receive—the custard pies.

Cosie Cuddle, the little scamp,
Was always cast as the lucky vamp;
But when she tried to vamp the director
He had two camera men eject her.

Each year Apollo B. Rosencranz
Gets a million letters from movie fans.
But now he's married, or so I hear,
He gets only nine hundred thousand a year.

Gentleman Jim, in his soup-and-fish,
Was quite as tony as you could wish.
He could kiss the hand of his movie wife—
But gosh, when Jimmy ate with his knife!

Elsie Swell is a beautiful creature,
Perfect in face and form and feature;
But she was thirty on April four,
So she's too old to act any more.

Oval Toy had dollars and dimes,
But she hasn't been married but thirteen times.
Hollywood gave her the cold, cold shoulder,
But she'll marry some more as she gets older.

Pauline doubled for Dorothy Deeds;
She jumped through windows, she rode wild steeds;
She swam through rivers. She doubled for Dot
With Dot's own husband sometimes. –Great Scott!

—*Gelett Burgess.*

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"What is Your Religion, Young Man?" "I'm a Baptist, Ma's a Methodist, an' Pa's a Golfer"

The Best Best Short Stories of 1922

SELECTED from The Best Short Stories of 1922, The Better Than the Best Short Stories of 1922, The Supreme Short Stories of Last Year, Greatest 1922 Short Stories, Prize Winning Stories of the American Institute of Literary Prize Contests, and so on.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—In selecting these stories the editor has shut his eyes and grabbed. They are all picked from the 2317 anthologies published last year, no two of which contain the same story. A brief biological sketch of the author is appended to each selection.]

BABBITT'S ALIBI

BY APPLETON HERRICK

"Well, I'm telling you I tried to get away, but I was ten dollars ahead, and how could I leave when I was ten dollars ahead?"

(Appleton Herrick, who was born in Aloha, Ohio, in 1879, was first clerk in an advertising office, then an advertising salesman, advertising agent, advertising expert, advertising engineer, and finally he was an advertising consulting engineer. Has lived in Aloha, Ohio, all his life.

Babbitt's Alibi is his first published story.)

RIVKA FINDS HER SOUL

BY RENA DIVORSKA

Mrs. Feinsilber's ample bosom heaved. She wrung her hands in her apron.

"Oi!" she wailed. "Mine gold, mine Charlkeh! Lost he is! Through the chickenpox I nursed him! Mumps I bring him through. Nights I sit up with him when he got the toothache! Like a lump of ice he makes my heart when he gets a slight coryza! *Oi weh!*"

"Stimm's, mommer!" said Rivka dully. "He's asleep under the stove. Yank him out by the leg. It wouldn't hurt him."

"Such a girl!" wailed Mrs. Feinsilber. "The way she talks about mine baby! My heart she tears out of me yet!"

As Rivka listened, something tight about her heart seemed to snap. Taking the broken elastic from her brassière, she shirred another one through, put on her freshly starched shirt waist, and went to the movies.

Rivka had found herself.

She knew now that she was an American.

(Continued on Page 137)

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Soups that men like especially —

—soups rich in the substantial kind of real food that satisfies a vigorous appetite! In planning your meals you will find that each of these delicious, thicker soups is "just the thing" for many a dinner or luncheon. Men are especially fond of hearty soups such as these. Each soup contains not only the strength-giving broth of fine meat, but is also plentifully supplied with meat or vegetables. Make your selection for to-night's dinner!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Making Owners Like Their Cars

By BOZEMAN BULGER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

FOUR of us had started on an automobile trip through Long Island, mainly to try out a new car that had not run a thousand miles. The owner, self-conscious and rather proud, was driving. In the party was an automobile engineer, superintendent of a big motor-assembly plant. He had no interest in the car in which we were riding, however.

After wriggling out of the traffic on the Queensboro Bridge and striking a long winding hill the driver became unduly silent.

He was listening to his new motor.

"What's the trouble?" asked the motor expert, observing the worried expression on the owner's face.

"There is an odd knock, a peculiar thump, that I can't quite figure out," he replied. "It doesn't seem to affect the running of the engine though. Can you hear it?"

We pulled up alongside the road. With the tools available there was great testing of wires, spark plugs and what not. The steady tap-tap did not subside.

"Perhaps we'd better stop at a garage," suggested the engineer. "You ought not to let a thing like that go. It might prove serious."

We started ahead, passing garage after garage, but the owner did not stop.

"I'm afraid of these fellows," he said. "They won't know any more about it than we do, and they'll soak us besides. You know," he added after a moment of listening, "automobile people or somebody ought to get up some sort of scheme for standardizing garages and the prices to be paid for certain work. The average person has no idea what he ought to pay and he is afraid to take a chance with a mechanic he doesn't know on the road."

"Quite true," agreed the expert; "but it is the automobile man, the garage owner, who suffers. If he could establish confidence in the public he would get the very business that these fellows are now missing—yours, for instance. Personally, I don't believe you can standardize ability."

In a village ahead we suddenly spied a huge sign in front of a garage, advertising the agency for the very make of car in which we were riding.

"Anyway, I guess I can take a chance there," said the driver.

He pulled up at the curb in front of this village garage, an unusually active place. A well-set-up young man, personality written all over him, left the side of a car where he was explaining something to a woman driver and came over to see what we wanted.

"Having some trouble?" he asked. "You ought not to. I see you've got one of our new models. Great motor, that."

"Yes, but it knocks," the owner informed him, "and we can't locate it. If you are not busy, see if you can find it."

An Agent in a Thousand

THE young man lifted the hood, tested all the firing points with a long screw driver, listened in a puzzled sort of way and then removed the wires in turn from the spark plugs. The tap-tap was just the same, no worse and no better. The man made no attempt at repair, offered no explanation. He replaced the wires, put his ear close to the crank case and listened for some time.

"I believe it's a structural fault inside the motor," he said. "Looks as if some inspector let this one get by him without checking it up. It may be a defective piece of steel that has worn in the short run that you've given it."

The automobile engineer pricked up his ears.

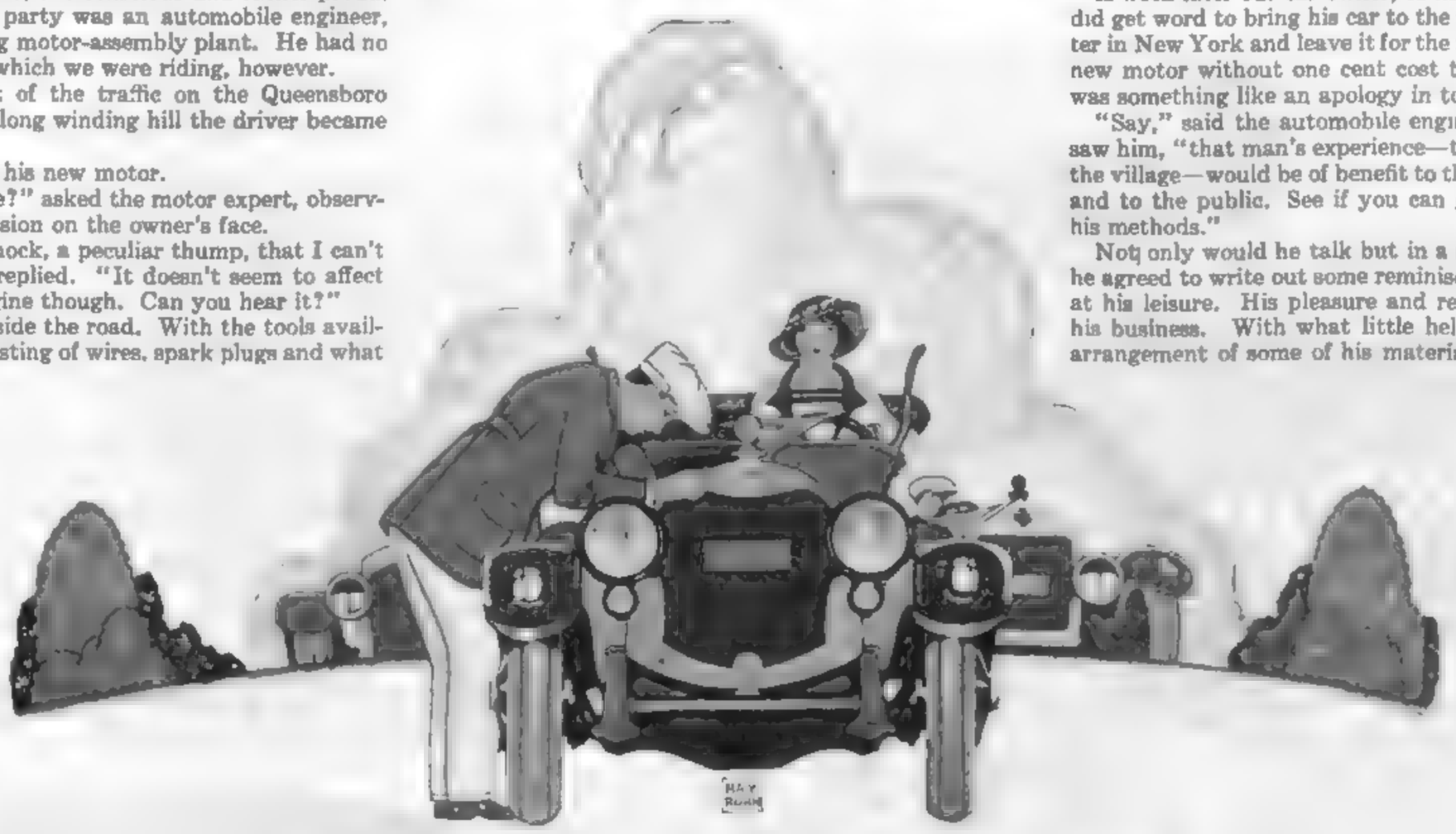
"Think you can fix it?" he asked.

"No," said the young man, "and you'd better not let any of these road mechanics monkey with it either."

"Well, what'll we do?"

"Go right on running it," he said. "You'll have to have a new motor. If you'll leave me your name and the address of the dealer from whom you bought this car I'll take the matter up with him."

"Oh, how about the little secondhand car?" a woman came across the street to ask the garage man, interrupting the conversation.



Usually He Looks at the Wires for a Few Moments and Gives It Up as a Hopeless Job

"You'd better not take that yet," he said. "I think two of the gears are broken. Give me a chance to look it over. If I think it all right I'll leave it down at your house tomorrow."

"Can I drive it?"

"Oh, sure—if I leave it. Go ahead and use it. If you like it you can buy it next week. Don't worry about the price. I'll sell it to you for three hundred less than I allowed on it in trade."

The woman, apparently perfectly satisfied, walked away.

"No," said the young man, returning to the subject of our car. "The company guarantees that motor and they wouldn't want anybody using one that knocks like that. I'll write and have them give you a brand-new motor."

"But what will you get out of it?"

"Oh, nothing," he said; "but if you stand around here long with a motor tapping like that I might lose a sale or two. Any time a car of the make I sell pulls up in front of this garage for repairs it's as bad a knock to my business as that motor is to your car."

Just then the telephone rang inside. The young man went to answer it.

"Oh, that's all right," we heard him say. "Just look under your hood and I guess you'll find you've forgotten to put the wire back on that spark plug. . . . No, I can't possibly come this morning. . . . Yes, this afternoon. I'll take you out for an hour."

"A new woman owner," he laughingly explained to us when he returned. "She wants me to come out and give her a lesson in driving."

"You do that too?" asked the motor expert with us.

"Two or three times a day," he told us. "They always want me personally to give them some tips. Good thing for the business too."

Rapidly he took down the owner's name and that of the dealer.

"You'll get word pretty soon about a new motor," he said. "If you don't, let me know."

"How many cars do you sell a year here?" the expert asked.

"I've sold forty-three this year so far—all right in the village. I mean that many new ones. That means, of course, that I have had to dispose of nearly that many old ones."

"Have you always sold the same make of car?"

"Oh, no! I've had the agency for several cars. It doesn't seem to make much difference what car I handle. It's service that counts."

As a group of women, a committee of some kind, was waiting for the young man in the garage, we drove away.

"Most remarkable young fellow I've seen in many a day," remarked the motor expert, looking back. "I'd like to give a fellow like that ten thousand dollars a year. There"—he turned to the car owner—"is the answer to your idea of standardizing garages. That fellow has standardized himself."

A week later our car owner, to his amazement, actually did get word to bring his car to the main distributing center in New York and leave it for the installation of a brand-new motor without one cent cost to himself. The letter was something like an apology in tone.

"Say," said the automobile engineer the next time we saw him, "that man's experience—that garage man out in the village—would be of benefit to the automobile business and to the public. See if you can get him to talk about his methods."

Not only would he talk but in a most pleasant manner he agreed to write out some reminiscences and suggestions at his leisure. His pleasure and recreation, he said, was his business. With what little help I could give in the arrangement of some of his material it is presented here almost exactly as he wrote it.

To my way of thinking, selling automobiles ought to be the easiest form of salesmanship in the world. I've been at it for fifteen years; and though I haven't got rich, I've done pretty well.

I'm not much over thirty years old, am married and have a nice home of my own. I own a garage—the salesroom, real estate, building and all—in a village suburb of New York City. I've sold cars to nearly every family in the village at one time or another; and, what's important, I feel that I still hold the esteem of my neighbors.

If you've ever sold automobiles you will understand just how much the last statement means. You see, I've sold a number of them secondhand cars. A man who can sell his neighbor a secondhand car and still retain his friendship is certainly entitled to a little feeling of pride.

I have one competitor, a new man to the village, who doesn't dare take any such chances. If he has to dispose of a rattletrap car taken in trade, he puts it on sale over in Jersey. He frankly says it's the only way he can feel safe.

Selling to Easy Spenders

IT IS not a very comfortable feeling to have the purchaser of a piece of junk that you sold him rattle by and look you in the eye every time he goes to the post office. To tell the truth, I have sent many an old boat away rather than unload it on some neighbor who invites my wife and myself to parties. At these parties men always have a way of getting together to discuss their cars. There are many cars in our village that won't bear discussion, especially with the dealer and the purchaser present. It doesn't help the party a bit.

I say that automobile selling ought to be easy, because a majority of people, I find, will go into debt to buy an automobile much more readily than they will to buy anything else. They will also agree to larger monthly payments. I am speaking of people who live in villages or small towns and who like to look prosperous.

This spring a woman came into my place to inspect a big car selling, delivered, for about twenty-five hundred dollars. Knowing this woman's husband, I felt reasonably sure that they could not afford a car of that price. They had bought a bungalow near the waterfront two years before for five thousand dollars on the partial-payment plan.

"Wouldn't you prefer a lighter car than this?" I suggested. "It would be much easier to handle and the expense in keeping it up would be far less."

"No," she said, "I want that one—the big one. It's long, and I like the color. How much cash?"

I agreed to allow five hundred dollars for her old car, and with an additional five hundred cash she could take the new one on time payments.

"Will you let me drive it?"

"Sure!" I agreed, but went with her. And drive it she did.

Though it is not customary in most places, I make a point of letting customers drive the new cars themselves. It adds enormously to the chance of selling. Drivers want to get the feel of the car.

(Continued on Page 34)

Painted for Cadillac by Hayes McMein

It is a fine tribute to the Cadillac that many women who represent ideal American womanhood place Type 61 unqualifiedly first among motor cars.

This favor is final in its meaning, because such a woman is an instinctive judge of that which is excellent and worthy.

She loves beauty wherever it manifests itself—in the line and color of a painting, in a passage of exquisite music, or in the graceful modelling of her Cadillac.

Moreover, she is self-reliant; she frequently drives her own car; and her pleasure in doing so is enhanced by her Cadillac's facile, effortless control.

But her chief characteristic is an impelling instinct for social service, and because of this, she respects her Cadillac particularly for its utility, its sustained performance, its sound and unvarying dependability.

The fact that so many women of this type select the Cadillac is clear evidence of its leadership in the eyes of those with whom quality is the first consideration.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

STANDARD · OF · THE · WORLD

CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 32)

The husband came around the next day and they bought the car.

I got into the business when a mere lad. And let me tell you something: Ninety per cent of the successful automobile men started in as kids. To understand and appreciate the many catches in the trade one must have grown up with it.

My people were not poor, but I was brought up under the old theory that every boy must learn a practical trade. My father started me out as a plumber's assistant. One day I was helping the boss hang a gutter pipe down the side of a building. I was on the outside, about the third floor, suspended by a rope, when below me I saw my mother coming down the road, driving a car. She was wearing big goggles and a purple automobile veil. I yelled to her, finally catching her eye. Then I took off my cap and waved it while dangling at the end of that rope.

"We are moving to the country, son," she said to me that night. "I guess you'll have to give up plumbing."

I protested vigorously and demanded to know the reason.

"There's too much hanging to ropes in the plumber's business," she said. "You were hanging entirely too far out and too high today."

So she took me in the car and we rode out to the country. When we stopped I was under the hood of that car in ten minutes and exploring all the inner workings when the man stopped me.

In two days I got a job as a grease ball in a garage, my duty being to grease up the springs and joints on cars and help wash them. I liked this work immensely. In those days anybody who knew anything at all about a car was looked upon as a sort of wizard in the community, a specialist of note. There were not many cars. So few, in fact, that if one came down the road at twenty-five miles an hour everybody stopped for a half hour's gossip about the matter. Farmers were continually complaining about automobiles frightening their horses.

I got one dollar and a half a day. In two weeks I proclaimed myself a mechanic. With a wrench and a pair of pliers I must have ruined many a machine. In those days all anyone had to do to be a mechanic was to look wise, use a few technical terms and listen mysteriously to sounds in the motor. Owners would let us do anything to their cars that we wished.

Breaking Into the Garage Business

THE next village—the one in which I lived—had no garage. It now has eight. I found an old shack vacant and rented it. The next day I hung out a sign declaring it a garage. A boy who worked with me as car greaser went in with me and we were the expert mechanics. As a matter of fact, we ought to have been arrested—or spanked.

The first job we got was repairing a flivver. The chance thrilled us so that neither of us slept the first night. After a long and complete diagnosis the owner agreed with us that it would be necessary to put a new rear end in his car—differential gear and axle. We yanked the works out all right and secured new parts. At the end of a week we had put in an entirely new rear end. We pushed the machine out on the road for a trial.

I got the engine started, threw it in gear and stepped on the gas. The flivver gave a snort and ran backward into the garage, tearing out one of the plank walls before I could stop it.

Somehow, we had assembled the driving works so that they operated the wrong way. When thrown into forward speed the machine would run backwards in high. We had to throw it in reverse to crawl forward.

This meant another whole week's work. Proving that we were automobile mechanics at heart, though, we explained it satisfactorily to the owner by accusing the manufacturers of sending us the wrong parts.

On the next job we did better, even if I did leave a pair of pliers in the transmission box and ruin one of the gears.

Very soon it dawned on me that the only way to make money was to sell cars and let somebody else worry about making repairs. I got the agency for a fairly good car, being the first dealer in our village. From hearing owners talk I had gained the impression that a purchaser likes to buy a car from a home dealer, from someone he knows. That proved to be the correct idea. Many agencies have been started in our village only to meet with failure because the citizens of the town preferred to deal with a person they had known for many years. If anything goes wrong with a car they want to be able to drive right up to the door and ask about it. To establish that homy feeling in a big city is very difficult on account of the red tape connected with the so-called service stations. The average owner fears that if he brings his car in just to ask some questions it is going to cost him money. A man likes to be personal and confidential in his automobile relations.

I attribute what success I've made to the fact that all my customers consider themselves members of a big family. Often they come to me with harsh criticisms of their cars, assuring me, though, that they wouldn't say that outside.

Long before I started my agency I had been watching and listening to automobile people and had a pretty good line on their weaknesses, so I put in a line of accessories. The average person in those days, after buying a cheap car, would spend two or three hundred dollars in doodads and fancy fixings to make it look expensive and smart. The main thing, though, was the dress.

A Profitable Side Line

MY FIRST side-line investment was in goggles, linen dusters and automobile veils for the ladies. The very idea of a woman riding in a car, as owner or guest, without a veil flying behind her head was unthinkable. It simply couldn't be done. I did a big business in furnishing veils—mostly green and purple—to young ladies who had been invited for a Sunday ride.

Goggles for automobile riding were absolutely indispensable. Newspapers never printed a picture or a cartoon of an automobilist without putting heavy goggles on him. A lot of men even had the glass in their goggles ground so as to be the same as the lenses in their spectacles.

But to ride in a car without goggles—well, that was to laugh. They even used to put goggles on bulldogs that were taken in cars to make the outfit look sporty, women proudly declaring that their dogs would whine and growl if the car didn't go over thirty miles an hour.

At that time the automobile was simply a fad, not a practical means of transportation. To give you an idea of the short time in which automobiles have become more than passenger vehicles, the first motor trucks ever used by an army in the field in this country were sent with General Pershing's expedition when he went into Mexico.

The manufacture and sale of automobiles became a great industry with the invention of the self-starter and the consequent equipping of all machines with electric systems. That was the turning point. That admitted women to the market. That's when I started calling on the wives of my neighbors with a new car and showing them how easy it would be for them to drive it.

Before that there were few women drivers and practically no elderly men who owned and operated their own cars. Many people, I knew, could afford a car, but they could not afford a chauffeur. The strength required for cranking the motor by hand and the danger from back-fires barred most women and elderly men. There were no fool-proof cars fifteen years ago. Naturally this held sales in check. Even as late as ten years ago a man who could drive an automobile was looked upon as a rather unusual person, a sort of daring sportsman. You can imagine what advantage ignorant chauffeurs took of their employers then. Now 'most any boy of sixteen—or girl, for that matter—can handle the biggest of cars with ease. The mystery has disappeared.

I can remember well how we scoffed at the idea of the self-starter. The early ones were failures because they were based on the wrong principle. The installation of a generator which furnished current to a battery strong enough to crank the car by electricity, very much the same as is done by hand, was the big trick. But for the perfection of that device the automobile business would have been many more years developing into a great industry.

With the self-starter, electric lights and demountable rims there was something doing. I had instinct enough at the start to work toward making the women have confidence in me. I never tried to deceive one. Anybody who thinks he can fool women long is a fool himself.

The wise dealer is the one who selects a car to handle that is fool-proof. To this day I question if more than one man in ten has any clear idea what to do in case there is trouble with the ignition system in his car. Usually he looks at the wires for a few moments and gives it up as a hopeless job. Luckily there is often a garage near. A good many women, too, have no more than a general idea of what makes their car tick, especially what makes or what stops the electric spark. There is a little dial device on the dashboard of all cars, called an ammeter, which shows whether the battery is charging or discharging. If the arrow shows that the battery is discharging while the car is in motion it is certain that the generator is not working and that the battery will soon be exhausted. We always explain that very carefully to drivers, but many of them never so much as glance at that dial. They keep going until the battery goes dead and then wonder what could be the matter.

A Pair of Nervy Old Maids

SOMETHING tells me that I'm going to bring wrath down on my head, but most of this talk you hear or read about women having expert knowledge of automobile motors is tommyrot. Many of my dealings are with women. I have never seen one yet who really knew anything about a gasoline engine, and I have never seen one who earnestly wanted to learn long enough and strong enough to apply herself intelligently to the task.

In a way, I don't blame them. Why should they learn all that when it is possible to buy a car that is fool-proof? Around the cities garages are numerous. They can drive in and let somebody else do the worrying. On long cross-country tours, though, they ought to know something or take somebody along who does.

Would you believe that I sold a car to two old-maid school-teachers one morning and they started on a trip from New York to Chicago the next day, driving the car themselves? I took them out for a practice drive and showed them the operation of the gear shifts, and so on. A lot of people at first think that steering is difficult. It is not at all. That comes just as naturally as walking.

One of the old maids took the wheel and drove successfully for two miles after I had made her practice turning around a couple of times.

The next morning, to my amazement and fear, they were gone—to Chicago.

"We got along all right until we got to the first steep hill," one of them told me afterward. "The car sort of stopped and wouldn't go any farther. We didn't know what to do for a long time. Then we got out the book of instructions. It said if the car slowed up at a sharp incline to shift to second speed by moving the lever to the right and forward. Well, we started the engine again and, sure enough, it worked out all right."

There you are. No man in the world, I believe, would have attempted to tour the country without even knowing how to shift to low speed on a hill. Another amazing feature of this performance was that these women started off on a thousand-mile trip in a brand-new

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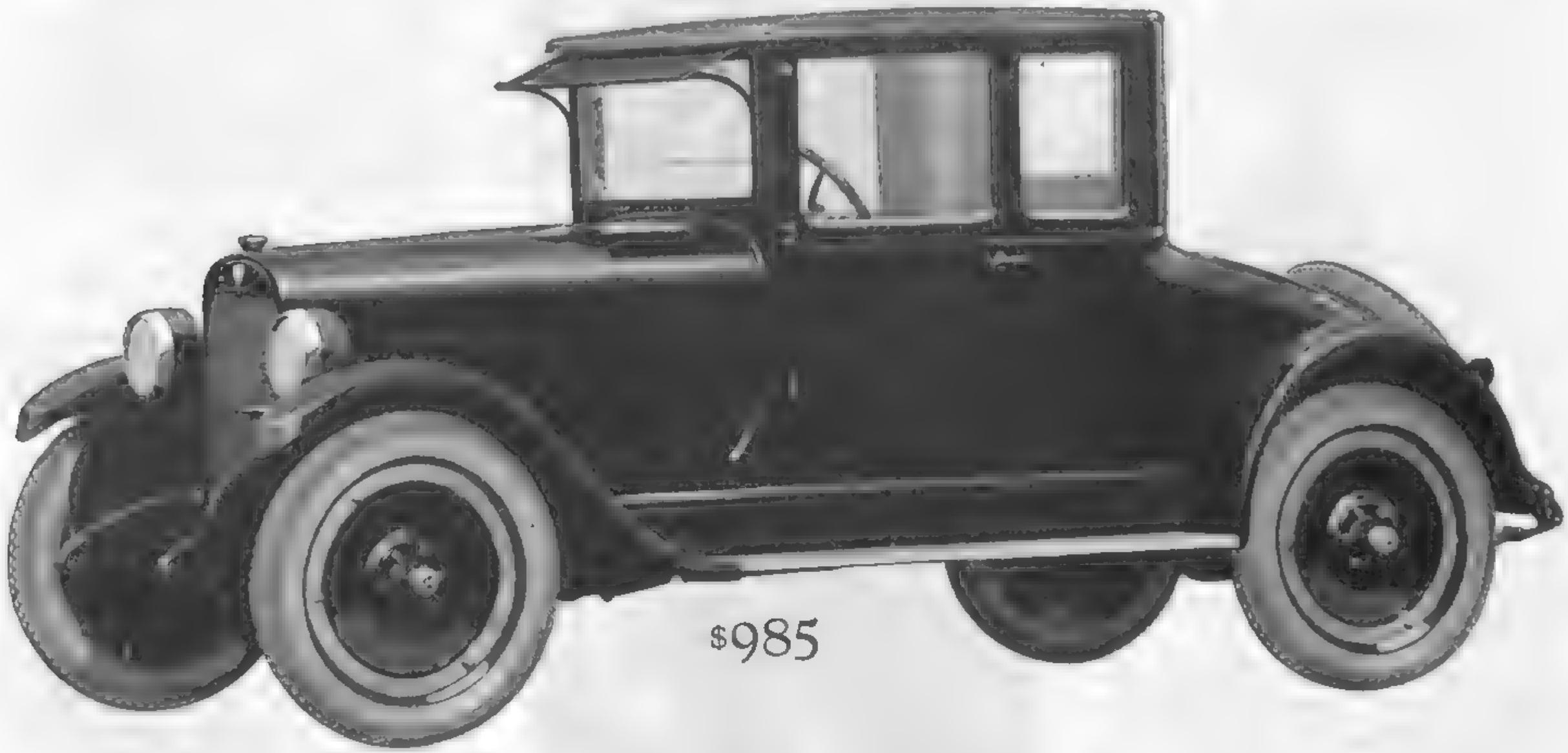
The Joke Was on Me. "She's Got It Right at That," Whispered a Mechanic to Me. "That Radiator Is Boiling"

The Good MAXWELL



$985

The human tendency to push a success along to greater proportions, cannot wholly account for the tremendous upward strides the good Maxwell is registering.

Underlying all that the good Maxwell has accomplished in the public view, is an enduring foundation of other things done by way of stabilizing its splendid success.

A solid financial structure has been built. Good executive management has brought costs under close control.

A strong, substantial, distributing and servicing organization has been built.

Finally, manufacturing has been put on the sound basis of low-cost, high-quality production on a large scale.

The public was told little or nothing of these things.

But it was quick to recognize in the good Maxwell, value expressed in such terms of beauty and quality as it has never seen before; and to award to it, almost over-night, one of the few really great successes in American motor car annals.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; pressure chassis lubrication; motor-driven electric horn; unusually long springs; new type water-tight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added: Touring Car, $885; Roadster, $885; Sport Touring, $1025; Sport Roadster, $975; Club Coupe, $985; Four-Passenger Coupe, $1235; Sedan, $1335

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

MAXWELL

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Senator Brookhart

DIFFERENT sections of the country have produced geniuses who have eliminated or sought to eliminate or thought they knew how to eliminate the growing pains of our young and lusty nation. From Virginia came the giants who gave us our admirable form of government, which so many amateur and undersized political architects and artisans are essaying to alter for better or for worse; from California came the inventor of the navel orange, who enabled cocktail makers to mix a drink in a hurry without having to bother about the seeds; from Massachusetts, in recent years, came the gentleman with the mysterious green fluid, who, before fading from sight, persuaded a congressional committee that he could revolutionize transportation by providing motive power for five cents a gallon. From Massachusetts, too, came a financier who was going to revolutionize the finances of the common people by giving them three or four hundred per cent a year on all money that they invested with him. It remained, however, for the Middle West — for the great and sovereign and fertile state of Iowa — to produce the genius with complete plans for luring poverty away from the poor and pushing it onto the rich with a dull, sickening thud.

If the day ever comes, however, when Iowa begins to erect statues, fountains, sundials, triumphal arches and feeding stations for the ex-rich to the memory of Senator Smith W. Brookhart, Republican, of Iowa, because of his services in making farming into the first sure thing that the world has ever known, she will have to share with Missouri and Minnesota the honor of having produced him—provided, of course, that either Missouri or Minnesota is unwilling to let Iowa have all the credit.

He was born in a log cabin in Missouri, and at the tender age of seven he lived for a season in another log cabin in Minnesota. If there is any political virtue in living in a log cabin—and politicians since the death of Abraham Lincoln have frequently attained to high position with no asset other than the ability to let everybody know that they lived in log cabins in their youth—then Senator Smith W. Brookhart, with two log cabins to his credit, ought to be twice as great a statesman as any of the log-cabin group. Even Lincoln lived in only one log cabin.

The subject of log cabins and their connection with politics has never been satisfactorily adjusted. A terrific to-do has been made over the man who uses large amounts of money in securing an election to public office, but no steps have ever been taken to restrain the office seeker from using other forms of wealth with which he may have been blessed. Senator Brookhart becomes greatly distressed over senators who have devoted large sums of money to advertising themselves to the voters, but he stubbornly insists on using both of his log cabins—which amounts to fabulous wealth from a political standpoint—for advertising purposes.

The Brookhart Cure-All

THIS is a matter that might with reason be investigated by a senatorial investigating committee, especially since practically everything else in the world has been or is about to be investigated by a senatorial investigating committee. Such a committee could decide for all time the exact market value of a log cabin for political purposes; and thereafter, when a candidate who was born in a log cabin on a farm ran against a candidate who was born in an ordinary house, the nonlog-cabin candidate might be permitted to spend seven thousand dollars in advertising to equalize the other candidate's log cabin; or the log-cabin candidate might be forced to keep silent about the nature of his early living quarters, even though people jumped to the conclusion that he was born in a steam-heated three-room-and-bath apartment.

No farmer will ever be able to lose if the senator's ideas are correct; and the result will be that everyone in the country will stop taking risks in other businesses and professions and plunge headlong into farming. Thus everybody will be rich and will live in expensive homes with all modern improvements, and the log cabin as a breeding place and a talking point for astute politicians will vanish from the earth.

Senator Brookhart is going to do all this by means of coöperative societies, which will sell and buy everything in the world without the use of expensive middlemen, just like the ones that obtain in England and Denmark and various other European countries, except that the United States Government is going to put up the money to run the coöperative societies for the farmers.

Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart. He is Called the Log-Cabin Senator

Skeptics, of course, say that coöperatives frequently work all right when the interested persons start in at the bottom and learn the business from the ground up; but that coöperatives which are started full-grown by a kindly and paternal government almost invariably lose money as briskly and energetically as a ten-year-old boy sitting in a five-dollar-ante poker game with a lot of Western senators.

These same gloomy Gamaliels also remark sourly that if Uncle Sam hands out a lot of money to start coöperatives among farmers who haven't the gumption to start them themselves, he will be in exactly the same position as the fond father who hands out ten thousand dollars to enable a pet son to buy into a strange business. Everybody knows what always happens to the ten thousand in a case like this.

Senator Brookhart isn't bothered by skeptics, however. He knows that he can make the coöperatives work, even though some of the others may not have worked so very well. He learned all about coöperatives from an old resident of Keosauqua, Iowa, when he was reading law in that pleasant community in 1892. The old resident was an Englishman who had been a member of a large English coöperative before he came to America.

Thus does Fate move in her wondrous way. If Smith Brookhart hadn't gone to Keosauqua in 1892, or if the Englishman, unable to pronounce the word Keosauqua, had bent his wandering footsteps toward the more easily pronounced Ogunquit, Maine, or Rome, New York, the farmers of this fair land might have nothing in sight except farming their farms in the regular way. As it is, they can look forward to a rosy Brookhartian future in which a strong and kindly Government leads them periodically to a feed trough full of good things, pushes their shining faces into it with gentle hands and then wipes off their eyebrows and mouths and ears with an embroidered napkin and all because Smith Brookhart and an Englishman struck Keosauqua at the same time.

Senator Brookhart was elected on a Republican ticket, but he is not one of those stodgy, dull, reactionary souls who put too much faith in government by parties From the moment that he reached Washington he let everybody know in his loudest tones that he was all in favor of a farmer-labor-soldier-mothers' bloc in the Senate and the House, representing the farmers, the laborers, the ex-soldiers and the mothers of the nation, organized to force economic coöperation on the Government.

This makes the real Republican members of the Senate so ferociously fretful that steam may be observed emerging from between their collars and their necks whenever Brookhart is called to their attention.

Twenty-One Years in Politics

IT ALSO makes the Republican organization froth at the mouth and throw fit after fit, after which the semiofficial publication of the Republican National Committee begins to scream like a steam siren, yelling that Brookhart's doctrines are worse than socialism; that his "bayonet-backed coöperative idea is subversive of the fundamentals of free government"; and that "putting our economic processes in the hands of a huge political machine under an enforced partnership between business and government will not solve the problem of the farmer and wage earner, already being made less difficult by the return of general prosperity. It will only pile higher and higher the burden of bureaucracy and its twin sister, high taxes, with which demagogues and doctrinaires have already so heavily loaded the backs of the American people."

Pet names and verbal bludgeonings, however, produce no abrasions on Brookhart's epidermis, which has been well seasoned and toughened by twenty-one years of immersion in Iowa politics, which is strong enough to tan a buffalo hide in eighteen minutes. During those twenty-one years he was usually extremely busy fighting someone or something that was apparently unbeatable. He started out by supporting a man who was running against the railroad candidate—the railroad being about as prominent in Iowa politics at that time as a mule would be in a kitchenette. As a result he was summoned before the throne of Joseph W. Blythe, who, as the political ruler of Iowa, controlled many statesmen and dispensed many favors. Blythe would have taken Brookhart under his wing, but Brookhart elected to fight him. So he fought him for five years before his head began to emerge from the water; but finally it emerged, and as soon as it did so the passionate and careless remarks that he hurled in every direction caused considerable anguish to those who got in their way. He licked Blythe, and he fought on the side of Albert Cummins—who was the Progressive governor of the state—and bossed a part of the state for him. Then he fell out with Cummins after Cummins became senator, because of his reversal of position on railway rates; so he fought him for the senatorship and polled ninety-seven thousand votes to Cummins' one hundred and fifteen thousand. Then he fought again for the senatorship when Senator Kenyon resigned to take a judgeship. There were five candidates in the field against him, all carefully picked to beat him. One had been picked to get the women's vote, one to divide the labor vote, one to divide the farmer vote and one to divide the soldier vote, the idea being that Brookhart would be left holding the sack. When the votes were counted he was eighty thousand votes ahead of his nearest competitor.

Now all this political activity had not taught Brookhart to turn the other cheek when the hard-boiled Iowa politicians swung at him, nor yet to reply to their acrimonious remarks with soft answers. It makes no difference to Brookhart whether he operates in his home town of Washington, Iowa, or in his adopted town of Washington, D. C. They're both small towns and he operates on the same principle in both of them. When he knows of anybody that wants to hit him he tries to hit him first, and he doesn't care what he hits him with. When anybody calls him a name he calls several people a number of harder names

Brookhart is a gray, colorless-looking person, who wears clothes that look six or eight years old even though they were purchased yesterday. His face is cross-hatched

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Photograph of prize cake, made with Libby's Milk by Mrs. D. M. Davis, Lynchburg, Va.

How Mrs. Davis makes it

5 eggs
2 cups sugar
[½ cup Libby's Milk
½ cup water]
1 cup butter
2 teaspoons vanilla
4 cups flour
4 level teaspoons baking powder
1 small cake chocolate (10c size)

Beat butter and sugar till very light and creamy. Add well beaten yolks of eggs. Sift flour and baking powder six times and add to batter, a little at a time, alternating with the milk. Fold in the whites of eggs beaten till stiff and dry. Add to half of the batter the chocolate, which has been standing over hot water. Put in layer cake pans, alternately a strip of chocolate and strip of white. Bake in moderate oven. (This makes 4 layers)

(For the filling)

1 large cake chocolate
4 cups sugar
1 cup water
1 teaspoon butter
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 egg whites
½ cup Libby's Milk

Put sugar, chocolate and water in sauce pan over fire. Stir well until it starts to boil. Then let boil till soft ball will form in water. Pour over well beaten whites of eggs. Beat till right consistency to spread; add Libby's Milk, butter and vanilla, and spread

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16 oz. can

Libby's

Evaporated Milk

Her checkerboard cake won first prize at the Fair *yet she improved it with Libby's Milk*

IT takes a mighty fine cake to win *first prize* at the Amelia County Fair *in Virginia*.

The one that did it last year is pictured above—a checkerboard cake made by Mrs. D. M. Davis of Lynchburg.

There, too, is her recipe for making it—even better, says Mrs. Davis, than the prize winner. For when she used Libby's Milk she says she found her cake more flaky, softer and more moist; it kept fresh longer.

Not only that. With Libby's Milk she makes its frosting equally rich and saves all the cream she used to use.

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every can

Thousands of good cooks like Mrs. Davis are now using this milk for all cooking purposes because it gives better results.

Every 16 oz. can of Libby's Milk, you see, contains 7½ teaspoons of pure butter fat. The same butter fat that makes butter and cream such great enrichers of foods.

Libby's Milk contains so large a percentage of this enriching substance for two reasons:

First, it comes from selected herds in the finest dairy sections of the country—those favored localities where nature has made of shady hills and green, well-watered meadows ideal pasture lands, and where men *specialize* in raising cows that give exceptionally rich milk.

Then, at our condenseries in the heart of these famous dairy sections, we remove more than half the moisture from this fine milk, making it *double rich*.

Nothing is added to it; none of its food values taken away. But to bring it safely to you who live, perhaps, many hundreds of miles away we must seal it in air-tight cans and sterilize it.

This, then, is Libby's Milk—just the finest cow's milk in the land, made double rich!

See what a difference it makes in YOUR *cooking*

Get a can of this richer milk from your grocer today. Try it tonight in one of your favorite recipes—in a soup or gravy, a sauce or dessert. See what wholly new richness it gives to your cooking. And what fine flavor.

Clip out this recipe for Mrs. Davis' checkerboard cake. Use it on some special occasion; see if your guests don't call *you* the best cake maker in your community.

Write for free recipe folder

Upon request we'll gladly send you a copy of a new folder containing simpler recipes sent us by good cooks who use Libby's Milk.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
505 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby's MILK

The milk that good cooks use

PROTECT AT ALL TIMES

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ON THE second day of July, 1921, Mr. Jack Dempsey mauled Mr. Georges Carpentier around a Jersey City ring for three and one-half rounds. The gate receipts amounted to one million six hundred thousand dollars. For the pleasure of whipping the European champion Mr. Dempsey received something more than three hundred thousand dollars. For the inconvenience of submitting to a knockout Mr. Carpentier was remunerated to the extent of two hundred thousand dollars—American money.

On the same day and at the same hour two welterweights climbed into a ring in a Southern city of medium size. They were scarred veterans of the game, learned in its lore and proficient in all its tricks. For ten rounds these two tin-eared gladiators fought. One contestant was floored eight times and the other six. The bout was declared a draw.

The gate receipts for that battle amounted to thirty-eight dollars. Each principal received 25 per cent of that startling gross—or nine dollars and fifty cents.

And for every fighter who receives purses in the thousands there are hundreds who are paid for their equally arduous services an average of about one hundred and fifty dollars per bout. Yet the pugilistic game flourishes even as the green bay tree, and for every scrapper who retires from the game—and each retirement is reluctantly made—ten are launched upon pugilistic careers.

Little or nothing is known of the professional fight game as it flourishes outside the big boxing centers such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans and Baltimore. Still less is known of the fighters themselves, their dispositions, their manner of living, and when it is remembered that the pugilistic profession is no more composed of stars than is any other profession one may readily—and correctly—reach the conclusion that there is an interesting phase of sport history which has never yet been written.

For instance, the general impression prevails that a professional prize fighter of the so-called ham class is a being who appears magically in a ring five minutes before the gong, who either absorbs or administers a terrible beating, and who vanishes into thin air when the final gong shall have sounded or the fatal ten been tolled. Those who pause to consider that this fighter is as much a human being as themselves have a hazy idea that he is a brutal sort of fellow, given to wild roistering, street brawls, drunken orgies and horrid degeneracy.

In behalf of the thousands of third-rate fighters who make a difficult living in the roped arena let me promptly state that such a conception is not only erroneous but highly unjust. I am personally—and more or less intimately—acquainted with more than one hundred third-rate professional prize fighters. I have seen precisely one fighter in action outside the ring. He was a pink-cheeked, tow-headed young lightweight; married, unobtrusive and ambitious. It was in the South, and my young friend was en route to a dance which was to be held in a small town near by. Rain had fallen heavily that day and the procession of three automobiles filled with laughing girls and young men was held up by a big farm wagon which had bogged down in the mire. The driver, a powerful man weighing perhaps one hundred and ninety pounds, was flogging his horses brutally and swearing with all the picturesque fluency of the proverbial pirate.

A Roadside Exhibition

THE youthful fighter stood it as long as he could. The man's profanity was embarrassing to the girls, and every member of the party recoiled from the brutality with which he whipped the struggling horses. At length my youngster left his car and walked up ahead.

"There are ladies in those cars back yonder," he said mildly.

The driver glowered down upon the youth. "That don't make a damn bit of difference to me."

"You've got to quit cussing," announced the fighter.

The driver did not immediately heed his advice. He leaned far over and expressed his opinion of the lad in terms which were not by any stretch of the imagination mistakable. When he finished the young professional scrapper looked up at him calmly.

"Are you coming down or am I coming after you?"

With a roar the driver landed on the road. Both fists flailing, he started toward the grimly smiling youngster. That boy set himself firmly, side-stepped a wild swing—and hit. He hit just once and he hit hard. He hit from the heels. Then wiping off his hands he returned quietly to his car. Five minutes later a puzzled but entirely subdued wagon driver recovered consciousness, eventually succeeded in getting his wagon to the side of the road, and the youngsters went through. As they passed I caught a bewildered look on the face of the husky driver.

This does not mean that all fighters are knights-errant, but it does mean that in the vast majority they're a good sort; unwilling to fight outside the ring, but dangerous when they do. The clash of an amateur and a professional is usually ludicrous. If you're on the lookout for the ultimate in specialization seek the professional fighter.

It is perhaps a pity to dispel the illusion that persists concerning professional pugilists. One reluctantly approaches the task of explaining that a prize fighter is not a wicked sort of chap. With equal reluctance is undertaken the task of informing the ardent fight fan that his heroes do not enter the ring lusting for combat, that they give their best at all times solely and simply because they are paid to do so, that they do not suffer agony when hit, that they are not particularly elated in the calcium of victory or horribly downcast by defeat. And, most of all, one hesitates to disillusion the regular patron by explaining that a knockout punch is ordinarily a painless thing.

This article has nothing whatever to do with champions and near-champions. Those important gentlemen are supplied with sufficient cash to hire press agents who can write reams of far more romantic stuff than this. Too, they can have their photographs taken in evening dress or embracing their pet Pekingese or in natty yachting costume. A champion or a near-champion is a personage who is no more typical of the professional fighter than a feminine dramatic star is typical of the girlies of the chorus or Babe Ruth of the average bush-league ball player.

Fighting for Fighting's Sake

ONE might say that the career of a professional pugilist is that of a skilled artisan who is well paid for his labor but with whom jobs are scarce. He is constantly traveling. No less than his best efforts will satisfy the hypercritical fans. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred fight clubs in the country are small ones.

They run, for the most part, on a shoestring. And this is the way they operate:

For his services in the ring the average second or third rate professional fighter receives 25 per cent of the gross receipts and two return tickets from his home to the city in which the fight is to be held. In other words, when a fight club books a bout between two out-of-town men it faces an overhead expense which includes the cost of four railroad tickets. Added to this the club must provide new gloves for the main bout, bandages—for the hands, not for wounds—tape, resin and officials. Too, the club is called upon to furnish several preliminaries and a semifinal to precede the main go.

The matter of preliminaries is interesting. In the average city of medium size where the fight game flourishes the preliminary scrapper is not paid at all. Not only that, but there are more applicants than there are fights. In other words, the small-town promoter will inform you that his chief difficulty is in making the best selections.

Just why this should be the case will always remain a matter of considerable mystery. About the best answer I can suggest is that most youngsters at some time entertain an ambition to become champions, and are eager to test themselves. Then there is a group of lads who like fighting for fighting's sake. There is yet another classification—the boys who like the spotlight and who enjoy being idolized by their friends because of the fact that they are fighters. They relish the plaudits of the crowd, the aroma of the ring, the joy of physical combat.

Any man who has boxed before a large and enthusiastic audience will tell you that it is well worth all the temporary inconvenience that may be caused by the gloves of one's opponent.

The semifinal bout, however, is usually a matter of grave concern to the officials of the third-rate fight club, for the principals in this bout demand money. I have known as much as seventy-five dollars to be paid for a six-round semifinal in a small club, 66⅔ per cent to the winner and 33⅓ per cent to the loser. I have even known the guaranty of the semifinalists to provide them with more money than the amount paid out to each of the main-bout participants, who invariably fight on a percentage basis.

I would say, however, that the average price paid to a pair of semifinal boys in the fight town of small consequence is fifty dollars, of which the winner usually gets thirty dollars and the loser twenty. These bouts are usually as fast as the main events.

The semifinalists are generally boys who have at one time been main-bout scrappers and who for some reason have fallen from grace. One of the best semifinal boys I know is a lad who started his professional career a couple of years ago with everything in his favor. He won his first half dozen fights handily. Then he participated in a bout against a popular boy and the gate receipts approached the three-thousand-dollar mark. This young chap, not yet twenty-one years of age, pocketed his 25 per cent of that staggering sum and started in to paint the town red. He cut a wide and impressive swath in his circle of acquaintances, where the average weekly income was in the neighborhood of twenty-five dollars.

He slipped rapidly. He quit training save for a week or so before each of his following bouts. A boy markedly his inferior stopped him in the seventh round of a sensational bout. A return engagement resulted similarly—only more so. The lad has never come back. He lost the knack of keeping himself in perfect physical trim; and with the passing of that went his prospects for success in the ring. His services may now be obtained at any time for a six-round semifinal for twenty or twenty-five dollars.

Then there is a group of semifinalists who are rigid trainers and conscientious fighters and who merely haven't the ability to become headliners. They usually fight in the city of their residence as a method of picking up a little spare change. These boys are steady-going workmen who during the days hold positions of one sort or another—usually as skilled laborers—in various industrial plants. Most of them are veterans and the majority are married men. They are sober, industrious and in every respect good citizens.

The third group from which semifinalists are recruited is the smallest numerically. It is composed of youngsters who, through sheer ability in the preliminaries, have earned the right to mix things with the more experienced scrappers. It is from these boys that our new fighters are being recruited.

Either they meet their Waterloo promptly or they graduate quickly from semifinal to main-bout class.

Figuring, then, the overhead expense of staging a fight show in a city of moderate size, and excluding rent, lights, and so on, one finds the promoter facing an outlay of two or four return tickets for his main bout, according to whether one or both of the principals are from out of town. That will run about eighty to one hundred dollars, for the canny promoter is careful to book his boys from a moderate railroad-rate radius. His fighting gloves will cost about ten dollars.

He will pay his semifinal about fifty dollars. His referee will usually receive fifteen dollars. So that, allowing five dollars for incidentals, fifteen dollars for placards and perhaps fifteen dollars for general advertising, he awaits the crowd on fight night facing a possible maximum loss of approximately two hundred dollars.

A Precarious Business

THE average house in the average fight city will run one thousand dollars—seldom more than that, and very often considerably less. Each main-bout fighter receives 25 per cent of that amount, leaving the promoter a profit of three hundred dollars on the evening's entertainment. But I have witnessed melancholy evenings when the house would total about four hundred dollars. In that event the promoter comes out all even, with nothing to show for his pains.

His task is a difficult one. Upon his shoulders rests the task of obtaining third-rate fighters who not only will furnish a slam-bang battle but who also will draw a house. And your small-town fight fan is a carping individual. No fool, he, to attend a show because someone says it ought to be good. He sizes up the card for himself and goes only when convinced that it will be good. The promoting business, then, is a precarious one in the cities where the public merely tolerates the game or where it has not been educated to an enjoyment of it for its own sake.

The majority of pretty good fighters demand a guaranty. A fight promoter who is an intimate of mine is constantly receiving telegrams and letters offering the services of So-and-So for a three-hundred-dollar guaranty with the privilege of accepting a percentage of the gate receipts. These offers from fighters are steadily rejected by him. He has learned by sad experience that the fighter upon whom he depends to pack his house will very often attract a mere handful of spectators, and he is content to rely upon those scrappers who are willing to gamble with their drawing powers.

Professional fighters of this grade are divided into two distinct groups. There is, first, what is known as the crowd fighter—the rushing, tearing, slugging type who assures action every inch of the way. This type of man is in constant demand. I am very friendly with a welterweight of

(Continued on Page 40)

The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Art Rug No. 532

Free Color Chart

"Modern Rugs for Modern Homes" is an interesting folder showing all the beautiful rug designs in full color. From it you can choose just the rug that in pattern and tone will be most appropriate for any room in your home. Just drop us a line and a copy will gladly be sent to you free.

Rugs that are exceptionally beautiful and durable—yet low in cost

Modern housewives know what they're about! And when you find them everywhere replacing their old-fashioned woven carpets with sanitary, easy-to-clean *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs, you've ample proof of the wonderful value of these modern floor-coverings. Only by actually seeing these rugs can you realize the artistry of their design, their remarkable beauty and their perfect manufacture.

And *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs save hours of tedious labor. Just a few strokes with a damp mop make the firm, smooth surface spotlessly clean. With *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs on your floors there's never a turned-up edge or corner to stumble over because these rugs cling tightly to the floor without fastening of any kind.

The wealth of rich colors, the variety of handsome patterns and the many practical and labor saving features of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs make their low price the more amazing.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.00	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½	feet x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.25		3	feet x 3	feet	1.40
9	feet x 9	feet	13.50		3	feet x 4½	feet	1.95
9	feet x 10½	feet	15.75		3	feet x 6	feet	2.50
9	feet x 12	feet	18.00					

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, and west of the Mississippi, are higher than those quoted

Don't Fail to Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) guards you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Kansas City
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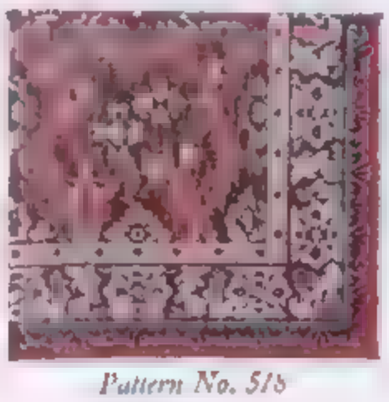


Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 508

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

(Continued from Page 38)

this type; a fine, clear-eyed boy who is married, has two children, and who is putting all his savings into a new bungalow and the commercial breeding of pedigreed collies.

This chap has fought eight times in the past two months. For those eight fights he received a total sum of forty-eight hundred dollars. His smallest purse was one hundred and eight dollars and his largest fourteen hundred dollars. In his one-hundred-and-eight-dollar fight he received a sound licking. In the latter he went through a comparatively soft fifteen rounds to a cinch victory. But the first bout was fought in a city that is not yet educated to patronizing the boxing game, and the latter was in one of the wise towns.

This boy is a well-known money-maker. His boxing income runs annually between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars. He attained a fair degree of prominence early in his career, and the fans of his home town hailed him as a coming champion. Then the title holder in his division came through on a tour of the country. He was booked to fight eight rounds with the local boy, and what he did to that gentleman was a sin and a shame. The referee mercifully stopped the bout at the end of the sixth round to save my friend from further punishment.

This youngster knows that he will never reach the top of the heap. But he also realizes that fighting is his business and that he is healthy, clean, rugged and capable of giving the fans a run for their money. He is in constant demand, the real secret of it being that a well-matched pair of second-raters will furnish more thrilling action in a three-minute round than a couple of near-champions will provide in ten.

This lad is typical of his class. A promoter friend of mine was recently desirous of using him, but the only two suitable opponents within a reasonable railroad-fare limit were not anxious for a meeting, owing to his reputation as a hard socker.

"How about Johnny Mahan?" suggested the scrapper, Johnny Mahan, in this case, being not the real name of the fighter.

The promoter arched his brows. "He lives in Chicago," was his negative.

"That's all right," said my friend. "Johnny's fighting frequently now, and he wants the money. He'll come for 20 per cent and one return ticket."

Johnny came. Only four hundred and thirty-two dollars was taken in at the box office, because the Chicago scrapper was an unknown quantity and the small-town fight fan is a cagy individual who demands to be shown his goods before buying his ticket. I had been present when the match was made and was a trifle apprehensive. I was afraid that my friend, in having the choice of his opponent, had picked a soft one.

The fight went the scheduled ten rounds. It was the most sensational scrap I have ever seen in my life, eleven knockdowns being recorded, one of them a thrilling double knockdown. The promoter voluntarily paid the Chicago lad 25 per cent instead of the agreed 20 in token of appreciation for the scrap he had put up. Two weeks later these boys were rematched and an eleven-hundred-dollar house was the result. This time the fans knew there would be a hard scrap.

The Battles of John L.'s Time

THE second type of professional is the boxer. He packs more or less of a wallop and uses it frequently, but relies chiefly upon his ring generalship and elusiveness. This type of man is not so popular as the slugger, for, after all is said and done, the real gore lovers are the fans, not the fighters. They pay to see action and they want it all the way. They are not particularly keen about a sparring match. The result is that when a promoter—for reasons of expediency or economy—is forced to book a clever boy he usually stacks him up against a slugger. A whirlwind fight is almost certain to result—with the boxer victorious in a majority of cases.

I have seen good fighters drift into a town where the game is permitted, in search of a fight. The promoter is usually glad to use such a fighter because he does not have to pay transportation. But he is afraid that the unknown will not draw. Invariably the newcomer will offer to fight a semifinal for ten or fifteen or twenty dollars, with the understanding that if he wins decisively he will be given a main bout at the next show on a 25 per cent basis. He goes in, wins, becomes popular with the fans and they flock to the club the following week to see their new phenom.

In sending transportation to a fighter the money is sent, not the tickets. Usually the visitor will come alone, relying upon the club to furnish him with a competent handler and thus pocketing the price of the extra ticket. Occasionally a local scrapper of some prominence in the far South or West will obtain a bout in the East. He will immediately begin writing and wiring the promoters along his line of travel, offering to fight any good boy for 25 per cent and two one-way tickets. This he will do en route to his destination and returning from it. If he had any reputation at all—and he must have had to get an Eastern engagement—he will clean up a nice little sum, and the price of the two tickets from his home town to the East and back again will be additional clear profit.

Prize fighters are still in more or less disrepute, this prejudice having come to us as a tradition from the early days of boxing. Almost to the day when the slender and shadowy James J. Corbett wrested the title from the mighty John L. Sullivan, prize fighting was anathema to the respectable citizenry.

In the first place, conditions then prevailing were utterly different. The battles in those days were brutal affairs, fought with bare knuckles or skin-tight gloves, and were to a finish. Boxing as an art had little to do with the outcome of the test. The police and the public united in opposition to the sport. It was patronized by the undesirables and had little to recommend it, least of all any semblance of fair play. The participants and their friends spent hours—and sometimes days—in eluding the police. Each fighter was accompanied by his gang, and the purse usually consisted of the rewards of side bets. The foulest tactics were used in deciding the battles. Friends of the man destined for defeat would rush the ring and start a free-for-all fight, and invariably the referee would declare the bout no contest and all bets off.

Is Boxing Brutal?

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was the last of the bare-knuckle champions, but, popular idol though he was, the great John L. was no shining example to the growing generation. He was at one time a barroom habitué, a heavy drinker and a man whose naturally superb stamina took him through a ring career.

It may be said that I admit by inference that there remains some crookedness in the fight game, that there are yet fighters who are distinctly undesirable. That is quite true. It is true also that there are many disreputable followers of other callings.

To James J. Corbett may be attributed the turn of the tide. Corbett, an ex-bank clerk, was of a type never before prominent in the ring. Corbett became an idol overnight by defeating Sullivan, whom the majority of fans had thought invincible. And from that day to this the game has improved slowly and steadily.

But boxing has come to us under a stigma, and those who agitate against its continuance often do so from ignorance. A word about the game as a sport:

Antiboxing campaigners point to the knockout as proof of brutality. To the mind of the uninitiate a knockout is a punch delivered at the end of a horribly brutal exhibition whereby the receiver of the punch is stretched unconscious upon the canvas. It is seriously believed by many that an ambulance is immediately summoned to carry the defeated warrior to the hospital.

As a matter of fact, a knockout is nothing at all like that. A knockout is merely the incapacitating of a man for ten seconds of ring time. There is rarely a football game that periods of three, four, five or ten minutes are not taken out for injured players. Even in tennis matches I have seen a rest ordered because the players had exhausted themselves by their own apparently innocuous efforts. The moment a fighter is forced to discontinue for a period of ten brief seconds the bout ends, and the term used for that ten-second period is "knockout."

Of course a knockout is most often the result of a punch that produces unconsciousness, but that is an unconsciousness that lasts for perhaps seven or eight seconds. Five, ten, fifteen seconds after the referee has counted ten the fighter is again on his feet and as well as he was before the fight started. The knockout punch is not painful. I speak from personal experience. A fighter does not relish it, but—save for its effect upon his drawing powers—he does not dread it.

So little are fighters injured in the course of their bouts that an hour after being knocked out the average fighter is downtown eating a large juicy steak and French fried potatoes.

I am acquainted with one fighter who boxed five times in one week and was knocked out in three of those fights. Aside from his pride, no portion of him was injured.

An interesting and amusing thing occurred recently which demonstrates with a fair degree of force the temporary qualities of a knockout punch. Into a fight club where I am fairly intimate there drifted one day a welterweight scrapper of some little reputation.

He was originally from the East, knew that he did not possess championship makings, and had embarked upon a campaign of popularizing himself in a number of cities so as to insure a fairly adequate and certain income. I shall call him Battling Logan.

Logan's first fight was against a rough, tough, slugging youngster from Galveston. The Galveston lad licked Logan all the way—but by some freak of twisted eyesight the referee saw it otherwise and gave Logan the decision. The fans were raw. Somehow when a referee gives an unjust decision fight fans become embittered against the beneficiary of that decision. And so Logan was in dutch.

His next battle—which he won handily—failed to draw more than a four-hundred-dollar house. And then he evolved an idea. In that city were two local prides, both welterweights, and both thought by the local bugs to be wonders. Logan offered to box both of these boys in one night, allowing himself twenty minutes' rest between bouts.

He climbed into the ring with the lesser of the two local lights and the bout started. The local boy took a beautiful lacing for five rounds. In the sixth Logan started a finishing punch for the other's jaw. But it never got there. It was passed en route by the other man's punch, and Logan went down and out. Very, very out.

The crowd started to leave. About twenty seconds later Logan climbed dazedly to his feet. "Wait a minute, fellers," he yelled. "I said I'd fight 'em both, and I'll do it."

Wildly enthusiastic the crowd returned to its seats And Logan not only fought the second man but knocked him out in the third round. It put him in solid with the fans, and it proved—to my satisfaction, at least—that there is nothing lastingly harmful about the knockout punch.

Much of this is due to the superb physical condition in which the fighter is forced to keep himself—the second or third rate fighter who makes his living by boxing frequently and for small purses. The life of this type of professional is a never-ending routine of self-denial and rigid cleanliness. He rises at five o'clock in the morning and jogs four to ten miles over country roads. He reaches his home in time for breakfast and a cold shower. Then, if he is located in a city, he usually goes to work. When he makes a good income from the ring and therefore does not have to hold a job to make ends meet he loafs around the house with his family; almost all fighters are married. He does not smoke, he does not drink. There may be exceptions to the former statement, but there are none to the latter. The fighter who drinks does not long remain a fighter.

In the afternoon he goes to a gymnasium and works out for perhaps an hour and a half. He plays handball, pulls the weights, punches the bag, shadow boxes, skips rope. I know fighters who play baseball and a few who spend two or three afternoons a week on municipal golf links. The sensible fighter knows that his entire stock in trade is his physical condition, and I make the dogmatic statement that in no other walk of life will be found such superb physical specimens as the professional fighters of today. Above all, they are clean in their habits. They have to be.

Hard Work and Small Pay

SO MUCH, then, for that. I have explained that fighters are not street brawlers, they do not frequent dives, most of them are sober, responsible married men with family cares and responsibilities. I have made fairly clear that the game itself is not necessarily brutal, that injuries are more rare in the prize ring than in many other sports and far, far less frequent in the professional ring than in the amateur. The raw amateur will enter the ring undertrained. The professional never does. And injury will result from lack of condition more often than from any other cause.

Fighters rarely bear animosity toward one another. They fight their hardest, but there is no more personal feeling than exists between two average lawyers who face each other in a big damage suit. Each wants to win and will expend his best efforts in the attainment of that desired end—but that is all.

The professional ring is no rose path. The purses earned by the third-rater are small ones. He must, for instance, have a manager. The manager is a much-abused but highly essential member of the pugilistic fraternity. His task is thankless and difficult. It is his job to supervise his man's training, supply him with boxing paraphernalia and sparring partners, and to obtain good matches for him. For these efforts the manager is rewarded with 25 per cent of the fighter's share of the purse—this being the customary split between fighter and manager among the class of fighters I am discussing. Usually the contract will read that where the purse runs in excess of three hundred dollars the manager receives a one-third cut as his share.

Some of the purses collected would be funny if they did not contain a tragic element. The smallest I know was that mentioned at the head of this article—each fighter receiving nine dollars and fifty cents as his share and each paying over to his manager 25 per cent of that sum. Yet I have never but once seen a fighter renege on his percentage contract because of the size of the house. They take it all as part of the game, and hope that the next audience will make up in purse value what the present one lacks.

Nor have I ever seen two fighters stall through a bout because the purse was tiny. Fighting is their business, and two good fighters of the ham class can no more stall than a good actor can deliberately give a bad performance.

This manager business in a minor fight town is of peculiar interest. The matchmaker of the local fight club—there is usually only one in a town—will have two or three third-raters under his wing. But he can book them only so often; fans demand strange faces.

(Continued on Page 58)

Peerless

If you should visit the Peerless factory our engineers could tell you a story on precision of workmanship as fascinating as fiction.

If you should question the Peerless owner you would get the same story translated into terms of riding pleasure, freedom from annoyances incident to interruptions of service, economy of operation and the like.

The Peerless owner says he never before enjoyed such a range and wealth of power, such riding ease and comfort; and he is delighted that such qualities are possible at a cost of operation so low.

Whether he is conscious of it or not he owes this happy discovery in very large measure, to Peerless' inflexible insistence on the utmost of manufacturing accuracy and precision.

Peerless Body Styles—*Four Passenger Touring Phaeton, $2990; Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton, $2990; Two Passenger Roadster Coupe, $3400; Four Passenger Town Coupe, $3600; Four Passenger Suburban Coupe, $3550; Five Passenger Town Sedan, $3900; Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan, $4090; Five Passenger Berline Limousine, $4390; Four Passenger Opera Brougham, $4900. F. O. B. Cleveland*

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"They—They Wanted It—From Me," He Said, "er—Rather Particularly"

ALTHOUGH Miss Mangelson had announced, on Mrs. Wiggin's leaving, that the gentleman about the history had been waiting in the outer office for some time, Thomas Wintergreen, the owner and *deus ex machina* of the suite of offices here in the Albatross Mutuality and Trust Company Building, known more explicitly as Wintergreen Coal Tar Products, did not immediately summon him thence, but remained an interval in solitary seclusion, standing before the Hawthorne Street window of his private office, staring down inattentively at a civic prospect that—here, from the tenth floor—took on the importance and individuality of a well-used sheet of fly paper.

That, physically, stretched from Abie Gasserman's Kosher Market and the adjacent old red jail with its file of public parking spaces, up for four business blocks to the courthouse itself—a white construction, after the Pantheon—with, just in front, that redoubtable civic saint, old Gen. William Sigelson, founder of the present Sigelson Grocery dynasty of Albatross, who in his capacity of philanthropist and commissary benefactor during the Civil War, now, bareheaded, his left hand in his bosom, strode forever—forever arriving nowhere, like the figures on Keats' vase—in frock coat and bell trousers of cast bronze, on the courthouse lawn, in the eye of his appreciative town.

The fixed bronze gaze of General Sigelson—it had been an honorary militia title, the general himself too old in '61 for active service—was turned to the junction of Courthouse Square with Hawthorne and Cherry streets just where the fly-paper strugglers were thickest, but his right hand pointed inexorably and immutably downward to his feet, where a cannoneer of the '60's was in the act of thrusting his rammer down the throat of an old blunderbuss of a cannon, with a pile of fat iron cannon balls beside it. It had been considered a costly and handsome piece in its day, but had fallen out of favor since the World War, sentiment leaning toward one of Frau Bertha Krupp's captured six-inch guns, which was clamped near by.

Mr. Thomas Wintergreen, now, actually saw neither the Krupp gun nor General Sigelson's bronze pant legs. The eye of his mind was busy with the scene lately enacted here at his shoulder, when Mrs. Blanche Wiggin had read his diploma. The eye of his soul—or shall we say its nostril?—was busy recapturing, or rather husbanding the aftermath of that peculiar subtle flower-sweet fragrance Mrs. Wiggin always exhaled. The perfume she used—so different from the rather blunt perfumes affected by the ladies of Albatross, or those Thomas Wintergreen knew. His sister, Henrietta, who used an implacable thick violet that smote you like a battering-ram; her friend, Mrs. Crystal Page, whose approach was heralded by invisible but overpowering censers of burning sandalwood and sweet gum; Miss Mathilde Fry, of the General Political Committee, who felled you with a club of white lilac. All the perfumes used in Albatross were like that. When you went to church or to a reception or a tea they were unmistakable. Also their gender. The men exuded bay rum or a faint lilac or geranium water; the women had, obviously, Japanese, sen-sen or violet sachet complexes. In a crowd Mr. Wintergreen, who disliked perfume, usually felt a little faint, and at his sister's last at-home he had sworn there was triple extract stirred into the pekoe.

But Mrs. Wiggin was different. When you stood close to her—as close as was seemly for a gentleman who wished to be seemly, while at the same time, close—you got an enchanting, an illusive suggestion.

Once when Mr. Wintergreen was a very small boy still in petticoats, while visiting a grandmother in the country he had fallen off a gate, into the arms of a large clump of blooming garden lilies. They were cold and sweet and full of dew, and as Mr. Wintergreen fell his skirts flew over his head, his nose was driven through a spider web impearled with these drops. The fall was like a delicious cold-sweet bath made of mingled sensations—heavenly aroma, the feathery caress of the downy spider web, the plashing tingle of the dewdrops, and deep in the lilies' heart a leitmotif of just sweet, clean growing grass.

When you stood close to Mrs. Wiggin ——

And once again, when he was in Florida when the orange trees were in blossom, a Gulf wind —— But we were speaking of Mrs. Wiggin.

It was just as she had finished reading the diploma—and was hurting him so again: "'We confer upon Thomas Cadwalader Wintergreen ——'" Well, what was the matter with that? Why did the almost imperceptible quiver of amusement occur when she spoke his name? She was a rude, incorrigible woman, that was all! "'Upon Thomas Cadwalader Wintergreen,'" she repeated—there was no need to repeat it!—"'the degree of Bachelor of Arts'"—and so on, and so on, right to the end.

It was after this, he had asked her, "Will you tell me—do you mind telling me, Mrs. Wiggin, the name of the perfume you use?"

Mrs. Wiggin had turned her head slowly and looked straight at him. It did not occur to her apparently that it was odd—any more than it did to him—that she should be reading his diploma aloud in his business hours; nor that he should be asking the name of her perfume. But her answer was characteristic.

"I use no perfume," she lied composedly.

Really he had never met anyone who lied more readily, immediately, extemporaneously or absurdly.

Now he had eyed her down.

"No woman on earth ——" he began gravely.

Mrs. Wiggin sighed.

"How ungallant of you! How many opportunities I create for you, Mr. Wintergreen—which you promptly lose. A man with any sense of chivalry, or of humor ——"

"I may have no humor. But I am not quite an idiot. I have a general intuition on values too. I did not ask the price of your perfume, Mrs. Wiggin. It isn't necessary."

Mrs. Wiggin shook her head.

"There you are wrong. I am a poor woman, Mr. Wintergreen—constantly becoming poorer under the income tax—but I do my little best to trick and betray the public. And I am happy to find that I have succeeded with you. Now you shall guess the name of my perfume, Mr. Wintergreen. It is this way. I cannot afford to have one made, and I declined to be Albatrossed. Listen then; there is a French perfumer, very excellent, who is putting five types of perfume on the market, designed for five types of women. I shall describe these women and name these perfumes as they are revealed in our Sunday supplements—and you shall discover which one it is—and I am."

Seizing his ivory-bladed paper cutter, which she used with a batonlike gesture rather too close to his nose for comfort, Mrs. Wiggin had favored him with her recitative:

"*Parfum d'Ostende:* For the daring, temperamental, scintillant woman of the world, addicted to pleasure, light laughter and a love of poetry. Her vivid red hair, her aquamarine eyes, her entire verve will harmonize best with this mysterious odor;

"*Parfum de Messaline:* For the subtle, heavy-lidded, brooding woman, dark, cryptic, passionately jealous, the white camellia in her smooth dark hair is not more suggestive of romance than this exotic fragrance;

"*Parfum de l'Empereur:* For our imperious social queen, impressive, power-loving. Her fine contours, her regnant beauty will take an added luster from this mysterious blend;

"*Parfum d'Aspasie:* For the woman of mystery, with introvertive, dreamy, gray eyes and feminine brown hair. Her delicate personality, her familiarity with books and art and philosophy, her exquisite person, graceful figure and lovely face are best adapted to this especial scent; and finally,

"*Parfum de Gigolo:* Note, Mr. Wintergreen, that I am not referring to ordinary American smell-good, but in each case to what is known as a *parfum*. *Parfum de Gigolo*, then, is for the spirit of youth. For the woman who never grows old. Bubbling, ecstatic, with the heart of a hoyden, and the bloom and fragrance of spring upon her personality. For her, this eternal nymph, pink and white, slim and with amber eyes, and laughter like the bubbles of champagne—this essence of flowers and sheer mystery. Now, Mr. Wintergreen!"

"Lord help me!" cried Mr. Wintergreen faintly.

Throughout her recitative he had looked—very closely—at Mrs. Wiggin. He had known before—but it was pleasant to renew his knowledge—that the irids of Mrs. Wiggin's brown eyes had infinite fine gold lines running through them; that her eyebrows were like little downy wings, saucy little wings above the eyes; and that her lashes were inordinately long; that her mouth made him think of a—was it a small red fruit or a red flower?—and was very kissable, especially on the left corner, where it always threatened to curl up and laugh—even though it was, he believed, the cruelest sort of mouth verbally; that her cheeks were very full and girlish and, though possibly touched with rouge, very pretty, especially the one with the small absurd mole.

Really Mrs. Wiggin herself was absurd. Standing here, during his busiest time of day, chanting at him, waving his paper cutter in her white-gloved hand, her soft chin nested in a modish fur collar, a small black toque set on at an angle.

At her cry and final wave Mr. Wintergreen tore his glance away, swept it out of the window, ranged it from Abie Gasserman's up to General Sigelson's pant legs and back.

"You aren't any—exactly; and you are every one," he brought forth.

"How clever! How clever you are, Mr. Wintergreen. You really are; and you've guessed it exactly. For I buy an eighth of an ounce of each *parfum* and mix 'em—and I am on the safe side for every phase of my personality."

"With only five," murmured Thomas Wintergreen, with happy sarcasm, but Mrs. Wiggin thrust her hand at him.

It contained a morsel of white linen.

"Since you seemed impressed by the perfume you may have this for a sample, Mr. Wintergreen—a little souvenir of your cleverness—to permit of your enjoying it further. Lay it upon your desk. And I hope you won't mind its being on my handkerchief."

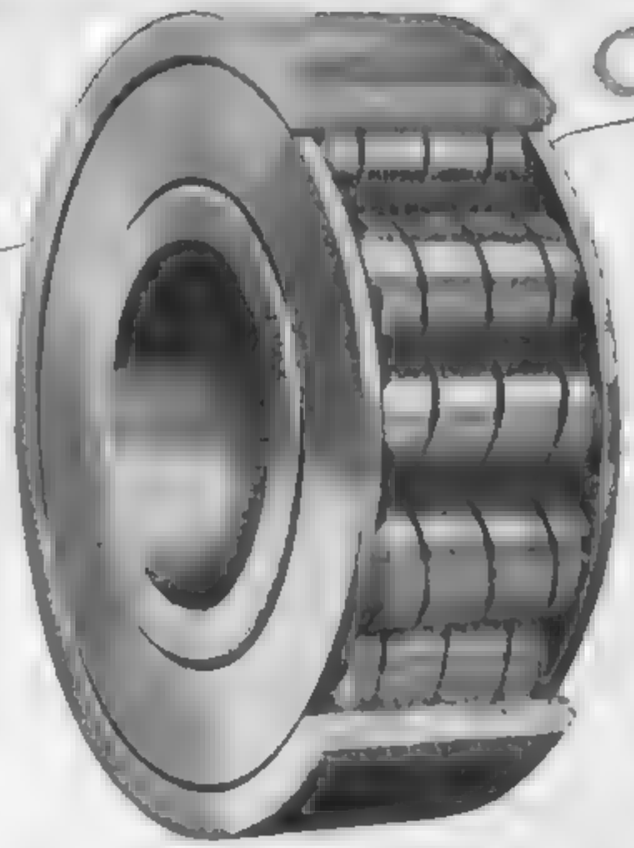
"Oh, certainly not," murmured Mr. Wintergreen.

Mind its being her handkerchief! But how nonsensical! Wasn't a handkerchief the very symbol of romance, for that matter? Had she, by chance, remembered?

He received Mrs. Wiggin's handkerchief—her small warm hand being, so to say, enmeshed in it—in his own;

(Continued on Page 44)

Rolling the loads over the roads on



HYATT
Quiet
ROLLER BEARINGS

All in the day's work—Bump—bump—bump! Overloads and rough roads are all a part of the day's work to Hyatt roller bearings.

The transportation manager sees their dependability reflected in lower haulage costs. No loss of time, no expense, no attention except for occasional lubrication.

One simple fact accounts for this dependability and economy.

Hyatt roller bearings are designed and built to carry great loads at all speeds and to endure throughout the life of the vehicle.

Their continued use for a score of years by leading truck makers bears out the correctness of the Hyatt principle; the lowered cost records of truck operators everywhere confirm it.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

NEWARK DETROIT CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Worcester Milwaukee Huntington, W. Va. Minneapolis Philadelphia
Cleveland Pittsburgh Buffalo Indianapolis

(Continued from Page 42)

but both objects, not unpleasurable in themselves, were violently withdrawn from him as Miss Mangelson with a premonitory knock and slight cough had entered with a contract paper for his signature.

Mrs. Wiggin became statuesque and coldly formal at once. The airy-fairy willowy sprite in her became lost in the grave preoccupied woman of affairs. That was another quality in her that always moved Mr. Wintergreen to surprise. Like her immediate, prolific and mischievous lying on occasion, her adequacy against undesired discovery of the aforesaid sprite was no less sure. She made an abstract gesture of withdrawal.

"Very well, then. I shall tell Miss Fry of your decision."

"Quite so—er—do, please," murmured Mr. Wintergreen, who had forgotten precisely what had been decided—if, indeed, anything had. He had an overpowering wish to take Mrs. Wiggin out to the elevator, to propel her gently along with the tips of five fingers on the back of her sealskin jacket, but Miss Mangelson's eye restrained him. He said, "Quite so—thank you!" once more, bowed again very formally, sat down and signed his contract paper, and waved his new visitor for a few minutes' respite.

And now Mrs. Wiggin's call was but memory, and he hadn't even her handkerchief. Not that he was certain he wanted it. Nor that Mrs. Wiggin's contact had been undiluted pleasure. There was a gadfly element of pain in being with her. He had known it from his first hour with her six weeks ago. A pain—the merest mocking shadow that yet had a tingle of stimulation in it. It was a form of self-penalizing that made him willing to be flayed by Mrs. Wiggin. The woman certainly had no mercy—along certain lines. Besides, she had brains! Equally—along certain lines.

"And I do dislike a brainy woman!" thought Thomas Wintergreen, and he had the confidence of uttering an acceptable male ritual.

Not, of course, that Mrs. Wiggin's brain was the kind that would ever cave in her chest—it wasn't the top-heavy, really intellectual sort, but rather subtle, pervasive—suggestive of the nuances in her list of *parfums*. She was literary—or thought she was.

She had come to Albatross to live about two years ago, and she wrote verse, for which she had had some excellent notices and a great deal of vogue in Albatross

She had given Mr. Wintergreen a signed copy of her second little book, A Bridge of Wind, bound in royal purple. He didn't care much for the verses, but hadn't dared to tell her.

One of them was called The Legend of Mirador. It made him think of cigars:

There is a lake named Mirador
(Poison water! Poison water!)
Green as envy; green as jade,
With white-gold lilies overlaid,
Tall hooded arums brooding o'er
The stilly sheet of Mirador.

And on it floats a dead white maid,
(Poison water! Poison water!)

Well, what could Mrs. Wiggin expect? It was a case for a sanitary corps, not a poet. And what was the idea of composing such a thing?

"Blanche Thorndyke Wiggin is a poet who paints with bold colors," had run a clipping she had shown to him. Bold, was right. Though in itself a harsh adjective, perhaps, to associate physically with anyone so feminine.

For his part he preferred the stabilities, the older classic types of literary expression—Shakspere and Œdipus Rex and John Milton and The Lady of Lyons and Aux Italiens. Last Christmas he had revived Owen Meredith's Lucile for three suffering friends.

His eye sketched in the corner of his diploma. A love of the classics is what you got out of a college education—if it had taken properly. He doubted if Mrs. Wiggin had gone through college. She had evaded such questions, had intimated that school was difficult. Quite possibly a woman—a girl, then—with so irreverent a spirit had been expelled.

Then what right had she to read his diploma aloud—in the way she had? That laughing way. Laughing at him—or rather at his name. And what right, anyhow, had a woman named Wiggin to laugh at a man named Wintergreen?

True, other people—he had suffered more or less throughout his life! Even in his own family!

Standing with hands in his pockets Thomas Cadwalader Wintergreen—tall, very personable in his pleasantly expensive, carelessly worn gray tweeds, with the little touch of distinguished gray smoking out the sandy-brown hair above his temples; with his well-shaped head, frank pleasant blue eyes and very boyish smile, in spite of his forty-two years—looked out over Albatross City to the more remote cup of brown surrounding hills that meant Salmagundi County, and realized what a gross injustice such ribaldry was.

The names of his forbears the Cadwaladers—an offshoot from the Philadelphia tree—and where was better blood? and the Wintergreens—dating from old Thomas himself, a valiant old scout who had come in one hundred and twenty-five years ago behind an ox team and had opened the first sawmill, a fact lately very strongly recalled to him—were literally interwoven with the texture and historic tradition of Salmagundi County and the City of Albatross; had very appreciably helped to make them what they were today—if they were anything. Here, then, was no meat for ridicule, however light, or gayly intended, but a matter vested in the marrow and bones of a decent communal life. And flippant Mrs. Wiggin and his godless young nephews! Thomas Wintergreen winced, frowned slightly.

He had borne during his boyhood and college days the usual torments of byplay, puns, ragging and allusion incident to the wearer of any obvious or mirth-evoking name. Like men named Penny and Bone and Twine, he had served his apprenticeship before infinite moss-bound jests, long since grown pointless and boresome. Maturity had, he believed, exhausted any humorous possibilities! But he had been mistaken. Even in his own family!

Night before last, facing a light snow squall, he had walked over to Trevor Street to see his sister and the boys. He found Henrietta in a tea gown, nested in pillows before her fire with a new psychoanalysis novel.

Some inner play of delight moved her, some rapport of amusement between her and the boys, Miles and Ted. The young nephews had seized and dragged their bachelor uncle up to the aërial heaven to hear a bedtime story on the radio.

"Do go! It'll do you good, old Tommy," Henrietta twinkled; and the boys had guided him up with cries of pleasure.

He had given them the radio set himself. It was no more than right that he should listen in—even though he discouraged this privilege whenever possible. Sitting now before the great brown morning-glory horn he yielded himself to the peculiar cries, gasps and stutterings that usually precursored a feast of delight. A shrill whispering arose, which gathered volume, became a whistling scream, was choked abruptly as Ted twirled a black button.

"There!" he cried, winking at his brother. "You've never heard it at this hour. Now we've got him. An Uncle Wiggily Bedtime Story."

A firm voice flowed out of the horn: "— with pork," it declared, "at fif-ty-six and three-quarters and corn at one hun-dred and thir-ty and one-half "

"Good heavens!" shouted Miles. "You got the Pittsburgh stock reports. Give me a chance."

There was a wrangle and more buttoning. The keening and stuttering and whistling renewed. Vagrant words and phrases slid across one another in the air; abruptly a low impassioned contralto—from New York—implored them all to "Oh, dry those tears!" But the keening and whistling were suddenly controlled. A mellifluous barytone with the peculiarly fatuous accent used in publicly speaking to what are known as kiddies, filled the room.

"'Come—come,' cried Un-cle Wig-gi-ly, pink-ling—his twink—nose—excuse—me—twink-ling—his—pink nose—this will—nev-er—nev-er do; 'let—us—go—for a—walk.'

"'But—I—can—not—walk,' replied Sam-my Chip-munk."

Ted inadvertently turned a knob; suddenly there was a sharp tattoo of spirit knocks and the original firm voice said: "—— and Mis-sou-ri oats at fort-y-three and three-quar-ters."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," young Miles cried, "let it alone!"

"Yes—in pity's name!" cried their uncle, rising.

But both lads had pressed him into his chair

"Wait," they screamed together, "wait, unky—only a min-ut; just a min-ut!"

At once the bedtime tale had resumed: "'And—so—you—have—a—tooth-ache,' cried Uncle—Wig-gi-ly, putting on his thick—thin coat. 'Well,—I—know—how—to cure it.'

"'And—how—will—you—cure—it?'—asked—Sammy—Chip-munk.

"'We—will—go—and—find—Bil-lee Wint-er-green! We—will—get—a—leaf—from—Bil-lee—Wint-er-green.'"

Both lads danced in ecstasy.

"There! The same name as you. You're in the radio! You're in the radio!" they screamed.

Even Henrietta had enjoyed it. A name for a figment in a bedtime story. Or else a butler.

A few weeks earlier a successful Broadway play had come to Albatross. High Life in the English Shires—all about a sportin' duchess who comes a cropper.

Everybody was named Montague or Hamilton or Howard or Cecil—except a long thin austere gentleman's gentleman, like a rook.

In the very first act, Lord Monty Howard speaking out of his dressing gown: "Aoh-ah! *Wintergreen!*"

"Yes, sir." The rook had paused in the act of folding clothing into a chifforobe, and bowed like a diplomat.

"Aoh-ah! Wintergreen, tell me, did Mrs. Hamilton call up this mawning?"

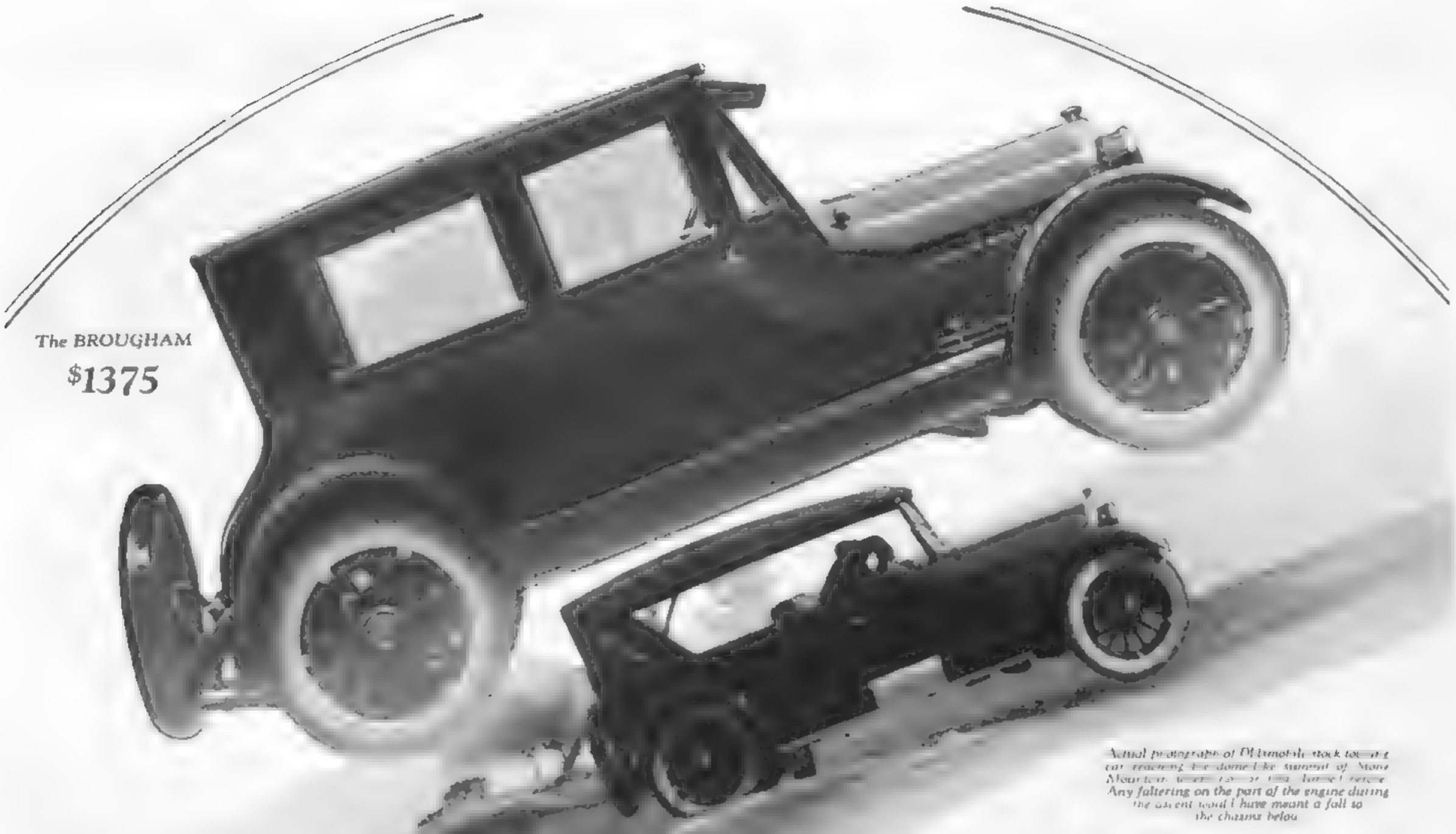
"She called at ten, sir. I taold her you were not at 'ome."

"I shall not be at home at any hour she calls, Wintergreen."

"Very good, sir."

(Continued on Page 61)

"I Will Say Something," He Cried, "if It's the Last Word I Ever Do Say! You are the Cruelest, Silliest, the Meanest, Most Unscrupulous Flibbertigibbet I Have Ever Met!"



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Oldsmobile Four at top of Mt. Diablo, Cal., just after carrying 18 men up the steep 9-mile grade. This same car ran from Sacramento to Reno and climbed the famous Slippery Ford Hill with transmission sealed in high, and with the gear shift lever removed. No stock car has ever equalled this record

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How the President Keeps Well

An Interview With Brigadier General Charles Elmer Sawyer

By CARL W. ACKERMAN

AS ALL of us know the fiction about what an easy task it should be to be President, I asked General Sawyer one day to tell the cold facts about life in the White House, about how the President keeps well, and I discovered an obvious truth—a fact so obvious that it is overlooked more than it is considered. The President, like all the rest of us, is a human machine; but unlike many of us, he is not master of his own life. He cannot do as he pleases even when it comes to looking after his own health; so, as a matter of fact and not theory, General Sawyer has to see to it that the President keeps well.

Disregarding for the moment the responsibility which rests upon the physician to the President, let General Sawyer, who sees the President at least twice each day, reveal the secret of the President's health. It contradicts the statement I just made, but I shall come back to that.

"To understand how the President keeps well," General Sawyer stated during one of several interviews in his office in the War Department, "requires first of all a consideration of the President's physical inheritance. The President comes of a family of English, Scotch and Dutch stock, which endows him with both physical and mental strength. With this splendid physical development, he has two very important requirements for the upkeep of health—he does not worry and he always keeps himself so actively engaged that he has no time for self-introspection."

Reduced to a few words, it will be seen that the President keeps himself well because of his active will; but his present state of health has a fight every day with events. The conflict is in fact between the mind and the body. President Harding exercises and relaxes his mind and lives on the inherited, the accumulated and the reserve power of his human machine.

This is the conclusion I came to after studying General Sawyer's observations. He knows that the President does not exercise enough and that he is sacrificing too much of his physical vitality. He told me why, and I shall give the reasons after I have sketched the history of a day in the White House.

A typical day at the White House begins at seven or 7:30 in the morning, which is the President's rising time, according to General Sawyer, who comes in early each morning to learn how the President rested, to make any medical or clinical examinations which may be necessary. Doctor Sawyer does not go to the White House because the President wants him or needs him but because the general wants to know the exact physical condition of this human machine before it begins the day's work. When General Sawyer left Marion, Ohio, after forty years of practice, he gave up all his patients but the two occupants of the White House, and so long as they are in his care he is not going to take any chances.

The Exactions of White House Life

"FROM the doctor's standpoint," said General Sawyer, "the President is kept well by watching closely for every sign or symptom which may indicate that his physical being is in the least way off the track. He is a splendid patient, because he obeys all orders explicitly. He never argues as to the propriety of directions, but is always ready and willing to carry out such professional orders as are given him. Because his father was a physician and his brother one of the leading alienists of our time, he has had much contact with doctors and knows much of medicine, and consequently many of the causes which lead to disease. Because of this he is often able to see for himself a red light indicating danger, which he avoids by simply changing his course."

The President, you will observe, obeys all orders, as General Sawyer said, except one! He does not exercise enough. Why? We shall learn later. Our story still deals with the early morning hours at the White House.

"President Harding," General Sawyer continued, "is today the hardest worker; puts in more hours and gives less attention to himself physically than anyone I know. It is interesting to me to observe each day the government offices opening at nine o'clock and closing at 4:30, indicating that out of the large administrative family consisting of thousands of employes, the majority measure their services and their duties by the seven and a half hours which they are expected to render each day and are then at liberty to engage themselves as they see fit the remainder of the day.

"Very different it is with the President. Every day since coming to Washington the President has been engaged in the urgent and trying affairs of business from 7:30 in the morning until about 12:30 each night."

As there are no eight-hour days for a President, what does he do after breakfast, after he has enjoyed a good old-fashioned American meal of ham and eggs and coffee? Following breakfast, which is the only family meal and the one he enjoys the most, the President reads the daily newspapers, those published in Washington, Philadelphia, New York or Baltimore.

When I asked General Sawyer which newspaper was the President's favorite paper, he looked at me with an inquisitive smile as if to imply that I should have known better than to ask such a question.

"You know," he replied, "the President publishes one of the best newspapers in the country."

But I learned through my query that President Harding does not read newspapers as you and I do. When he takes up a paper the first thing he looks for is something some of the rest of us are interested in after we have glanced at the headlines. In the first place, the first-page news probably interests us more than it does the chief executive, because it is news to us, while frequently he knows more about the news than the newspapers. The President of the United States not only makes news by writing messages to Congress, letters to public men and by making appointments and comments upon policies but he receives through the government departments telegrams, letters and reports from every part of the world. President Harding, himself an editor and publisher, is today in a position where he scoops the world every day.

Daily Drudgery and Routine

SO QUITE naturally the President does not read as we do—that is, as some of us read. He goes through the newspapers in his study before he goes over to his office in the executive wing of the White House. The first news he peruses relates to sports, particularly baseball. In this respect the President-editor is usually scooped. As fond as he is of all sports, as much as he would like to see the big-league games, he has to enjoy his sports through the printed page.

From the sporting page President Harding turns to the business sections of the metropolitan newspapers and reads the market reports, the financial articles and comments, the business statements and the daily detailed reports of economic, industrial and agricultural conditions, because he believes that trade is the barometer of where we are as a nation.

The fact that the President turns to the business sections of the big dailies is evidence that the prosperity and progress of the country depend not alone upon the Government or upon business but upon the harmonious relationship between the two. The news from our industrial and agricultural centers—and the market reports—is the first to reflect the influence of governmental policies and activities upon the nation's business life. Whenever there is less government in business and more business in government it is registered in the business sections of the papers.

Between nine and 9:15 A.M. the President goes to his circular office in the executive wing. Prior to this the White House staff has opened all the letters, copied all the telegrams and cables and received the innumerable official reports and letters which come by messenger from all government departments. If the mail trains have run on time a copy of the last edition of The Marion Star is placed on his desk, and when it is not there President Harding always asks for it, although he does not at the moment have time to read it.

The number of letters and telegrams the President receives varies from a few hundred each day to many, many thousands. When the country is in the midst of a public debate on such questions as taxation, the bonus, the tariff, or when there is a grave crisis abroad, thousands of telegrams and letters reach the President every twenty-four hours. These are all read carefully by the President's secretaries, who apprise him of their contents, while the President himself reads all the messages time will permit, because they give him a cross section of public sentiment.

Early in the business day, too, the President receives the famous Yellow Journal, a collection of editorials and news dispatches from scores of American newspapers scattered throughout the country. Because these clippings are pasted on yellow paper, this daily survey of the press was labeled long ago by White House employes the Yellow Journal. As the number of copies is limited to one, it never circulates outside the White House.

At 9:15 o'clock the President's appointments begin. Cabinet officials, senators, members of Congress, business men and hundreds of handshakers covet the hours between nine and 1:30 to lay before the President reports, requests for appointments, recommendations, comments and observations on everything from a post office to the war in the Near East. Naturally, the President receives first those who have pressing problems for solution, and to each of these he gives his time unsparingly. This is one reason he has so much to do. If a problem is brought to his attention, General Sawyer said, which demands his decision, he probes to the bottom until he feels he has all the facts. This has been his training as a newspaper man and he has continued the practice in the White House.

Thus from about 9:15 A.M. each day until the luncheon hour of 1:30 the President listens, excepting on days when the cabinet meets and he presides over the deliberations of his official family.

Those who think the Presidency is a sinecure ought to have an opportunity of sitting in with President Harding some morning, for they would discover that even the White House is not without its drudgery, but drudgery which is as important as any other work. I do not know how many times every morning the chief executive has to say no to requests for his leadership, his influence or his power to appoint; but I imagine from General Sawyer's remarks that the President has to decline far more requests than he can ever grant.

For example, Senator East or Senator West comes in, carrying in his pockets several invitations to the President to attend this meeting or address that society or group of business men. In another pocket he has the names of several men from New England or some other Atlantic Seaboard community, or his home state, who seek public office—men who want to be appointed to the Federal Reserve Board or to the postmastership of some home town. After mentioning these questions, and possibly because he is an old friend of the President, he advises him that all the sentiment in his state is for or against the bonus, the tariff, high taxes, or for or against a war with Turkey. Throughout the interview the President listens until specific requests are made, and then nine times out of ten he has to say that he is sorry but it cannot be done.

"President Harding," General Sawyer remarked when he was discussing the trying routine of the White House, "never cheats. He never resorts to subterfuge. In all his political life he has never been known to promise that which he did not intend to deliver. His promises of today are fulfilled tomorrow. He never has any anxiety or care or worry about how he is to meet tomorrow the individual he has dealt with today."

Some of Mr. Harding's Beliefs

A PRESIDENT must have unlimited patience, and he does not dare to accept everything that anybody advises him. He has to listen to all and then decide two difficult questions. What is the sentiment of the public towards this national issue or appointment? What is best for the nation?

"People interest the President more than any concrete issue which comes before him," General Sawyer added. "He studies every problem from its human side. He recognizes no class distinctions. He believes opportunity is what makes people different, and that opportunity in the majority of cases is of self-making. He has pride in any man or woman who succeeds. He does not believe in cliques or groups or single bodies of men dominating over the affairs of others. He believes that every American is entitled to think and act in accordance with his own individual understanding so far as that does not interfere with the rights of others. When it does he feels that both word and act should be curbed. The President measures all men by one yardstick: How much better they do things than others do them."

Before Mrs. Harding's illness the President and his chief political and personal counselor, Mrs. Harding, always invited officials and friends to luncheon, so that the interval from 1:30 to three is another business period in which there is more business transacted than food consumed. The President himself eats a very light luncheon of fruit and salad and coffee, and not infrequently he excuses himself from the table to retire to his study for further conferences. There is no relaxation or diversion at luncheon. It is part of the day's work.

At three o'clock the President returns to his office, where there is another round of appointments awaiting

(Continued on Page 48)

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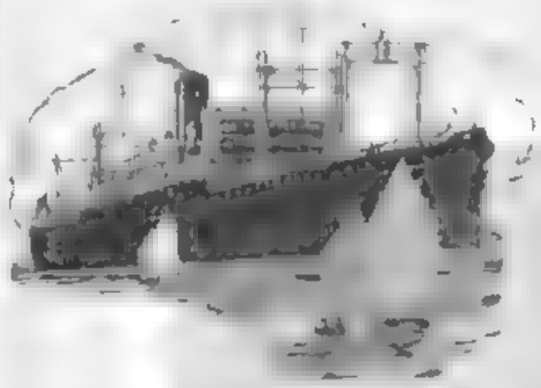

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(Continued from Page 46)

him, appointments which last many days until the dinner hour—seven o'clock.

Such is the workday of the head of the nation, excepting twice each week, when the cabinet meets at eleven o'clock, or during the two periods each week when the President talks to the Washington correspondents, or when he breaks away for a quick game of golf at Chevy Chase or the Columbia Country Club links; but when he does this, the general added, President Harding breakfasts at six o'clock.

But throughout the ten hours, from around nine in the morning until seven in the evening, President Harding has been so closely confined to his desk, he has conferred with so many callers and read so many letters and telegrams or reports that he has had no opportunity of doing any thinking. He has had no time to prepare messages to Congress or pass upon government policies, with the result that after dinner at night he begins his second day's work. Up in the White House study, the present editorial sanctum, the chief executive studies the detailed reports which have been submitted and upon which he must base his decisions or his messages. Here he writes his messages and statements in longhand, as he did the editorials for The Marion Star long before he became a United States senator. Here in his editorial chair he drafted his message on the Disarmament Conference; here he prepared the foundation for his veto of the Bonus Bill; and here he is studying today the Near-Eastern war and the economic eruptions of Europe.

Much Work, Little Play

"The President's address to the Senate," according to General Sawyer, who calls every night at the White House and spends some time with the President alone in the editorial room, "when he submitted to that body the treaties which resulted from the conference on the limitation of armaments, was prepared in the main and concluded between the hours of midnight and four A.M. He had held a reception to two thousand people early in the evening, and although tired and worn, he worked until the early morning hours to get the treaties to the Senate at once to meet the plans of some of the Senate leaders.

"On one of his trips to the South," said the President's physician, "I recall he had a great number of briefs regarding Federal prisoners which required his personal attention, which took his time until late at night in order that the reports submitted to him by the Attorney-General's office might be reported back to Washington promptly.

"One of the marked characteristics of President Harding is that in all the momentous affairs of government he has always a specific plan of procedure. If you recall when it came to the scrapping of ships he had the details so completely worked out that particular vessels were named. To the thinking man it must be apparent that all these matters must have careful consideration and must necessarily be worked out at times when other matters are not pressing. When the majority of Americans are in bed the President is still working in his study, because he wants to be sure of his ground before he goes ahead."

In this way two days are crowded into one, with the result that exercise, diversion and relaxation are not on the White House program. Since he has been President, Mr. Harding has played golf an average of three times each week, which is less than the time former Presidents Wilson or Taft spent on the links. It is much less time than the late President Roosevelt spent on outdoor exercising

Naturally Doctor Sawyer is concerned about his patient. President Harding does not even take many evenings off to go to the theater, though he delights to attend.

"I often have great concern with the little physical exercise the President takes," General Sawyer confided to me. "Admiral Rixey, physician to the late President McKinley, told me only a few days ago that in his opinion President McKinley would have overcome the effects of the wound he received at Buffalo had he been in better condition. He said that because Mrs. McKinley was a patient the President denied himself physical exercise. Because of this, when he came to battle with the consequences of his wound, he was unable to put up sufficient resistance to overcome the infection and he lost his life.

"The other day when I told the President that he was laying up too much adipose tissue, and still not keeping up his real physical strength, he said to me, 'Doctor, what should I do?' I replied, 'There are only two ways to overcome your overweight, and that is to take more exercise or eat less; and to eat less means that you reduce in a way your physical strength and resistance,' and he answered, 'Doctor, your suggestions are all right, but I can see my way clear to follow only one of them—to eat less. I can fast or eat less, because that will take less time from my work; but I do not see any possible way in which to exercise more.'"

The reason is that he not only lacks the time but President Harding is sensitive; not sensitive to public criticism of his policies or appointments or his work, but sensitive to the display which accompanies the exercise and relaxation of a President. No one in Washington today enjoys riding horses more than President Harding. He has one of the finest saddle mounts in the country, but he seldom rides. Why? Let Doctor Sawyer answer.

Cramped by Formality

"If I could throw a blanket on the horse as I used to do on the farm," the President said to Doctor Sawyer one day when he was urging him to ride, "if I did not have to put on a special uniform and be followed by a staff of service men, I should like to ride."

So it is with golfing or cruising on the Mayflower or taking a vacation. The President of the United States is not free to do as he wishes. He is surrounded by work, conventions, precedents, official etiquette; but above all he is handicapped by a public impression that he has the easiest task in the world and can do as he pleases day in and day out for four long years.

"It's a great life if you don't weaken," said the President one day to General Sawyer when the latter asked him why he did not use his influence with the President of the United States and "have him appoint you as postmaster at Caledonia. I will endeavor to reëstablish myself in a country practice, and between us we can go back to Marion County and live the real life once more." To this suggestion, said the general, President Harding replied that the proposition recommended itself most heartily.

The story of a day at the White House is not complete, however, without another aspect of the life of a President. I refer to the hours when the chief executive constructs in the workshop of his mind the plans for his dream of America's future.

As we sat in General Sawyer's office the President's physician recalled the days when President Harding was editor of The Marion Star and Doctor Sawyer was a practicing physician in that city. He spoke of the President's interest in community life, of his ambition to make Marion a home city, of how he offered prizes to the citizens for the best lawns and the best gardens. General Sawyer spoke of the healthful influence of a city like Marion upon its citizens, upon the community and the nation. Referring to his home town, he said that 67 per cent of its inhabitants owned their own homes, and that they were good comfortable homes, neither palaces nor tenements, and that there were not fifty inhabitants who spoke other than English.

"Such influences as these," said Doctor Sawyer, "make strikes practically impossible and community of purpose an objective worth the while."

A Marionized America

"The President looks upon the community life of Marion as a model for the United States. While in former years he was working constantly to make Marion an American city in every sense of the word, he is today thinking of a larger Marion, a United States of people who own their own homes, who are as devoted to their country as they are to their homes and their community. The United States is the raw material out of which this President hopes to fashion a larger Marion. He wants to see the same spirit in national affairs which he saw in Marion. He believes in a community of service and that it is impossible to live as classes or as individuals. He does not believe that an organized minority, whether it represents a few hundred citizens in one city or five million organized men in the nation, have a right to say what the other hundred and ten million shall do or think."

From a national standpoint the President is interested in the Americanization of America and in the Marionizing of our country. But he has also a larger vision, according to General Sawyer; a vision of the United States as the real leader of the nations of the world. This leadership, the President feels, can only endure when the United States is in a position to be of disinterested and unselfish service. The conference on the limitation of armaments was the beginning and not the end of the President's dream of America's service. But the first step in any world service, in the opinion of President Harding, is a healthy America. When our house is in order we can give to the world not alone an example but assistance which will be lasting.

Today, I believe, the President is preparing for that day when the United States Government may act and bring about results beneficial alike to the peoples of all nations.

A Winding Path in Highland Park, Brooklyn, New York

PERMANENT ENAMEL BAKED ON STEEL

Eight years ago, when Dodge Brothers originated the all-steel motor car body, they took advantage of the absence of wood in the framework to bake an enamel finish on the surface of the steel.

In a vast series of electric ovens, especially designed and built by Dodge Brothers' engineers for this process, three distinct coats of black enamel are successively baked on the steel at an intensely high temperature.

The result is a finish so hardy and durable that it seldom requires more than a good cleaning and polishing to restore the original brightness.

Even in sections of the Southwest where alkali in the soil is especially destructive to body finishes, Dodge Brothers enamel retains its beautiful lustre after years of wear.

DODGE BROTHERS

The price of the Touring Car is $880 f. o. b. Detroit

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Hanover
Shoe

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Built for Wear

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Tan Scotch Grain
Sport Oxford

THERE is one Hanover standard—the highest. For more than a quarter century it has been rigidly adhered to—never varied, never compromised.

The use of best leathers, skilled workmanship, distinctive yet non-obtrusive designs—these qualities have always distinguished The Hanover Shoes.

Substantial men, who instinctively seek the best in footwear, know they can rely also upon the constant comfort, the ingrained quality, and underlying ruggedness of Hanover Shoes.

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We make Hanover Shoes in our own factories and are the only shoe manufacturers in America selling exclusively through our own stores. If there is no Hanover Store near you, we will fit you from Hanover. Write for our latest style catalog.

THE HANOVER SHOE
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Exclusively for Men and Boys

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are staunch, serviceable, good-looking as Dad's. Designed for growing feet. Made from best upper and sole leather obtainable. Shoes your boy will be proud of. $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50.

Style LM259
Little Men's Brown Russia Blucher Lace Shoe

RAILROAD ECONOMY

By FORREST CRISSEY

NOT long ago economy was the supreme order of the hour, the dominant consideration in every corporation that was determined to keep its head above water and survive the period of painful readjustment through which every business and individual in America was then passing.

When either a person or a corporation devises a system of economy which is essentially constructive, instead of being merely an example of energetic and determined work with the financial paring knife, this achievement surely deserves as much attention as the invention of a successful system for breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.

A certain Western railroad—the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul—has saved $1,000,000 in a single year through a system of this sort, and there is excellent reason to believe that its plan is available in part or in whole to every railroad in the country. It seems equally certain that many other roads might profit substantially by the adoption of this plan, or of certain features of it. Then, too, it requires no powers of vision to see that large manufacturing concerns may find this railroad's plan of waste saving adaptable, at least in certain particulars, to their needs for rigid economy.

The distinctive feature of this railroad's conservation and waste-saving plan is that it is a system which brings to bear upon problems of material conservation and reclamation the active interest of every department of the road by having each department represented on a central reclamation committee, and also by having an able and experienced man from each major department constantly employed in traveling the system from end to end, directing the work of district and local committees organized on the same plan as the central committee. As an example of intelligent organization work this system of reclamation committees is outstanding and admirable.

The central reclamation committee has a member from the purchasing department, the store department, the maintenance-of-way department, the engineering department, the motive-power department and the general manager's office.

A glance at the personnel of the traveling representatives of the central committee is well calculated to inspire confidence in the work.

Homemade Efficiency Experts

For example, the field representative of the committee in the matter of motive-power equipment has been forty-one years in the service of this road and knows every part of a locomotive almost as thoroughly as he knows the alphabet. The representative of the car department has a record of forty-three years with this road, and can go to a pile of car-equipment castings and tell at a glance to what type of car any particular piece belongs and whether or not it is obsolete.

One of the traveling inspectors sent out by the central committee is a specialist in forest products of every kind, and has spent thirty-nine years in the service of the company, passing upon timbers, lumber, ties, rails, beams, piling, fence posts and every kind of forest product used in railroad construction or equipment. He is a master in the grading of lumber and in the knowledge of the woods best adapted to every railroad purpose, as well as of their proper treatment and handling. The inspector of roadway materials has been in the employ of the maintenance-of-way department for forty-nine years, and quite naturally knows every item involved in the construction, maintenance and equipment of the railroad track system to the minutest detail.

One of the most important features of railroad operation is the signal system. This department is represented by a specialist who has been with the road for sixteen years and who is intimately familiar with all types of signal material, crossing bells, interlocking plants and the insulation of trackage to the end of securing a perfect signaling system.

These examples are sufficient to indicate the thoroughness with which the conservation and reclamation work of this railroad is prosecuted. Incidentally it is worth while to emphasize the fact that this job of saving money and materials is not placed in the hands of efficiency experts, but is carried on by men who have seen many years of active service in their specialties on this railroad system. In fact the theoretical efficiency expert hasn't so much as a look-in so far as this organization is concerned. From top to bottom this system is worked by men who know every detail of their tasks from long experience.

Take what may be termed the field or district feature of this organization, for example: At the big shops in Milwaukee, Dubuque, Minneapolis, Miles City, Tacoma and Deer Lodge there are subcommittees consisting of members from the storekeeping, the motive-power and the mechanical departments, upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of pushing this work of reclamation and conservation. Also, there are subcommittees at the rail mill and the frog shop. Again, there are special committees on maintenance-of-way materials and structural materials used in bridges and buildings. In short, at every important point the saving of every kind of material is covered by putting the job in the hands of men who have spent years in handling those materials and have developed expert judgment as to their use and value.

Stocked Up Like Santa Claus

The railroad storekeeper is an outstanding figure in this drive for greater economy. Left largely to his own devices, without special pressure to enlist his interest in economy for the company, his capacities for tying up capital in articles which are not needed in his territory, or which become obsolete before being called into use, are almost unlimited. In fact the natural psychology of the railroad storekeeper tends to exert a constant urge in this direction. The test of his efficiency as he sees it is having in stock the things that are needed in his territory when they are needed. He is a storekeeper for service, not for profit; hence the test of turnover is not brought to bear on him at regular intervals.

He is the official Santa Claus of his district so far as material supplies are concerned, and it is difficult to imagine a Santa Claus being greatly worried because he has articles in his warehouse for which he has not received requests. His main concern is that he shall not be caught without anything when it is called for; this is his definition of being a good railroad storekeeper. The inevitable result of this psychological attitude is to get all the stock he can, and having secured it to give little or no thought to those portions of his stock which rest undisturbed and uncalled for from month to month and year to year.

When it is remembered that a district storekeeper of a large railroad handles more than 40,000 different items, two important considerations are instantly apparent. The first is his huge capacity for tying up funds; the second is the fact that he would have to be a superstorekeeper to understand the active service value of all the items in his stock. There are scores of articles in the stock of every storekeeper about the probable demand for which he is comprehensively ignorant. He doesn't know whether he will need 2000 of them or two dozen. In this situation his natural tendency is to play safe by ordering what he guesses to be a plentiful supply. This road has seventy-seven storekeepers.

Here is where the traveling specialist comes in. He knows the service demand of every article in his special field, and every time he enters the warehouse of a storekeeper he has a keen eye for articles in stock that are examples of bad judgment in ordering. Often he finds a cache of items which are badly needed at other points on the road but which are dead stock where he has located them.

For example, one time a traveling inspector from the car department was going through the stock of a storekeeper at the headquarters of a logging division of the road and unearthed twenty-five journal bearings of a very large size. They were worth about ten dollars apiece. Instantly the inspector's technical experience told him that he had stumbled upon a typical instance of what may be termed railroad storekeeper's greed.

"How," he asked, "do you come to have such a stock of these big journal bearings when the cars on your division take only those of a much smaller size?"

"The car foreman," replied the storekeeper, "told me that it would be a good plan to have them on hand, as they might be needed sometime."

The car foreman was summoned and admitted that they had been ordered on his advice, which he had based upon the assumption that you can never tell when you're going to want a piece of equipment in the railroad business.

"You have," remarked the inspector, "at least twenty-four more of these expensive bearings than you have any possible need for, and probably twenty-five. Your poor judgment in this matter has kept $240 or $250 of the company's money tied up for about two years in an investment which was not only unnecessary but really absurd. And while these bearings have been hidden away in this storehouse they have been badly needed on other divisions of the road where journals of this size are the prevailing type and in constant demand. The result has been that the company has had to go into the market and buy journals of this sort when they were hard to obtain and when the money with which to buy them was not easy to get.

"Would you have advised the storekeeper to buy these journals if you had owned the road yourself and your money was going to pay for them?"

"No," frankly admitted the foreman, "I can't honestly claim that I would. All I thought about it was that they might come in handy sometime."

"Well," returned the inspector, "I'll match your own frankness with a statement that you're not a particle different from the general run of foremen, wherever you find them. Their one idea with regard to ordering supplies is to have plenty of everything on hand regardless of how much it costs or how long it has to be carried before it is called into service. But this road, like every other railroad in America, is up against the necessity of tackling the job of economy in dead earnest, and not only stop wasting stuff costing good money but also quit buying supplies that are not sure to be needed for almost immediate use."

Making It Personal

"Perhaps you may feel that the amount of money uselessly tied up in these journals is not big enough to break the road or to cut much figure in the total of its expenses, but you must remember that you have undoubtedly made the same mistake in judgment with reference to a whole lot of other items, and that the thousands of other foremen on the road have used just as poor judgment as you have, perhaps poorer. This brings the cost of this sort of poor judgment up to a mighty big total.

"We've started in to put an end to this kind of thing, and we're asking every foreman on the pay roll to turn in and help us save by using the same good common sense in the selection and purchase of supplies that he would use in buying supplies for his own house. This is not only a reasonable request, but it is necessary and urgent at this time when every railroad in the country is having hard scratching to meet current expenses. May we count on your help along this line?"

"You bet you can!" replied the foreman. "You've made me see this thing in a new light, and I'm not going to be behind any man on the line in an attempt to do the fair and reasonable thing."

Not only did this foreman and inspector part on the best of terms, but with a new working understanding which resulted in saving the road many dollars. Then, too, the storekeeper who overheard this conversation saw a new light, which made him

(Continued on Page 52)

Wherever You Go Champion Spark Plugs Are for Sale

Wherever you drive this summer, you will find dependable Champion Spark Plugs sold by dealers whose one desire is to give you the greatest spark plug satisfaction.

Everywhere along the highways you see Champion billboards—more than 10,000 of them. Let them remind you that close at hand is a dealer who *knows* that Champions are better and are outselling because they deserve to outsell.

Thousands of motorists, instead of putting in one or two new spark plugs, are installing complete sets of new Champions.

They have come to know that a fresh Champion in every cylinder means better engine performance and an actual saving in gasoline and oil.

Champion scientists proved these facts by exacting tests in the laboratory and on the road. They found that all spark plugs become less efficient with continued use.

The tremendous stress of even normal service gradually decreases the intensity and efficiency of the spark.

The flame does not spread fast enough through the gas. An increasing proportion of the compressed mixture fails to burn. The residue forms carbon. This causes a loss of power. Eventually the engine may be seriously damaged.

But if a full set of Champion Spark Plugs are installed all this trouble is avoided. Power and pickup improve. The engine has new life. Costly repairs are not necessary.

So, make certain that you have dependable Champions in your engine—a full set. You will identify them by the Double-Ribbed core. More than 40,000,000 are now in use. Six cars out of every ten you meet on the road are Champion equipped.

You are entitled to the best spark plug satisfaction. Champions will give it to you.

CHAMPION
X

Champion X is the recognized standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors. Recognized by dealers and owners for 10 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Look for the Double-Ribbed core. Buy Champion Spark Plugs by the set. A type and size for every engine. Any dealer interested in selling you the best spark plug satisfaction will recommend Champions

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

LANE
CEDAR CHEST

Her Children's Children will love its cedar-fragrant memories

Down into the distant years this LANE Cedar Chest—the bride gift superb—carries its ever-glowing charm. Cleanliness for dainty garments—security for furs and woolens—lasting protection for favored treasures—an unusual decorative grace. To every woman, these qualities mark the LANE as the chest of her heart's desire.

Each of the many LANE sizes and styles, in plain or period design, is as beautiful as exacting care can make it. Each is moth-proof, dust-proof, damp-proof. Only genuine red cedar heartwood is used, finely processed and permanently joined. The LANE Cedar Chest is as artistic as a jewel-box, sturdier than a trunk, as accessible as a dressing table drawer.

LANE Cedar Chests may be bought as low as from $12 to $15 upward. *For permanence and sure protection as well as beauty see that the name, LANE, is burned inside the lid of the chest you buy.* If your furniture dealer or department store cannot supply you with the genuine LANE, write to us for name of dealer who can.

THE LANE COMPANY, Inc.
Altavista, Virginia

formerly
The Standard Red Cedar Chest Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 50)

question every recommendation for purchase which was put up to him by the foremen of his division. It would be scarcely possible to find a clearer example than this one of the way in which the traveling specialists of this railroad have fostered and developed a new spirit of practical economy from one end of the system to the other.

Commenting on the peculiar kink of railroad-storekeeper psychology which is illustrated by this instance, Mr. Homer S. Sackett, chairman of the central reclamation committee, says:

"This tendency to purchase unnecessary supplies and supplies in unnecessary quantities is one of the most difficult things with which we have had to contend in our drive for a kind of conservation and reclamation work which has already resulted in a saving to the company, in a single year, of a round $1,000,000. The typical storekeeper will hang to unnecessary items in his warehouse—those for which he has no real use—as stubbornly as he would to a case of fine old bourbon put into bond when the Eighteenth Amendment was only a wild daydream. In fact, at the outset of this movement it was virtually useless to call upon a storekeeper to make out a list of the items in his stock which could be spared without detriment to the service. He simply couldn't find any such articles. He couldn't see them when he looked squarely at them, and when they were pointed out to him by the traveling specialists of the road he seemed to feel that he was the victim of a conspiracy to take something of value away from him. Consequently he did not propose to give up anything without a fight. This, I repeat, was the attitude of the average storekeeper at the outset of this campaign for economy in the purchase of railroad supplies."

Minimizing Fool Orders

"This attitude has been almost completely changed to one of hearty coöperation in which the use of good common sense is the rule rather than the exception. Today we are moving and redistributing an immense amount of misplaced material. The extent to which this work obviates the necessity of buying new stuff is difficult if not impossible to state in exact figures, but it is very large. With respect to many supplies, amounting to a heavy total, we are in the position of a man who finds in the pockets of his old clothes unsuspected deposits of money which he has overlooked and forgotten."

Another big feature of railroad economy developed by this drive is that of the elimination of obsolete items. A few months ago the chairman of the reclamation committee decided that a thorough revision of the master stock book would result in about as effective a bit of economy as could possibly be secured. This conclusion was also based on his knowledge of storekeeper psychology. Personal investigation and the reports of his inspectors demonstrated the fact that in replenishing his supplies the storekeeper used his eyes rather than his intelligence. One storekeeper—and a typical one too—made this explanation of the manner in which he formulated a supply requisition:

"I just take a stroll down through the storehouse and when I see a bin which is beginning to get low or is nearly empty I jot down an order of the item which it contains. When I have made the round of all the warehouses I generally have quite a list of the things on which we are low. These, combined with the special demands from foremen, make up my requisition."

Ordering by this process takes no account of obsolete items and obsolete patterns. Fashions in railway cars, locomotives and equipment of every sort are changing almost as rapidly as the styles in feminine apparel or in automobiles. This means that hundreds of items in the railroad storekeeper's warehouse which were current last season are obsolete today. As all items of railway supply are ordered by number from the master stock book, it is easy to see that the most effective way to prevent the reordering of obsolete parts, castings and other items is to eliminate them from the master stock book. This storekeeper's bible contains a list of fully 50,000 items and competes in size with the famous book of estimates from which the Appropriations Committee of Congress extracts the information needed in its important work.

The work of rewriting the master stock book is known among the specialists who did the job as The Great Reduction. The new edition of this important book is a fine example of forcible emaciation, being about one-half as thick as a copy of the preceding edition. In the matter of car castings, for example, 49 per cent of the listed items were eliminated, while in locomotive castings and parts 1200 items were thrown out as obsolete.

"So long," says the chairman of the central reclamation committee, "as the old patterns are carried in the master stock book the storekeeper insists on reordering them, despite the fact that they may be of a type out of use for ten years. The complete revision of the stock book makes it impossible for the storekeeper to reorder an obsolete item, particularly as we have emphasized to every storekeeper the fact that the reason for the revision of the master stock book is to prevent the ordering of obsolete items."

A remark to the effect that the foregoing could hardly be construed as a high compliment to the initiative or the discernment of storekeepers, foremen and other railroad workers connected with the ordering of supplies provoked this reply from an inspector who has spent more than forty years in railroad service:

"I'd know for a certainty, from that remark, that you never worked for a railroad, at least in any minor capacity. In railroad work initiative plays a mighty small part in the service of the man at the bottom or anywhere near the bottom. He is more afraid of initiative than he is of dynamite. He considers it no part of his job to start anything; the starting must come from somewhere above him. This isn't a matter of lack of reasonable initiative in many, perhaps most cases, but of a tradition growing out of long practice. Most railroad workers in the lower ranks are trained to accept everything as is, and so to continue it until an order from above makes a change.

"For example, when I was road master of an Iowa division I had a car foreman who was a mighty good worker but reflected the traditional attitude as to initiative. The road owned and operated for a long time a coal mine three miles out from division headquarters. But one day this mine was closed. A little later I met the car foreman in question and remarked to him, 'Take a ride on the spur up to the hill with me and I'll show you the finest rosebush you ever saw.'"

The King's Rosebush

"He did so, and when we reached the mouth of the abandoned mine I took him to the shanty in which a car repairer did his work when the mine was running. The repairer was still there, leaning back in an old chair, with his feet on his workbench. He was smoking an old clay pipe and was so nearly asleep he did not hear us enter.

"'Well,' remarked Mike, 'I can see an eyeful, but where is your rosebush?'

"'Right there,' I answered.

"'Aw, what you drivin' at?' demanded Mike.

"'There was once a king,' I told him, 'to whom another monarch sent a very rare rosebush. Orders were given that two soldiers should be detailed to guard it. They did so until they died, and then their sons took their places. At last the king died and was succeeded by another. When the third in the succession came to the throne he one day remarked to his prime minister as they were strolling in the garden, "What are those two soldiers doing? I've noticed them patroling that little spot ever since I came here."

"'"They are watching the king's rosebush," answered the prime minister.

"'"Let us take a look at the rosebush," said the king, and walked to the soldiers, who saluted. As the king couldn't see any sign of a rosebush, he asked the nearest soldier what they were doing, and received the answer, "Watching the king's rosebush."

"'"But," remarked the astonished monarch, "I can't see the rosebush."

"'"There isn't any now," returned the soldier. "It died about a hundred years ago, but the detail of the guard has not been changed."'

"The car foreman grew red in the face as I finished the story, and finally found his tongue to remark, 'Tim Mooney is sure a sweet-scented Irish rose, th' lazy ——'

"'Just a minute, Mike,' I interrupted. 'It looks t' me as if those soldiers rather had it on the captain of the guard. It might be a good plan to change the detail.'

"Any system of railroad practice which doesn't change the order of the guard will find things going on under the old order. There's no such thing as initiative from the bottom in railroading, and there can't be. It must come from the top, as this reclamation work has come. Those of us who have grown up in railroading haven't any blame for storekeepers who keep on filling bins with obsolete castings which have been obsolete for years.

"Now that their orders have been changed they're showing just as much faithfulness in trying to avoid unnecessary purchases as they once showed when they ordered about everything they could think of for the reason that it would be a mark against them if something were called for which they didn't have in stock. The old order has changed—on this road anyhow."

"How about real hearty coöperation from the heads of the major departments of the road?" I asked.

"We get it every time," replied the motive-power expert. "I know that there is a rather common impression among the men of other roads that this is not easy to get, and in fact cannot be secured. But the answer is that we get it, and in full measure. For instance, let me relate an experience we had along this line. It seems to me that it not only illustrates the point in question but also indicates the immense incidental benefits growing out of the inspection work as it is done under our peculiar organization plan. Of course, the coal bill for any railroad is its big item of expense. Our job is to work out ways of saving expense without regard to how or where it is done. At least this is my understanding of what is expected from all who are concerned in carrying out this work of practical economy."

Wastes Through Negligence

"Of course I knew from experience and long observation that a failure to keep the flues of a boiler clean is about as effective a way in which to waste coal as could be found. But my attention was especially directed to this point by a series of experiments at Purdue University which I happened to be following. These tests seemed to determine that a coating of soot on an iron surface was equal, as an insulating agent, to five times its thickness of asbestos. Instinctively, wherever I stopped along the line, I made an examination of the condition of the flues in the stationary engines, and very quickly established the fact that they were not kept clean of soot and that they were wasting coal at an astonishing rate.

"These boiler inspections naturally led to an examination of the pumps and the entire water system connected with each plant. This led to the discovery that there were few roundhouses or other plants which did not have a large leakage of water. A fundamental feature of this work for economy is to appeal to the intelligence and good common sense of the men upon whom we must depend to put it across. In other words, arbitrary orders will not do the work; nothing short of the personal interest and the intelligent understanding of the men out on the line will get us the required coöperation.

"When I reported this condition to the chairman of the reclamation committee he suggested that I go direct to the superintendent of motive power of the road and lay the situation before him. I did so. He took hold of the matter with interest and energy and had some very simple but graphic blue prints made which would visualize to any stationary-engine man how much of the road's money he was wasting by not keeping his boiler flues free from soot and by failing to stop all the water leaks in his pumps and pipes. These blue prints were posted in every boiler house on the road.

"I recall one experience, typical of scores of others, with the engineer of a certain roundhouse pumping plant. This was with reference to water leaks. First we measured the amount of water leakage from his pipes and pumps, and then I figured out for him that this waste amounted to fully five times his wages. He was not only astounded but chagrined. This waste was immediately stopped, and we have had no more trouble from that cause at this roundhouse since. This experience applies all along the line. When you show the man on the job at a pumping plant that it costs twelve cents to pump 1000 gallons of water,

(Continued on Page 54)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 8 W. 18th St., New York City.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide coöperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

ONCE I WANTED to be a director. Like every critic, I craved to show the world how movies should be made. It all seemed so easy. I whispered my ambitions to a directorial friend.

"Fine," said he. "Now let me see. Do you know a screen story when you read one? Can you prepare or build that story into film continuity? Do you understand dramatic sequence and construction—what makes laughter, what gets tears? Can you set a stage, light a scene, keep actors happy and placate a star? Make people feel drama as you feel it? Know anything about costs and camera angles? Pick players for parts and handle a swarm of extras? Can you work eighteen hours a day during production without breaking down? Can you hold Art to what the public understands and wants? Do you—?"

I fled.

Edwin Carewe directing "Girl of the Golden West."

Yet he exaggerated nothing. To be successful, a director must be able to answer "Yes" to every one of those questions—and prove his "Yes" at the studio. Motion pictures of today and tomorrow depend on him. Let me name a few: Frank Lloyd, James Young, Edwin Carewe, Frank Borzage, John M. Stahl, Maurice Tourneur, Allen Holubar, Lawrence Trimble, William Beaudine—all makers of big photoplays. Their names are worth remembering much as we remember the authors of successful books. Each success means something to better next time.

When you pick a picture which you know a good director made, you're seldom disappointed after paying to see it.

Director Borzage Finds Title

THAT NEW TITLE for "Terwilliger" has been found. It's "Children of Dust." Frank Borzage has annexed these stars: Pauline Garon (who was Barthelmess' "sister" in "Sonny"), Lloyd Hughes (hero of many Ince pictures), Johnny Walker (of "Over the Hill"), Frankie Lee (the crippled boy of "The Miracle Man"), George Nichols ("Molly-O's" drastic dad), and Bert Woodruff, who grand-fathered Jackie Coogan in "Daddy."

Rejuvenation in "Black Oxen"

HOPE YOU'RE reading Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen." If not, this may be an inducement. The principal character is a woman of years, worldly, sophisticated beyond illusions, who recaptures her youth, and, young at fifty-eight, returns to New York to create a sensation with men—young and old—once more at her feet. This will be one of First National's coming-season photoplays.

• • •

HOLLYWOOD dogs are barking welcome home to Strongheart, back from a winter in Alberta where the big fellow starred in Jack London's "White Fang," following "The Silent Call" and "Brawn of the North."

Lloyd Hughes and Pauline Garon, who will be seen in "Children of Dust."

"Wandering Daughters"

WHERE DO daughters wander? A morning newspaper recently reported a midnight automobile accident wherein two unnamed girls were injured. One hundred and eighty-six mothers telephoned the police station to learn if these girls were theirs. No subsister followed up that story. It seemed too commonplace, an everyday tragedy of the jazz-age. No one asked why the mothers didn't know where their daughters were. Paraphrasing Cain, each might have answered, "Am I my daughter's keeper?"

Dana Burnet dramatized that theme in his novel, "Wandering Daughters", and, filming it, James Young has mirrored the moments of many wanderers from the time they go out in the evening until they return with the morning milk.

There must be thousands of girls like Bessie Bowden, thousands of men like her father—a drab little fellow of fifty, content with modest means, but, when measured by the standards of the rich around him, a failure. His only daughter hears the clamor of the younger set; she must be with them. To grant her wish, the father gambles everything. Strangely, too, he himself adventures in the unrestrained. They grow sophisticated together; but swift events in love and disaster bring awakening to the girl; the father had one eye open all the time.

Then there's the parallel story of the other father, too busy making money to care where his daughter wandered until he reaped the whirlwind of her sowing.

IN BORROWED COAT AND HULA-SKIRT—HOME IN TIME TO BRING IN THE MILK IN THE MORNING.

Powerfully James Young pictures the jazz-age in "Wandering Daughters."

James Young put drama in "The Masquerader"; still more in "Wandering Daughters." Recall the pageantry of "Omar the Tentmaker"; imagine such pageantry modernized in the midnight-to-morning revels of today's sun-dodgers. And there's another reason why the director should work to eclipse previous successes. "Wandering Daughters" is his first independent production under Sam E. Rork's aegis. He's on his mettle.

That spirit, combined with a home-hitting theme portrayed by such stars as Marguerite de la Motte, Marjorie Daw, Noah Beery, Pat O'Malley, Allen Forrest, William V. Mong, Mabel Van Buren and Alice Howell, marks "Wandering Daughters" as something to see before anything else the week your theatre shows it.

He wins "The Girl of the Golden West." J. Warren Kerrigan as Ramarrez in Edwin Carewe's film version of the famous Belasco success.

Maurice Canon, famous French comedian, and Arthur Edmund Carew, playing Svengali in "Trilby."

Best Dressed Film Star

Katherine MacDonald, "the Screen's Most Beautiful."

NOT ONLY the most beautiful, but the best dressed woman on the screen is Katherine MacDonald, who ex-President Woodrow Wilson has declared is his favorite film star. Be it in gown for street or ballroom or boudoir, she sets the style. But even to the women who follow Miss MacDonald for fashions, to the men who wonder why all women aren't as gorgeous, and to the others who look to her for complete entertainment, her two new B. P. Schulberg productions, "The Scarlet Lily" and "Chastity," will come as revelations in dress and adroitness. To your list of men who make good pictures add Victor L. Schertzinger for directing these two.

First Nationals to See—

CHARLES CHAPLIN in "The Pilgrim"; Jackie Coogan in "Daddy"; John M. Stahl's "Dangerous Age"; "Mighty Lak' a Rose," produced by Edwin Carewe; Dorothy Phillips in "Slander the Woman," made by Allen Holubar; and that surprising Sargasso Sea story of Maurice Tourneur's "The Isle of Lost Ships."

Live in Des Moines or Omaha?

IF YOU DO, you're film-fortunate because there you can enjoy First National pictures from the comfort of Mr. A. H. Blank's Des Moines, Strand, Palace, Garden, Rialto and Majestic theatres in Des Moines; or his Rialto and Strand in Omaha. As a founder of Associated First National, Mr. Blank is one of the big exhibitors who encourage screen talent and elevate photodramatic standards to every demand picture-goers make.

You can tell it's a First National Picture by the trademark in the ads.

Svengali Found For "Trilby"

SOLVED—the Svengali Mystery! Right up to the moment of "shooting," Richard Walton Tully withheld the name of the actor to play *Svengali*. Now Arthur Edmund Carew is hailed as the hypnotizer. Creighton Hale has been engaged for *Little Billee;* Maurice Canon and Max Constant, two popular Parisian players, for *Dodor* and *Zouzou*—and, of course, the dazzling Andree Lafayette is *Trilby*.

• • •

ANOTHER Jackie Coogan picture soon—"Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks With a Circus," by James Otis, the story the kids read forty years ago and their kids' kids chuckle over today. Young Coogan amid sawdust and spangles sounds humorous to me, but John Lincoln, Jr., has a doubt—"Daddy, they won't let the Fat Lady fall on Jackie, will they?"

—*John Lincoln*

We're Expecting You
"*The Charmed Land*
This Vacation

EVERYTHING'S ready—divine weather, majestic, snow-clad peaks, glorious mountain lakes, sylvan trout streams, tumbling waterfalls, big trees and ferns and wild woodsy things, the surf pounding in from the Pacific, great stretches of inland sea, scenic motor roads, alluring trails and comfort everywhere.

Everything you've heard of in sport from sea bathing to summer coasting and skiing.

No pests or poisonous reptiles, cyclones or earthquakes—the air a life-giving blend of the salt sea, the ozone of the mountains and the balsam of great forests.

You'll play and eat and sleep as you never played or ate or slept before.

Forget your worries, forget the humdrum world, and come out

"Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching."

Low round-trip summer rail rates and fine roads for the transcontinental motorist.

Send for the Charmed Land booklet, brimming with vacation suggestions.

"No visitor to any part of the Pacific Coast should fail to travel at least one way via Seattle and the Charmed Land.

SEATTLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
910 Arctic Building, Seattle, Washington

SEATTLE

Center of America's Summer Playground

(Continued from Page 52)

and that a very small leak will waste that amount of water in an astonishingly short time, he is going to see that those leaks are stopped at once.

"We have had equally good results with the blue prints illustrating the necessity of keeping the flues free from soot. Our saving by this means at one plant—not a large one, either—was two tons of coal in twenty-four hours. Those boilers operate twenty-four hours a day every day in the year, and consequently the saving amounts to 730 tons of coal a year at this point. The economy effected over the entire system of the road amounts to an immense sum. It could not have been put across without the hearty coöperation of the superintendent of motive power. We get just as good cooperation from the heads of the other departments."

Now for a look at the straight reclamation work done by this closely knit and energetic organization. Reclaiming materials is regarded by the committee as its main job. It is upon this work that the figures indicating an annual saving of $1,000,000 are based. Every railroad man will wish to know just how this saving was computed. The answer is that credit was given for all reclaimed material at a salvage or scrap value, and to this was added the cost of all labor, supervision and overhead involved in restoring it to service. This sum deducted from the market price of a new article of the same kind is taken as the amount saved. Apparently this is a very fair basis for computing the value of the services to the road of the reclamation organization.

Other Substantial Savings

"My definition of reclamation," declares Chairman Sackett, "as applied to the work which we are doing, is the restoration to practical use of any discarded article which has become unsuitable for the purpose for which it was made. There has been much discussion in railroad meetings of the difference between 'overhaul,' 'repair' and 'reclamation.' There is no question that the resawing of an old bridge timber into track shims and narrow-gauge ties is purely reclamation work; but when a crack is discovered in a discarded shovel and the break is welded some would call this repair instead of reclamation. However, the definition given appears to me to be the soundest of all considered by the committee. With regard to the statement that this work saved the company $1,000,000 in a single year, let me say that the reports from the various reclamation centers showed a saving of $872,000, but this showing was far from complete. Had reports been available from all points on our system and on all items saved, there is no question whatever that the actual reclamation would have exceeded $1,000,000."

The outstanding and important principle upon which this reclamation work is prosecuted is to do as much as possible with all waste or discarded materials where they are found; to keep the restoration processes as close as may be to the point of origin, thus avoiding unnecessary hauling and perhaps rehandling. This is in contrast with the plan of centralization on which some other roads conduct their reclamation work. Some of this work is done at the actual point of origin.

For example, passengers on the prairie divisions of this road have often looked out from their coaches and seen section men along the line sawing old ties into short blocks and splitting these blocks into little slabs half an inch to two and a half inches in thickness, and have wondered what it was all about. This is one of the forms of reclamation work done on the spot. These section men were reclaiming suitable discarded crossties into track shims, or wood plates, to be inserted under the rails to equalize the upheaval resulting from the freezing and thawing of the clay or gumbo soil so that the two rails will stand at the same height. Another and thinner type of shim is cut from discarded ties or timbers by a small shingle mill located at the local storekeeper's place nearest the point of origin, or at the various points along the line where the work can be done with greatest convenience.

Some of these shingle outfits for the cutting of shims are easily portable, and are sent from one section of the road to another. As more than 1,000,000 of these wedgelike track shims are used on this road every winter—being taken out in the spring when the ground settles—it may readily be understood that this one feature of economy is far from insignificant. Previous to the present organized reclamation campaign these shims were bought from manufacturers, who made them from new lumber and received about $600 a carload for them.

The railroad's big reclamation crop is harvested in the spring. The snows of winter cover thousands of articles along the right of way, which remain concealed until the melting sun of spring uncovers them. And of course every tool, bolt, coupler or other metal article which has wintered out is thoroughly corroded by spring, regardless of how good a condition it may have been in when it was covered by the first snow. This applies to materials on the repair tracks as well as to articles scattered along the right of way by wrecks and by the carelessness of trainmen and section hands.

The big spring reclamation harvest begins with the section gang which goes out over its beat and gathers up every movable and mislaid article it can find, bringing these gleanings to the section house on the little hand cars. Here all the articles which can be restored to use without reclamation treatment, or with such as can be given by the section gang, are sorted out, while the remainder of the harvest is put into the first scrap car or scrap train that comes along.

These gleanings are delivered to the nearest local storekeeper. He, in turn, separates the incoming scrap into two classes—the materials which he can reclaim with his limited workshop facilities and those materials which must be sent on to the district storekeeper, to the rail mill, the frog and switch shop or to a specialty shop. Huge quantities of nuts and bolts, for example, are restored to use at the section houses of the line simply by soaking them in oil. Those which need cutting and rethreading go on to the local storekeeper, whose shop is equipped for this work; and here discarded rods are made into bolts.

As there are about 500 nuts and bolts in the average freight car, the salvage of these articles is a most important item in the reclamation of railroad materials. In one year on this road, the reclamation of bolts effected a saving of more than $50,000, while the saving through the reclamation of nuts amounted to more than $33,000.

Relining Journal Bearings

Every district storekeeper's plant is equipped to take at least some part in every general line of reclamation work, handling forest products, locomotive, roadway, signal and car materials. This work could scarcely be carried on successfully at so many different points without the frequent and regular supervision of the traveling specialists, the men who know the materials in their special lines and how to handle them. These men are really traveling supervisors of economy, and are the technical counselors of the storekeepers along the line. The effect of this system is to give every storekeeper a cabinet of technical experts.

Relining journal bearings is an important feature of car reclamation work. When a bearing becomes worn it is taken to one of three points on the road and the Babbitt metal melted out. The shells are then inspected for cracks. If these are found it is properly pinned or reënforced and again fitted with Babbitt, which is milled or bored and is ready for service again. The net saving in the restoration of journal bearings on this road in one year was more than $45,000. About the same sum was saved by the reclamation of forgings. The net economy in restoring couplers and parts was over $10,000 and in tools more than $18,000.

Reclaiming brake beams saved above $50,000 last year and the restoration of springs wrought a net economy of almost $60,000. In the reclamation of hose the saving was nearly $44,000, while in the articles classed as miscellaneous the net economy was $102,429.

Probably the expert in forest products has as interesting and varied a field for the exercise of ingenuity as any man on the itinerant force of experts. Lumber from wrecks or dismantled cars and from bridges and buildings constitutes the main source of his materials. Most of the side lumber in dismantled cars goes into coopering doors in stock cars and box cars when used for the hauling of coal. No new lumber has been used for this purpose on this road since the reclamation committee began its work. Enough two-inch car flooring is obtained from dismantled cars on this line to cover the hoppers in gondola cars used in the transportation of pig iron. All the logging cars on this line are floored with two-inch stuff taken from dismantled cars. Quite a considerable percentage of reclaimed car siding is found suitable for use in roofing those cars which are topped with a covering of metal or composition. The sills and plates from old cars go into shop and warehouse platforms.

In one year the forest-products expert reclaimed from discarded bridge timber 20,000 railroad ties for use on the one narrow-gauge line owned by the company. In this way he secured a better and a larger tie for this purpose than the market then afforded.

Any man who has shingled a house or a barn since the beginning of the late war does not need to be told that shingles run into money at an astonishing rate. The railroad under discussion has furnished itself with good shingles cut from the short-length discards of old pile heads. All heads of discarded piles under seven feet in length were sent to shingle mills—or the mills brought to the larger pile centers—and cut into shingles. Parts of piles more than seven feet in length are cut into fence and stockyard posts.

Last year one storekeeper reclaimed 5621 fence posts from old pile heads. During the present season this road will reclaim from bridge timbers more than 300,000 feet of three-inch and four-inch crossing planks—quite as good for this purpose as new planks direct from the log.

Grain Door Savings

One of the most striking examples of economy in the department of forest products is that of grain doors. The average city dweller is in blissful ignorance of the existence of the grain door. But even those who are familiar with this feature of grain shipping are generally inclined to consider it as insignificant—a few trifling boards nailed across the doorways of box cars to keep the grain from oozing out. But any granger railroad man knows that the grain door is a hole into which the company drops thousands of dollars annually.

"Not quite three years ago," explained the economist in forest products, "this company adopted what is known as the general manager's standard grain door. Therefore the season of 1920 was the first in which we could really determine the percentage of grain doors reclaimed. In 1920 we reclaimed 45 per cent of our grain doors as against a reclamation of 5 per cent when we used boards. Our agents at flouring mills, elevators and other points where grain cars are unloaded are now under instructions to return these doors to the general storekeeper. What this saving amounts to is suggested by the fact that in the last six months of 1920 we reclaimed at one point alone 40,000 of these grain doors at a cost of 16.5 cents each. A new grain door costs about seventy-five cents. Of course some of the grain doors are rather badly cut, and when they are damaged to an extent which would make the cost of restoration for their original purpose too great they are roughly coopered with boards and used to stop the doors of box cars used in the shipment of coal.

"In the old days before this committee began its work rejected bridge timbers and ties were used to a certain extent in the construction of station and terminal platforms, but without resawing. In other words, they were built into platforms eight, ten or twelve inches thick. Now these timbers are cut to a thickness of three inches, with the result that we are getting about three times the floor space out of the same amount of timber."

A substantial feature of reclamation work in forest products is done by section men at the point of origin. Many of the crossties in the roadbed of this line are of cedar or other highly durable woods. Their replacement is made necessary by rail wear, not by rotting. Many thousands of these sound but worn ties are converted into fence posts by the section men who take them out of the track. The net saving of the reclamation of forest products on this road in one year was more than $23,000.

The reclamation work in maintenance-of-way materials results in the largest net saving scored in any department by the committee. In rails and rail fittings this

(Continued on Page 56)

From Mill to Millions

One hundred per cent Pure Silk

To the language of luxury has been added the expression, "REAL SILK."

"REAL SILK" means to silk exactly what "sterling" means to silver. Each in its respective field is the last word in purity. It is impossible to get purer silk, because no purer silk exists. REAL SILK GUARANTEED HOSIERY is made from genuine Japanese silk-worm silk—the finest silk in the world. Positively unadulterated. No "loading." No "weighting." Absolutely no artificial treatment of any kind. The silk used in REAL SILK GUARANTEED HOSIERY is *one hundred per cent. pure.*

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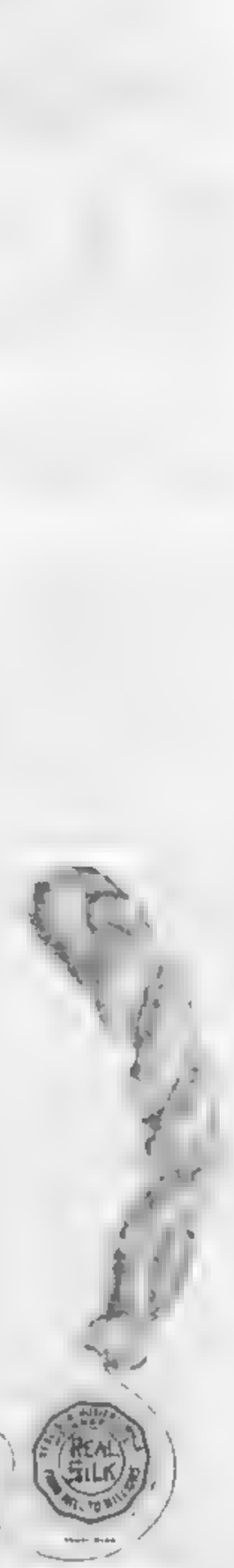

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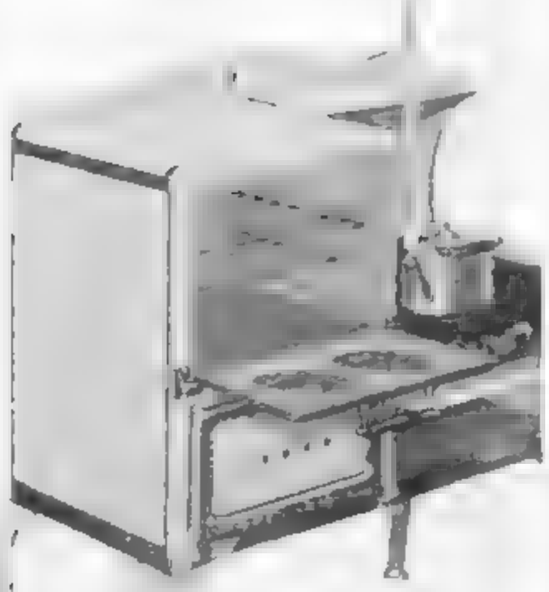
The Range with Rounded Corners



TAPPAN
GAS RANGES

~and the Cooking Odors go out the Flue

ONIONS—cauliflower—cabbage—favorite dishes in many households. But perhaps they aren't often served, because when cooked the ordinary way they fill the house with "odors." Not so, however, when you have a Tappan range.

For one of the many cooking conveniences of this beautiful range is the extra boiling lid in the Tappan Cast-Iron Oven Bottom. Remove this lid, set the strong odored food over the oven burner, and close the oven door. There's not a hint of what you have been cooking until you set it on the table, because the cooking odors are carried out the flue.

Many new recipes for vegetables are to be found in the Tappan cook book. Write for it and the name of your Tappan dealer.

Dealers: The Tappan franchise in your community offers some unusual opportunities.

THE TAPPAN STOVE CO.
MANSFIELD OHIO
ESTABLISHED 1881

TAPPAN
TRADE MARK REG.

(Continued from Page 54)

amounted to $297,000 in 1920. At Savanna, Illinois, this road has possibly the largest and most perfectly equipped rail mill in the United States. Here all condemned rails are resawed, redrilled and otherwise fitted for further service.

All the frog and switch materials, track motor cars, lanterns, jacks and maintenance-of-way tools used by this road are either built or reclaimed at the big shops at Tomah, Wisconsin. This plant is the center of work in reclaiming signal materials. It should be remarked in connection with all signal materials that the greatest economy is effected by conservation rather than reclamation. Keeping signal materials and devices in working order is the big end of the job of the expert having supervision of this field of economy. However, the net saving last year in the direct reclamation of signal materials amounted to nearly $9000.

The track spike affords a good illustration of the thoroughness of the reclamation work carried on by this company. Many thousands of kegs of these are reclaimed every year. All the spikes that have not suffered too extreme a case of throat cut are straightened and put back into service. Last year the company bought three new machines at a cost of $125 each for doing this work. The net saving resulting from the restoration to service of secondhand spikes was $5636.

Another progressive step along the pathway of economy is the repairing of frogs on the ground where they are in use. This is done by traveling gangs equipped with acetylene welding torches. Of course not all frog injuries can be repaired in this way, but a high percentage of them can. Saving the removal of a frog and its shipment to the Tomah shops and the shipment back of a substitute is substantial economy.

Still another example of how closely the economy drive of this railway system is combing all materials may be seen in the fact that formerly the sheets of insulating fiber at each end of a track signal circuit, or block, were thrown away when replaced for any reason. Now these fiber pads are saved, sewed together and used where larger insulation sheets are needed. Once, too, the oil from signal lamps, which must be refilled every five weeks, was poured on the ground. Under the new order of rigid economy it is now saved, poured into a barrel at the section house, mixed with black oil and used to lubricate interlocking mechanism.

These diligent economists do not hesitate to confess that in some instances they have been penny wise and pound foolish; that they have undertaken lines of economy which careful tests determined to be decidedly expensive.

"It looked to me," said the motive-power specialist, "that firing up engines with old tie wood was a very thrifty proceeding. So we had the useless ties along the road collected and brought into the terminals and roundhouses and there cut into kindling-wood lengths with a cheap bulldozer-saw outfit. We were paying out a lot of money for firing up engines, and I thought I could see a substantial economy from this move.

"But all our attempts at thrift must prove out. This one did not make good. The records showed that this salvaged kindling material was costing us eight dollars a ton. Naturally I was a bit chagrined. But the experiment forced my attention to the fact that firing up was costing altogether too much. I determined to find a cheaper way if possible. The result was the development of a crude-oil engine firer with which we can fire up a locomotive at fuel cost of nine cents as against a cost of $2.12 with wood.

"Then, too, the saving in time is great. The labor economy, through the use of this device, was $2700 in one month at Milwaukee alone.

"This goes to show, I think, that it does not pay to take the results of an effort to economize for granted, and also that some of our best economies are worked out from initial failures to save.

"Every man who has any part in this effort to enforce economy on a wholesale scale will bear cheerful evidence to the outstanding fact that consistent effort to save creates in any organization an atmosphere of constructive economy, an almost automatic thrift pressure, which is constantly bringing about surprising results.

"In other words, no railroad, no business or industrial organization of any kind can realize how far a well-planned and consistently prosecuted system of common-sense economy will take them when every man in the organization is aroused to the reasonableness and desirability of economy. Such an atmosphere hatches a heap of thrift eggs."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 36)

and seamed with little wrinkles, and one corner of his mouth lifts up constantly with a little unconscious twitch, so that he seems perpetually annoyed and suspicious. His nerves are good in spite of his nervous twitch, and he is a great rifle shot. In fact, he comes pretty close to being the best rifle shot in the world. In 1912 he was captain of the American Palma Rifle Team and won the world's championship in marksmanship. He can shoot a horsefly off a friend's ear with an army rifle at thirty paces, if he can find a friend willing to let him do it. During the war he was chief instructor in marksmanship in Camp Perry and Camp Benning schools, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He likes to be brusque and to say startling things; but unlike some who like to do such things, he is believed to believe most of the things that he says—especially at the moment when he is saying them. He says, for example, that he is the hodcarriers' senator: that the hodcarriers elected him; and that before long the hodcarriers of the country will elect all the senators and representatives in Congress. And if his constituents want him to wear overalls in Washington he will wear overalls. Whatever they want him to do he will do. As long as his policy toward his constituents is not followed by parents in their attitude toward their children, the country will never be stripped of people who know that inexperienced folk, whether large or small, shouldn't be given everything for which they cry.

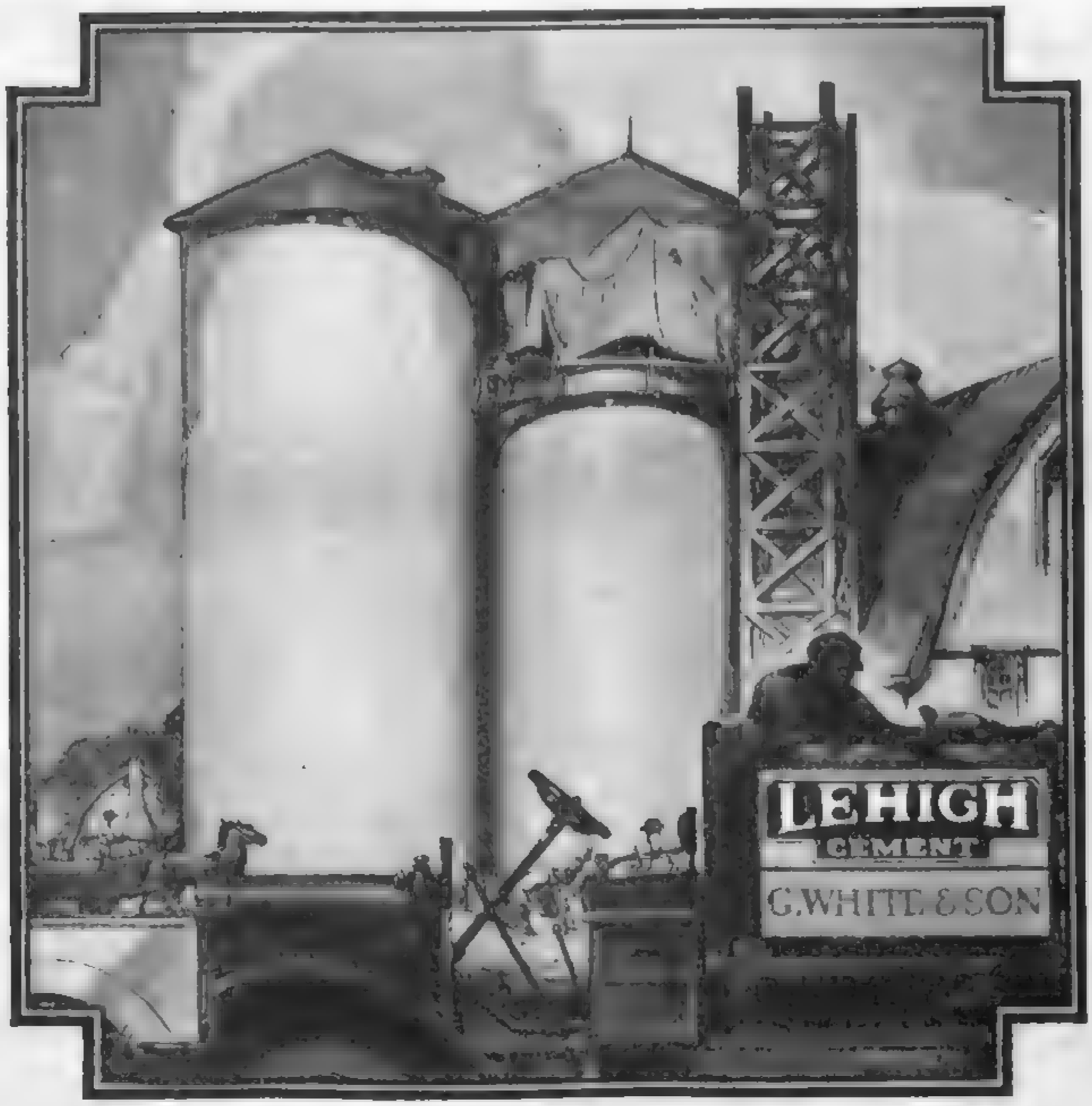
Those who have followed his remarks with care are fond of saying that he isn't so accurate in his statements as he is with a rifle, and they cite the case when on the Senate floor he misquoted the celebrated Boston nursery rime by saying that "The Abbots speak only to Lowells and the Lowells speak only to God."

Another senator remonstrated with him, reminding him that the Cabots, not the Abbots, are the Bostonians who speak only to the Lowells. Brookhart, quite unaware of the serious aspect that his blunder would have in the highly important New England section, responded airily that he wasn't a poet and couldn't be expected to be conversant with such stuff.

In addition to quoting poetry at times Brookhart makes many violent attacks on the railroads, for among other things he is favorably disposed to government ownership of railroads, public utilities and mines; and railroad men say his railroad figures are even more inaccurate than his poetry. Brookhart isn't a railroad man any more than he is a poet; so there's as much reason for his railroad figures to be wrong as there is for his poetry to be wrong.

Benito Mussolini, the former ardent socialist and present Premier of Italy, finds his country in a deplorable situation because of the fact that the state operates the railroads, the telephones, and so on, at an enormous loss. Consequently he—the erstwhile socialist and government-ownership fan—now proposes to balance the budget by releasing all these state monopolies to private enterprise, which can give better service than the government and make money into the bargain. It's rather a pity—for America—that Mussolini, knowing what he knows today, couldn't have chummed around with Brookhart in Keosauqua back in 1892.

Sunset on the Highwood River, Alberta, Canada



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Wherever you dwell, or whatever your building need, seek the dealer who displays the blue-and-white Lehigh sign. It's the sign of the square deal policy; of national distribution and national endorsement.

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TRUSCON COPPER STEEL BASEMENT WINDOWS

PROTECT AT ALL TIMES

(Continued from Page 40

So, then, a new fighter comes to town seeking bouts. He goes to the matchmaker.

"How about handling me, buddy?"

"All right; 25 per cent."

"Good. That goes for any fights you obtain for me."

And so the deal is made. The fighter pays his 25-per-cent rakeoff for the privilege of getting booked. I know of one fighter whose services are in demand all through the Middle West and South who told me confidentially that he has no less than eighteen managers.

"They're all trying to get bouts for me. The man that gets the bout gets the 25 per cent of my end. If I book it myself I don't split with anybody."

"But aren't you gypping yourself?" I inquired.

"No; not at all. My business is fighting. The more fights I get the better off I am. And my system works. I've been fighting three times a week for the last four months; with a two-weeks layoff after I hurt my left in a scrap at Shreveport."

It's all in the game with him. He wins if he can. He loses if he must. But he's out to fight, and the oftener he can fight the happier he is. I happen to know that this lad has a bank account of nearly forty thousand dollars. He is twenty-four years of age now, has been fighting for five years and expects to retire at twenty-eight years of age, at which time he looks forward to having accumulated a bank roll of about seventy-five thousand dollars.

Of course the lure of the spotlight and of tremendous purses paid headliners is the thing that induces most fighters to embark upon a pugilistic career. But the majority of them know that they can never attain the top and they remain in the ring merely because it affords them a good living, however difficult and exacting.

Boxing is gradually attaining recognition as a legitimate sport. Perhaps the most ardent disciple of boxing ever produced by the United States—and certainly the most picturesque—was Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt, in his earlier days somewhat of a physical weakling, always attributed his magnificent physical development in later life to boxing.

Unavoidable Risks

Many leading colleges and universities in this country have recognized boxing as an intercollegiate sport. The late war gave the game a tremendous impetus. No single sport—save perhaps baseball—received such enthusiastic patronage as boxing. Boxing instructors—professional fighters—were assigned to each cantonment by the Government. Boxing bouts were daily occurrences in all camps. Since the war good boxing has been promoted all over the country—and particularly in the smaller cities—by posts of the American Legion. But amateur boxing, however beneficial and enjoyable, will never oust the professional game, any more than amateur theatricals will supplant the professional stage. Boxing is something that requires the utmost in specialized training, and that the amateur can never attain.

The average third-rate boxer has a difficulty to contend with that is as important as the obtaining of matches and decent purses, and that difficulty is in his hands. After all, the hands of a boxer are human hands and can stand only a certain amount of pounding. Dislocated thumbs, sprained wrists and fingers and at times broken bones cost the professional fighter many a dollar he has been eager to earn. A fighter friend of mine recently fought two bouts in succession.

The first of them paid him seventy-three dollars, and the second one hundred and ten dollars. In the second bout he dislocated his left thumb. In both bouts he was easily and flashily victorious.

Within forty-eight hours he received offers for three matches to be fought within a two-weeks period. Each of these offers came from a city known as a good town—a city that turns out large houses for its fights. The three bouts would in all probability have netted my friend about twenty-five hundred dollars. But the dislocated thumb forced him to refuse all offers. He was heartbroken.

The fight game flourishes in small towns. And it flourishes on the level. It is almost impossible to frame a fight, for the veriest tyro of a fight fan can recognize fakery. The closest approach to faking I have ever seen occurs when a topnotcher is making a tour of the country picking up easy money.

This is done all the time. A champion or near-champion will be booked for a tour of the smaller cities. Each of these cities will have its local idol in that champion's weight. They will be booked to fight, the champion receiving perhaps 50 per cent of the gross. The bouts will all be no-decision affairs, so that the partisanship and ignorance of local referees cannot jeopardize the title. The local boy will step into the ring with the champion and the champion will proceed to carry him the full route. By carrying him I do not mean that the fight will be framed. The local boy will be in there trying his best every minute of the time. I mean simply that at any time he chooses the champion can end the bout with a punch. But he is magnanimously willing to let the local lad have his hour, and so allows him to go the route—provided, of course, that he doesn't get too obstreperous. It is a form of sportsmanship that is to be commended.

Recruiting Professional Ranks

On such occasions the local lad who is picked to face the champion will fight for almost nothing. He wishes the prestige of having the champion's name on his record. Later, when he seeks matches, it will be of immense benefit to him to be able to say nonchalantly: "Yes, I went ten rounds with the champion. Of course he whipped me, but I went the route."

The process of developing fighters—of grooming them for a ring career—is an interesting one. In the smaller cities conditions are radically different from those that exist in the larger boxing centers like New York and Philadelphia and Boston. The prospect starts his education as an amateur, fighting preliminaries. If he has the stuff he eventually annexes the city and then the state amateur titles in his class. He usually completes the route by attending the national amateur tourney in Boston. Then he turns professional.

This is the type of lad who gets the best of care and the profoundest advice from his veteran manager. He is brought along slowly and fights for tiny purses before small clubs against boys whom he can whip—but not easily. Occasionally he will fight for expense money only. He is being educated by experience—and that word marks the rigid line that separates the amateur and the professional.

Finally he is ready for the tough ones. In nineteen cases out of twenty the lad doesn't go very far. But he is given his chance, and if he makes good consistently he attracts the attention of promoters in the larger cities. Then he gets his real chance. It is a thorough process, and there isn't a bush-league fight manager in the country who won't invite you to view the private workout of his own particular world's champion. There's one in every town.

Crookedness is not so common in the professional game. Champions have too much to lose; lesser lights have too little to gain. There is little gambling connected with the third-raters. Even if they should be inclined to frame their fights there isn't sufficient inducement. They are in the business to give the fight-loving fans a run for their money—and they attend to their business.

The present-day fighter is a frugal individual who knows the value of a bank account. He realizes that the average age for retirement from the ring is twenty-eight. There are exceptions to that rule—the startling example being Jack Britton, welterweight champion of the world at thirty-seven years of age. But at twenty-eight the average fighter is finished with his career as a professional pugilist. And more and more the third-rater is learning to save his money against the day of his retirement.

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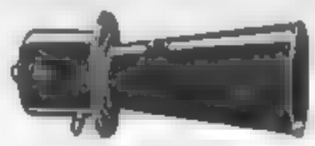

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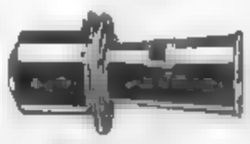

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GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

(Continued from Page 44)

"And—aoh-ah!—Wintergreen?"

"Yes, sir?"

The house had giggled and Henrietta had poked him, gouged him in his floating rib. It was really intolerable, and yet Wintergreen was a most respectable name in Albatross.

But of course the most gratuitous insult offered him had been dealt by Mrs. Wiggin, in the hour of their meeting.

He had gone to Mathilde Fry's for tea—and Mathilde came across the room to get him.

"I want you to come right over here and meet somebody. A real honest-to-goodness poet—who's come here to live, now her husband's died. It's Blanche Thorndyke Wiggin, the author of Clemency." Strange title for a volume by Mrs. Wiggin! "She says she hasn't met you. It's high time to repair such damages."

Mr. Wintergreen looking across the room descried a slender, youngish, extremely pretty woman wearing a Jack-rose velvet hat, talking vivaciously in a group of listeners. She had delicately graceful hands, which she used with a Continental air, a very sweet mouth and large brown eyes, and a small dark mole on one softly curved cheek.

As he looked, a bar of warm sunlight broke like a sped arrow through a near-by French window and shot her full of powdery golden fire.

Thomas Wintergreen was startled!

For better than twenty years he had preserved an unassailable single state, though beleaguerers had been not innumerous nor unhardy.

And here, without effort, was a woman whose mere aspect raised a cloud of peculiar emotion as he looked at her. She turned to watch him coming, and he realized that she weighed and assayed him deliberately, with a slight smile in her pretty experienced eyes.

He drew on all his knowledge of charm and Chesterfield, and presented it in his acknowledgment and bow. She gave him but a moment's word, and he was surprised immediately to realize that the hand which took his cup of tea from Mathilde's was not quite steady.

It was some moments before the poetess turned to him again. She gave him a smile as electric as the sunlight, drove a row of faultless white teeth, like a crash of fairy cymbals, into a large almond macaroon—she was, he recalled later, the only woman he had ever met who could chew and talk and be beautiful all at once—and said, "I'm so fond of Albatross. I've quite grown to love it. It seems to me everyone's so nice! And I've met—well, everybody. Only—I never met you before—did I? Tell me—have you lived here quite a while—or are you a newcomer like myself—Mr. Peppermint?"

It was the pause that told him the truth. She had done it deliberately. Something in his eyes—the dumb betrayal of them—had moved her, who was, as he should presently discover, utterly brutal and implacable when bent on amusement.

It was possible, though hardly probable, that the local significance of the name Wintergreen—one of Albatross' oldest families—could have escaped her, but to face him innocently in her sweet beauty and mutilate him

He had conquered a slight choking, had said gravely, with dignity, "My name is Wintergreen."

After all, her impudent lovely eyes asked, did that make any difference? Oh, what he had endured! And why endure it? The woman was a complete disappointment—except, of course, to the eye—and in rare moments of relenting, when—when—well, you got a glimpse beyond the endless, provocative teasing with which she fascinated you, into a region of her soul that was like a still blue calm of celestial peace and radiating, melting feminine loveliness. Oh, she had it; but she kept it hidden—from him, at least.

Perhaps it was this partially glimpsed sweetness, these irregular snatches, that maintained his interest, he thought—if it could be said to be actual interest.

A cough sounded behind him. Miss Mangelson again. "The gentleman, Mr. Wintergreen? The gentleman about the history? He is still waiting to see you."

Thomas Wintergreen whirled contritely.

"Why, so he is. I beg your pardon, Miss Mangelson, and his. Show him in, please show him in."

II

IT WAS Mr. Potter, of The Pettibone Publishing Company, of Chicago, who came in and sat down facing Thomas Wintergreen. An oldish man, but with a pleasant suave smile, a connoisseur's eye, a certain finish of manner, and a large, flat black portfolio. He laid three sheets of folded typewritten matter on Thomas Wintergreen's desk.

"Your biography: for the history; for your final corrections, Mr. Wintergreen," he said with a deprecatory cough.

Mr. Wintergreen touched his biography with the point of the ivory paper cutter.

Although it contained a résumé of his life and all works and was shortly to be included in a forthcoming history of Salmagundi County and Albatross City, he felt no thrill of particular interest or curiosity. There was no reason why he should. He had written it himself. Not that the purveyors of the history would not retouch it—give it certain flowers of rhetorical value, to the general glorification and aggrandizement of the field in which they worked, but that its chosen minutiæ were entirely of his garnering. Necessarily so.

"How," asked Mr. Wintergreen, "is the history coming on? How is the subscription list growing?"

"Admirably." Mr. Potter twirled a smaller black book. "We have a splendid prestige list. Out of eight hundred planned sets, subscriptions for six hundred and fifty have been taken, in the city of Albatross alone. It is a great success, as it should be, and we are happy to announce that we shall go to press very shortly. Doctor Crowell and his workers are now concluding the various sections of the history proper, and we are completing our revisions of biography. Which brings us to you, Mr. Wintergreen. It will be a convenience and a favor if you will look over the little paper as soon as possible—and if you have any thought of adding anything ——"

"I have nothing to add."

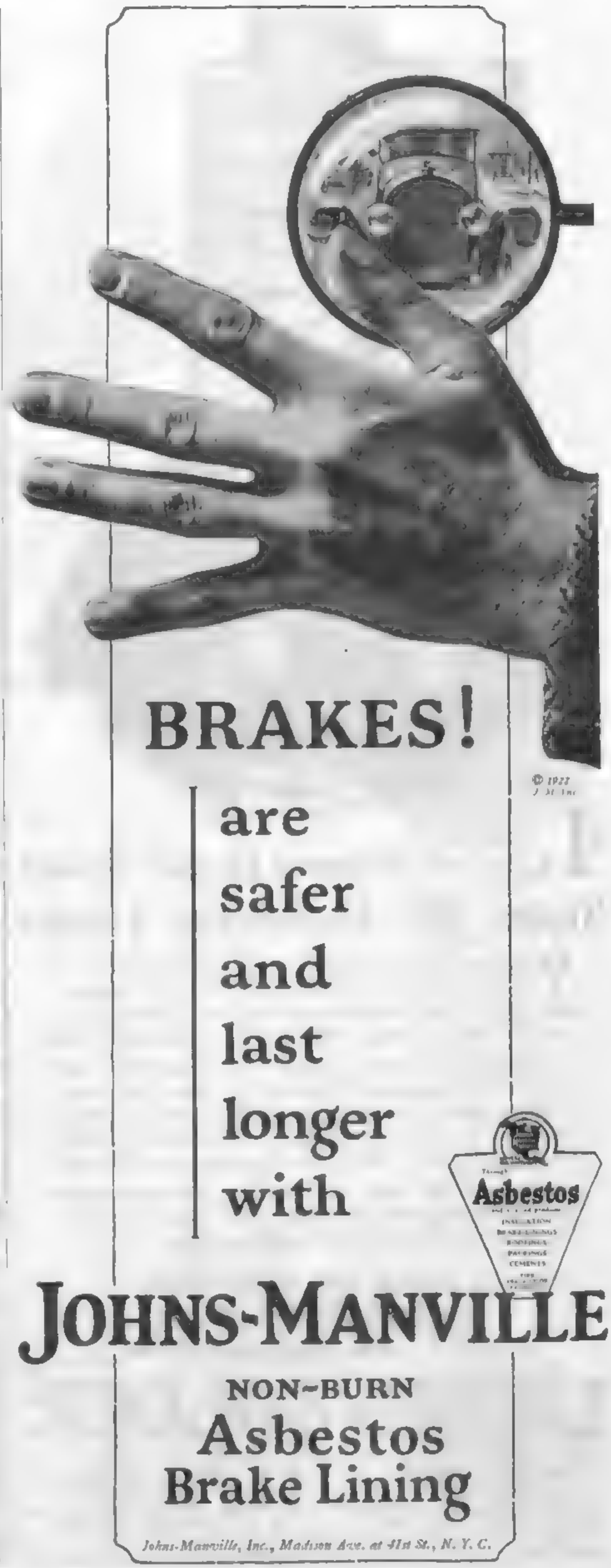
"Many men do. That is why I do not submit the proofs in galley. The proofs are altered frequently out of all recognition. To say nothing of being expanded, anywhere from one to four thousand additional words—as an odd thought or recollection, an overlooked episode occurs. It is surprising what an immense amount of material will be gathered in a biography." He coughed; he had a mild chronic social phthisis. "As one of your business men put it a few weeks ago, on my seeking this material from him, 'Mr. Potter,' he said, 'where shall I stop?' You have been very modest with your little sheets, Mr. Wintergreen."

Thomas Wintergreen bowed. It had been, in a way of speaking, an involuntary modesty. His life, though successful, had been unspectacular. It had had few high spots. Once he had been asked to stand for the state legislature, but had refused, a fact he had rather regretted for the first time, in writing himself. He had never even married, and thus was debarred from the historical asset of his wife's name and her parents' names, before her.

"But though you may be modest and try to escape into the background from us, you are laboring under a wrong impression if you think that your county, your city will permit it—too far, Mr. Wintergreen." Mr. Potter leveled a pointing finger. "Salmagundi County, and the city of Albatross, which have been the scene of your endeavors and successes, appreciate your value better than you do. Salmagundi County and the city of Albatross ask something of you, Mr. Wintergreen—a perquisite from which you must not try to escape, which is the penalty of success, a debt, in reality, which you owe to your local setting. You are part of it, it is part of you, your interests are bound up together. Here you have lived. Here you have given. What can Salmagundi County, what can Albatross City do but offer such appreciation as it can to you who have thus figured? In short, Mr. Wintergreen, the history of your county, your city, will be incomplete without your likeness in it. We ask you to give us your picture."

"My picture!" cried Mr. Wintergreen.

A moment before, he had been touched by a light despair at his inadequacy to be



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impressive even under a name interwoven with the best county tradition—and now! His picture.

"My picture!" he repeated.

"Your picture. For the third, the biography volume of our work. The history of Salmagundi County, Mr. Wintergreen, will ramify far into contemporary life. Two volumes will be, of course, for the earlier annals of the town and county—the—er—literary portion of the history, whose construction is in the hands of the best local authorities. But the third volume will be entirely personal, largely contemporary biography or biographies of ancestral members of Albatross families; many of them—in fact most of them—drawn from our list of subscribers. You have no idea what a list it is, what a lively interest Albatross is feeling in its history today, Mr. Wintergreen. In its body we shall introduce a great number of portraits—yours most decidedly among them—if we have our way."

Mr. Wintergreen looked in silence at Mr. Potter. He had a unique, a distinguished feeling for the moment; almost an isolated feeling, as of one on a peak. Only twice before in his life had his picture been demanded for publication, and then only in the local news sheets—on the occasion of the founding of a young people's club and his rather heavy financing, and again, during the war, in association with certain drives, his face had appeared. But not alone; enlinked, by a fanciful press artist, in a sinuous design with other local faces. And even then, the first time, his face had been upside down; the second time one of his eyes had come out as a white spot! Never forthputting or immodest in pretensions, Thomas Wintergreen was nevertheless pleasantly titivated. But Mr. Potter was busy extracting samples from the portfolio.

"The portraits will be full-page cuts, and bear the individual autographs of course. There are two types of finish, a steel engraving or the copperplate—the former preferable. Here are samples of material used in other regions. Here is Ex-State Senator Apollyon Williams, of Pennsylvania." Mr. Potter laid a stout gentleman with a parrot's profile on the table. "Here is a man who has composed most of the sacred music produced by the state of Nevada, John Hamel Kilton; here is Mrs. Fanny Archer Bobb, of Kentucky—the suffragist organizer. And here ——"

"——and here," cried Thomas Wintergreen, "is old Jeremiah Looks, of Albatross!"

"Exactly. Mr. Looks is, as you know, a very leading and public-spirited citizen here. The founder of the Looks Allspice Company, and president for three successive terms of the Albatross Common Council. He gave us his picture immediately on our asking. Here is another local man, Mr. Fernando Shaw, of the Shaw Digestive Tablet Company; here, County Judge Alton Satlee, who began life as a farrier's apprentice over in Cayuse County, but climbed to the Bench. All of these representative men have, as you see, chosen the steel finish."

"I should, I think," demurred Mr. Wintergreen, "prefer the copper ——"

Mr. Potter nodded.

"It is excellent—though not so good as the steel! The plates will belong in each case to the donor and will be available for subsequent use—a permanent possession. The steel finish is a little costlier; in fact the most expensive reproduction we use. May I suggest that this type would be better?"

But a word had penetrated Mr. Wintergreen's mind.

"Costlier?" he cried. "There is then a question of cost?"

Mr. Potter was deprecatory.

"A trifle, Mr. Wintergreen—when you consider the use to which it will be put. Our history sets are kept on file all through the country. They are to be found by students of research in the reference rooms of all principal libraries, where through the years their historic data will be available. These works are produced in the most sumptuous style possible, but you would not expect, Mr. Wintergreen—no one could expect the Pettibone company at a mere thirty-five dollars a set to sustain the expense of reproduction on these photos. The plates will belong to contributors, and in return we must charge the bare cost of making them. One hundred dollars for the copper"—he coughed—"two hundred and fifty for the steel-finished plate."

Mr. Wintergreen sighed and unclenched his paper knife. He was no longer alone upon the peak.

Vain, pretty old Jeremiah Looks with his silly, pink, cupidy face; Alton Satlee with his nose—a man with a nose like his! Thomas Wintergreen stared at Mr. Potter.

Mr. Potter and his nimble associates had appeared in Albatross some months earlier. They had secured scholarly Doctor Crowell to write the body of the history for them—and an excellent one it would be in his capable hands. They themselves had hovered, restively vigilant, in the field of subscription getting. The production was to be eight hundred sets at thirty-five dollars per.

Mr. Potter flowed on:

"This is a small outlay, Mr. Wintergreen, when you consider the position in which it will place you—actually an integral part, a permanent part of your county's record. Your portrait in the biography volume will augment not only its value, but yours—a reciprocal asset. For while history will be clarified, you, also—in the eyes of your friends ——"

Something snapped in Thomas Wintergreen's mind.

His friends. One friend in particular—if he could call her that. An enchanting face, reading with insolent lips, his name on a college diploma -girding, gibing at him. If she could realize that he assumed any definite value for others—if he could show her, prove to her, lay before her the tangible evidence of importance.

His jaws snapped briskly, he sat forward with decision.

"Mr. Potter," he said, and he looked his suppliant in the eye, "you need say no more. Your argument is completely clarified. Also any question of value raised by the use of my likeness —— No, no, say no more, please. I am not a fool. However—it pleases me to act like one. Without exposing my motives, allow me to subscribe myself for the best grade of steel-finished portrait of my own physiognomy for your history. Give me your blank."

And with his elbow resting on the faces of Ex-State Senator Apollyon Williams and Jeremiah Looks, of the allspice company, Thomas signed on the dotted line.

"You will never regret this, Mr. Wintergreen," Mr. Potter purred, pocketing the evidence; "but now—there is something I would like to ask of you—a very great favor. The lady who just left your office—er—Mrs. Wiggins, the poetess—I believe?"

"Wiggin," corrected Thomas; "only one."

"Er—yes. We have not been especially successful with her. One of our representatives called and secured some material—biography—simply a résumé of her achievement, the sort she would give to any work, Mr. Wintergreen. You get me—I am sure. We—we—she is—er—rather indifferent to anything special. As a matter of fact we have little trouble in securing material from most clients—but Mrs. Wiggin—er"—his little cough sounded—"well—she said—in point of fact—you will forgive me—I do not recall that I ever heard of one before and it was an odd phrase for a lady—a poetess—to use—that she didn't give a boiled codfish ball to be in the work—Mr. Wintergreen." How like her! "Er—at any rate—we were not successful in persuading her to see anyone a second time—and we have not as yet secured her portrait."

"Oh," cried Thomas, disappointed, "you have asked her, then?"

Mr. Potter shook his head.

"Merely suggested; but have not succeeded. And it occurred to me—if you, as a personal friend, would put in a word—I have heard that personally you are very good friends. If you could persuade her."

Mr. Wintergreen was startled. If Blanche Wiggin had already been approached, and knew the terms, the value of his own achievement was vitiated.

Well, there was at least one compensation. They had both been approached. It placed him—in desirability—on the same level; must raise him inevitably. And Mr. Potter had said he had heard that they were personally good friends.

This brought a slight flush to him, but he said gravely, "I am willing to speak to Mrs. Wiggin—to let her know my own intention. I cannot foretell how much influence that may have."

"Oh, quite likely more than you realize, Mr. Wintergreen. A woman is usually impressed by a man's views in a thing like this." *(Continued on Page 65)*

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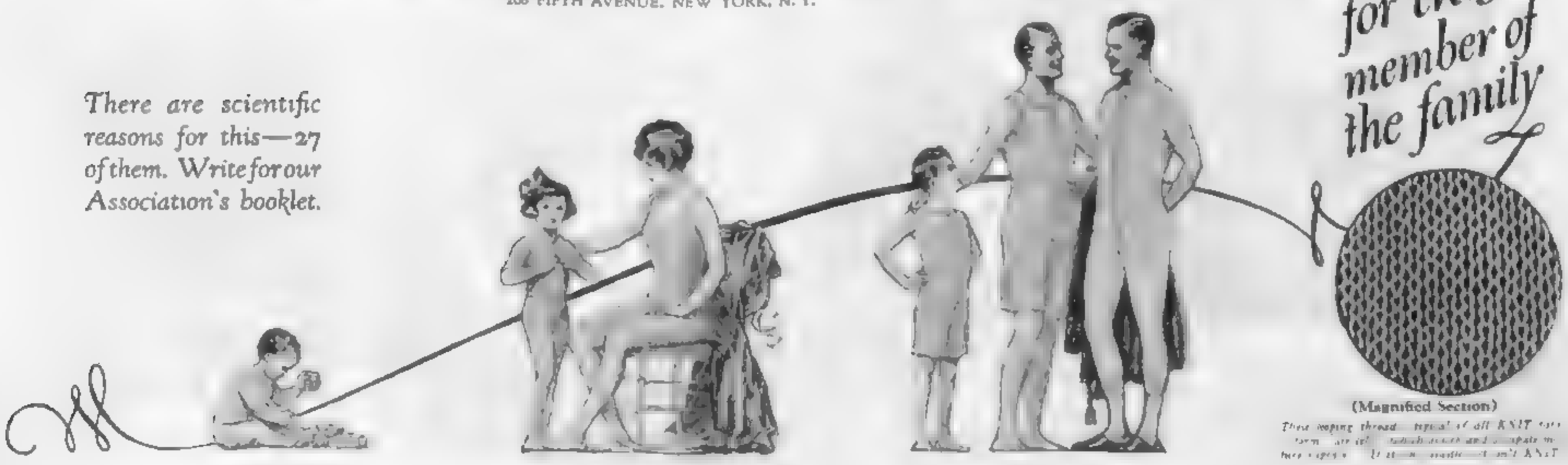

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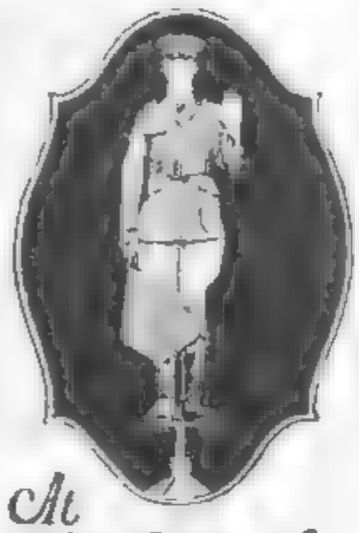

At the Sign of the HOOD *Service Man*

(Continued from Page 62)

But would Blanche Wiggin be? Just what he hoped for a moment ago—but now hardly to be expected.

He stood alone in his office after a moment and said suddenly, "I have been an ass—and all for nothing!"

But having voiced what he knew to be truth, he immediately smothered it. It is characteristic of us all that having accepted a cause we must passionately believe it right, even though we know it to be wrong.

By the close of the following afternoon Thomas Wintergreen was far advanced in such a condition. As he left his office to call for tea at Mrs. Wiggin's he had thoroughly espoused the cause of the local history volumes.

As he walked through the streets of Albatross he was struck—as he often was—by its aspect of civic progress, beauty, bustle and prosperity. Originally a squalid forest clearing, it had in the hands of men—small men, nationally unheard of—blossomed like the rose—sprung like a civic Jonah's gourd in a small hundred and twenty-five years into this coördinated pattern of skyscrapers, boulevards, traffic squads, asphalted avenues, handsome dwellings, tall factories, theaters, municipal mosques. It was appropriate that its saga should be commemorated in a set of history books—that the saga of the men who made it should be commemorated. There had been no history of its achievements since the Civil War, and the earlier ones were none too definite. There was, really, a crying need for a history of Albatross—the epic of an industrial city, an American creation.

True the need might have continued to cry had the Pettibone representatives absented themselves. But from this thought Mr. Wintergreen turned briskly away. It often took a complete outsider to recognize the existence of ailment in one—to jolt one into activity. And the Pettibone people had an experience in this sort of thing. They knew how to organize history—what precise facets were needed to be shown.

This new and pretentious work would show all these facets. In three stately volumes there would be—according to a Pettibone schedule of arrangement, and written entirely by local people who were in touch with the needed data, and willing to contribute them—the essential life of Albatross, raised to the *n*th degree.

He had personally been assured that the industrial chapter alone was memorable. Every square foot of factory and industrial space in Albatross was to be computed exactly and set down. This would, of course, include his own business. And it gave him a thrill to realize that on the reference shelves of remote city libraries in Butte, Montana, and Tallahassee, Florida, and Bath, Maine, archæologists of the future—two, three, five hundred, yes, a thousand years hence—might twirl a page in a dusty tome and come upon the floorage estimate of the Wintergreen Coal Tar Products Company along with those of the Albatross Textiles Corporations and the big Benninger Rolling Mills, of more prevailing fame.

By the time he reached Malcolm Street and Mrs. Wiggin's door his mood was strongly paternal and protective toward the history, and he was resolved to rebuke Mrs. Wiggin's frivolous indifference and disinterest.

Judy, Mrs. Wiggin's café-au-lait maid, relieved him of his hat and tartan coat. Mrs. Wiggin, in the living room beyond, rose to greet him, in a sapphire velvet tea gown. She gave a cry of pleasure—but you couldn't depend on anything like that—and drew him at once with a pleasant fuss of invitation, and a considerable superfluous, though delightful, effect of petting, to a deep and thick chair before the fire.

A tea table was spread with a flutter of linen, candles and silver. Thomas Wintergreen despised afternoon tea—except for a three-handed man—but he had nevertheless taken tea every third day with Mrs. Wiggin since he had met her. He now watched her conducting her rites with cozy and pot and cup—and wondered whether he should spring his discussion immediately on her conclusion or wait.

But she had no more than trimmed his cup, popping in two lumps and a slice of lemon, when she cut the ground under him.

"And so," said Mrs. Wiggin brightly, "your portrait is going to be in the new Albatross history."

Thomas Wintergreen spilled a trifle of the hot tea on his thumb as he transferred the cup to his own grasp. He felt a stream of blood mounting to his face, but he only bowed slightly.

"They—they wanted it—from me," he said—"er—rather particularly," he added.

"Ah, yes—I am sure of that. One hundred dollars for the copper finish, two hundred and fifty for the steel, isn't it?" Mrs. Wiggin's eyes sparkled naughtily.

His mounting blood focused itself in Mr. Wintergreen's face. He bit his lip and he coughed. It sounded like Mr. Potter. And immediately he became Mr. Potter, of The Pettibone Publishing Company.

"Well," he said, "that is true—but that is a mere commercial detail."

"'Mere' is good," Mrs. Wiggin murmured inelegantly.

"In a case like this the—er—commercial details are by no means the vitally important thing."

"No? I wonder. Yet—I shouldn't call them unimportant, Mr. Wintergreen. Eight hundred sets of history at thirty-five dollars twenty-eight thousand dollars. That's a neat sum for Albatross to spend—or should you call it a 'mere' sum?"

Mr. Wintergreen resolved to be patient.

"You do not understand the scope of the thing, Mrs. Wiggin. Three volumes, large, hand-sewed, gold-leaf titling, numberless cuts, and full-page photographs."

"How much do they give you per week, Mr. Wintergreen—and when do you expect a raise?"

"Oh, it's all very well to jest, Mrs. Wiggin—but there's a serious aspect to the thing."

"Do have a cinnamon squib, Mr. Wintergreen. They're lovely and crunchy."

Mrs. Wiggin leaned forward and poked the fire suddenly.

"Oh, as for the history! Just three big—belly—books!" she snorted suddenly.

Mr. Wintergreen jumped.

"I mean"—she gave him one of her most innocent, guileless smiles—"they're the kind you had to read lying down on the floor when you were little, like Pilgrim's Progress and Froissart's Chronicles and The Inferno. You had to lie down on your—you know—tummy. If you'd rather say that!"

"Really, you are incorrigible," murmured Mr. Wintergreen, "but what has that to do with the History of Salmagundi County?"

"Nothing at all." Mrs. Wiggin swung her foot in a slipper to match her gown. "I just happened to think of 'em—of Dante's Inferno and Froissart's Chronicles and the Chronicles of Albatross—or The Inferno of Salmagundi? Big books like that."

Mr. Wintergreen seized her implication.

"If you mean that as a slight—if you mean to infer that there is no bigness in a history of Salmagundi County, you are wrong, Mrs. Wiggin."

"I am very often wrong; nearly always, Mr. Wintergreen. But not in this instance. Because I don't imply anything of the sort. Besides, if I wanted to, I wouldn't do it by implying—I'd come right out loud. But I am very fond of Albatross; in fact I've grown to love it. I admire its people—and nobody more, I assure you, than Doctor Crowell, who is writing this history. I am perfectly aware that as an American factor Albatross is utterly important—the whole being equal to the sum of all its parts—and therefore the part accepting its tithe of the dignity of the whole. I am aware that this region has a unique and individual history that should be recorded, Mr. Wintergreen—that will be successfully recorded—and I admire it all. What more can you ask? I even," she added, "admire the Pettibone company with its masterly understanding of human psychology. Twenty-eight thousand dollars—and the bare coat of the portrait illustration," she added dreamily.

Mr. Wintergreen leaned forward in his turn and although it was not his fire he seized the small brass poker and poked it violently.

"May I remind you that I just did that, Mr. Wintergreen? It makes one's face so red."

"Well," exploded Thomas suddenly, "it may be true—a—er—an exploitation of sorts. Nobody will deny that—but just because it wouldn't personally interest you ——"

"Not to the extent of a ——" She paused.

"A boiled codfish ball!" cried Mr. Wintergreen.

"Exactly."

"It doesn't follow that others —— Why, if you did care, Mrs. Wiggin, if you were a part of the historic tradition here, a part of this county, this city ——"

"Then I would realize that my county, my city looks to me to pay my legitimate debts, and I would pay two hundred and fifty dollars for my picture for it—perhaps! Ah, I have no real quarrel with these books, Mr. Wintergreen. I merely contemplate human nature and reflect that there has never been a fee for entering history. Do have a cinnamon squib."

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TYPEWRITERS

Now it is a fact that Thomas Wintergreen completely shared Mrs. Wiggin's idea on this. Only yesterday, in fact, he had given Mr. Potter's scheme a cold oatmeal eye, but he had allowed himself to subscribe for it, and there was something in the act of subscription itself that created a species of allegiance.

Mixed emotions therefore tore him. He felt that he wanted to become Mr. Wintergreen again and join Mrs. Wiggin in an amused analysis of human weakness; and equally he felt a sudden bitterness against Mrs. Wiggin, since it was for her sake, though he could not tell her so—and therefore entirely her fault—that he had made a fool of himself, a condition he was willing to admit to himself, but to no one else; and therefore was compelled to continue to be Mr. Potter, so to speak.

"You imply then," he cried, flushing defensively, "that vanity actuates a man who goes in for such a thing."

"I imply nothing, Mr. Wintergreen. I told you before I never implied things; I always shout aloud. Do try a cress sandwich now. Besides, why shouldn't you be vain?"

"But I am not vain!" cried Thomas truthfully. "No one could be less so."

"All men are vain. Far vainer than women."

"It is not vanity. Modest self appreciation, if you please. We can't all be big men. We can't all be Abraham Lincolns or—or ——" Mr. Wintergreen unconsciously found his voice rising. "A man—just say the average man—who has served his community well—deserves something. There is no reason why men like—like Jeremiah Looks, for instance—Jeremiah is a self-made man and he rose to be president of the Albatross Common Council. And look at Judge Satlee, who worked for a veterinary surgeon, and got to be judge. And look at Fernando Shaw, who founded a digestive-tablet business—with the Shaw Digestive Elixir on the side—which I am told sells even in Argentina and Mexico and Norway. Look at men like that."

"I am looking—or I'm going to. I subscribed for one of the sets myself, Mr. Wintergreen. I bought it yesterday—when I found out you were in it."

"You have no reverence!" Mr. Wintergreen burst out suddenly.

His sacrifice had been in vain and his disappointment was acute. There was a barrier between him and this woman. She was an Elle woman out of a Black Forest legend—merely an appearance, not a real substance. If she were human she would have more compassion—at least not twist everything he said so perversely. Mrs. Wiggin, who had fallen into thought, now spoke:

"If you mean I feel no reverence for The Pettibone Publishing Company—I am not at all sure! They certainly deserve it. With a perfectly open hand of cards they have secured the best available local people to do their work for them, largely for love. And the subsidy! It's rather a case of pussy, pussy, pull the chestnuts; monkey, monkey, eat them—isn't it? Perhaps I mourn the lost chestnuts."

"I suppose," Mr. Wintergreen said quarrelsomely, "you regard it all as a sucker scheme."

"Photographically speaking," smiled Mrs. Wiggin.

"And I suppose you even regard me as a sucker," he cried, outraged.

"If you get sucked in, yes."

Mr. Wintergreen looked at the beautiful lady in disillusionment. He had made a sacrifice of dignity and principle for her, yet he could not turn upon her and cry "Why, I did this for you, Blanche Wiggin! Only for your sake! I had hoped you would value it!"

And she called him a sucker, a member of the great one-born-every-minute, exploited. He put down his plate with the cup and remnant of cress sandwich and made her a bow.

"I see, Mrs. Wiggin," said Thomas Wintergreen, "that our viewpoints are—irredemiably different." He realized the error—he always had trouble with the word—and corrected it. "Irremediably different. And I shall not burden you further. I regret that I have inflicted myself—and will withdraw ——"

Mrs. Wiggin sprang up, suddenly pale.

"Withdraw?" she cried. "Good heavens! For what? Why, Mr. Wintergreen, we haven't quarreled, have we? You're not offended, are you? Why, we're old friends—of long weeks' standing. I know nothing of history, Mr. Wintergreen. History is something that is—past. I—am only interested in—in the present and the f-future, Mr. Wintergreen. In—ar—history in the making."

"—— and will withdraw," Thomas Wintergreen spoke inexorably, bowing again.

He knew he was being rather a fool, very much of one, but he felt very dignified and very, very hurt.

Mrs. Wiggin reddened and tossed her pretty head.

"Very well. If you insist, I'll ring for Judy."

"It is unnecessary." He bowed again. "I have enjoyed our friendship, Mrs. Wiggin, and now I will bid you good day."

There she stood, flushed and lovely in her velvet frock of blue, her brown-gold eyes wide, her cheeks like roses; that faint odor of dew and grass and lilies exhaling. Something cried out in Thomas Wintergreen, but she had implied—she did imply, it was no use of her denying—that he was vain, that he was a sucker.

Suddenly Mrs. Wiggin cried out, "You shall not go this way! You are being utterly childish."

It was the last straw. Thomas Wintergreen lifted a forbidding hand.

"Irremediably different," he murmured. He made it the first shot this time.

In a minute he had fumbled himself into coat and hat, had let himself out of doors.

It was finished.

His friendship with Mrs. Wiggin was at an end. He had cast her out of his life, of his own volition. Of his compulsory volition, that is. No man could put up with everything.

The thought of the severance made him feel a little sick and faint; the Albatross streets looked suddenly gray. Little had he dreamed when he engaged his portrait for the history that it would be the basis of his first and last quarrel with Mrs. Wiggin. He had intended quite otherwise. It took a moment to command himself.

Then he strode forward from Mrs. Wiggin's step, his chest out, his weight on the balls of his feet. He had lived in Albatross all his life without Mrs. Wiggin—up to six weeks ago—and it had been adequate. It would be adequate again.

He was aware that he carried a glove in his hand—and prepared to put it on. But he was not carrying gloves. He saw that he had brought from Mrs. Wiggin's a white tea napkin. It was embroidered with a butterfly and three initials. He realized that he had waved it at her, in gesturing his farewell. He flung it into the street now with bitter repudiation.

As he did so a shadowy face at a window moved back into the depths of the Wiggin living room. The face, he realized—and his ears reddened—had been smiling.

III

FOR three days Thomas Wintergreen threw himself with a sort of fury into the affairs of his office and business. Work is the antidote for spiritual anguish, and for the hiatus of broken friendship there is no better. Even for love —— "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love," as Thomas quoted from a well-known classic, and, of course, the interruption in the habits he had formed with Mrs. Wiggin had hardly assumed the dignity of violated love!

On the third day his pace relaxed suddenly. Because Henrietta, dropping in, told him that Mrs. Wiggin had left town for an indefinite stay—and a certain necessity for grinding action immediately vanished. He had a feeling of strange, completely all-overishness that nullified even business interest.

For two days he lagged on, when a heavy cold set in. Doctor Culpepper warned him that he might be taking the grippe. Whereupon he took it.

He had it in his lodgings for better than a week, and as soon as convalescence admitted, Henrietta carried him home with her to Trevor Street.

Here he sat around in his dressing gown and listened to Uncle Wiggily and the stock reports or to Henrietta reading pieces out of psychoanalysis novels to him. When left alone he brooded, playing sentimental airs on Henrietta's talking machine: Du, Du Liegst Mir im Herzen and Oh, Hast Thou Forgotten This Day We Must Sever—Oh, Hast Thou Forgotten This Day We Must Part?"

(Continued on Page 69)

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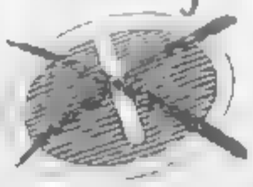

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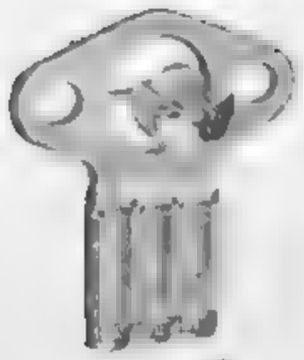

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(Continued from Page 66)

He felt pale and weak and watery-veined and easily disposed to cry. But anyone who has had the grippe will know how he felt.

And occasionally, on top of it all, he allowed himself a little bitterly to think of Mrs. Wiggin and to wonder what she had meant by avowing an interest only in history in the making—if in no other kind. He wondered, if the grippe had slain him, would she have cared—or even remembered him. Quite likely he, too, had now become that which was past.

It was three weeks before he reached his office again. A fearful accumulation of mail waited him, and on top of the desk a huge flat brown parcel which Miss Mangelson deciphered.

"The history, Mr. Wintergreen—the history of Salmagundi County."

There they were—three large thick books, gilt top, gold-leaf titling, best hand-laid paper, full-page engravings and cuts; the fruit of Doctor Crowell's careful efforts. There they were—Mrs. Wiggin's belly books. Languidly Mr. Wintergreen opened the third volume. It fell open at a sweet-cupidy elderly face—old Jeremiah Looks, of the Albatross Allspice Company and the Common Council.

He snapped it shut. Then on second thought he looked in the index, found the name Wintergreen.

His own face here. But there is something disintegrating about a copper or steel screen process on a face. His physiognomy looked a good ten years older.

"Take these books away," he ordered Miss Mangelson. "Put 'em away—far away—far enough for posterity."

At noon an old friend, Tip Arnett, met him.

"Have you been sick?"

"Grippe," said Thomas Wintergreen laconically.

"What you need is out of doors. Now I ——"

He had to listen to Tip Arnett's grippes—Tip had had eight in all—but the ultimate advice was not, he felt, bad.

At four o'clock Thomas Wintergreen went home, got his skates, and went over to what was Cow Pond in Volume I of the history, but had become Laurel Lagoon—thanks to the Civic Club—by Volume III.

Here he performed a few caracoles and gyrations and felt immediately better. The tract of water was smooth and solidly frozen. For the most part it was filled with chattering, shrieking young people, but Thomas Wintergreen secluded himself at the upper end, where the solid ice graduated into a thinner rush and sedge pierced layer, where there were no benches to sit on—only an irregular roll of stubbly sand and snow packed shelving bank.

He was no Mr. Winkle—he could even do the Dutch-roll movement with his right foot—but a certain dignity, accruing to maturity, kept him here.

The heaven was a crisp greeny turquoise with little tags of cloud no bigger than tea napkins, the air bracing. He felt better at once. He kept it up three days and his improvement was enormous. The cold weather held and he went daily to Cow Pond, skating around on the upper end. Tip Arnett was right. And on the seventh day he met adventure.

It was on his seventh afternoon that he perceived that another skater had entered his preserve. A slender dark-clad female figure—and quite the worst skater he had ever watched—was flapping and careening and balancing unsteadily over the sedge leaves and rush heads.

And at once the figure recognized him.

"Thomas Cadwalader Wintergreen!" it cried delightedly.

You would have thought there had never been a quarrel, a parting, a separation. She came swaying, unbalancedly, drunkenly toward him and literally precipitated herself—though involuntarily—upon him, her hands plunging into his.

And with the clasp of his hands over hers Thomas forgot his hurt pride, his parting bitterness.

"You have been away!" he cried brilliantly.

"Yes—but I came back," cried Mrs. Wiggin with a little sob. "I—had to."

He still held her hands; he found himself looking into her face. Suddenly he guided her to the near ledge of shore and lowered her.

"Sit here," he ordered commandingly, and his voice was like a raven's now with sudden emotion. "I want to say to you that I was wrong—rude, boorish, impossible, Mrs. Wiggin. To leave you in the way I did—on the occasion of our last meeting. You must—you must forgive me—if you can."

"Forgive you! Oh, it is I who must ask forgiveness—for my—my impertinence."

"That is nothing! But I—making a scene of that sort, behaving like an ass, taking a wrong position." He braced himself, his knee crooked against the ledge of bank. "You must forgive me!"

"How kind, how generous, how magnanimous you are!" Mrs. Wiggin uttered a little cry of pleasure. "I would not have believed a man could be so generous. To admit your error, to ask my pardon, and to ask it so beautifully—on your knees! Oh, Mr. Wintergreen!"

But the blood leaped to Mr. Wintergreen's face. Mrs. Wiggin had gone—had returned—but she was still Mrs. Wiggin!

"I am not upon my knees, Mrs. Wiggin," he said with indignation, "except, if you please, in spirit. I am—I was in error—but I am not upon my knees. That would be asking too much. I am upon my skates—and in this position—braced thus—I can get a certain security ——"

He lost it at once. With one of those strange unforeseen sliding movements performed while standing perfectly still Thomas Wintergreen's feet were pulled from under him. He described a complete pin wheel, fell flat on his back.

Nor did he fall alone. Uncontrollably urged, he had seized Mrs. Wiggin with both hands and taken her with him. The runner of his skate locking with hers, together they described a parabola, had jerked apart as they fell—lay now, winded, prone on the ice. At least Mr. Wintergreen so lay.

He was aware of a feminine scuffle, a rasping of skates, sharp breathings and suddenly shrill peals—screams, rather—of laughter. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that Mrs. Wiggin was sitting on the ice rocking back and forth in helpless mirth.

After a minute she spoke to him.

"Mr. Wintergreen!"

Thomas closed his eyes very tightly. He did not feel like laughing. He stung from head to foot—and he had no breath. It was not a laughing matter.

"Mr. Wintergreen! Thomas Wintergreen," cried Mrs. Wiggin sharply.

He could feel her hitch round and look at him; heard the smack of her skates as she swung round to her toes and her knees, began to creep toward him. Let her creep! It was only fitting.

Inspiration seized him. He did not move, smoothed all emotion out of his face, lay pale and still.

He could hear her breathing louder as she crept near, caught the sense of physical nearness, her faint delicious perfume, then he heard a voice, low, horrified, emotional, stripped of the last scrap of levity—a voice he had never before heard.

It spoke agonizedly just above his prone face.

"Oh, my God in heaven—can he really be hurt!"

He felt a small mittened paw creeping about over his breast, taking soundings in the vital regions—his heart, then his temple, his jugular vein. He hoped his circulation would not betray him.

"Oh!" Mrs. Wiggin was frankly sobbing. "Is it possible with just a small spill on the ice? And I can't get up on my feet alone. He must be in a faint. Oh, Mr. Wintergreen! If he'd only open his eyes. Hurt! I can't believe it. I don't see anything. Thomas! Thomas, Tommy darling—open your eyes! Say something."

It was too much for endurance.

Mr. Wintergreen sat up.

"I will say something," he cried, "if it's the last word I ever do say! You are the cruelest, silliest, the meanest, most unscrupulous flibbertigibbet I have ever met! You have abused your power on every provocation. You have laughed at me, derided me, sneered at my name, made game of me, ripped my feelings to ribbons, and yet—when I fall down on the ice—you are frightened and you cry! What does that mean?" But Mr. Wintergreen swept on, reveling in his power, "I will tell you what it means. It means, after all, that I am your master—and that you secretly recognize it. It means that I can conquer and tame you—if I desire!"

"And—and—shall you—so—desire?" Mrs. Wiggin asked in a small chastened voice.

"I shall—I will," replied Thomas Wintergreen, "because—principally—you need

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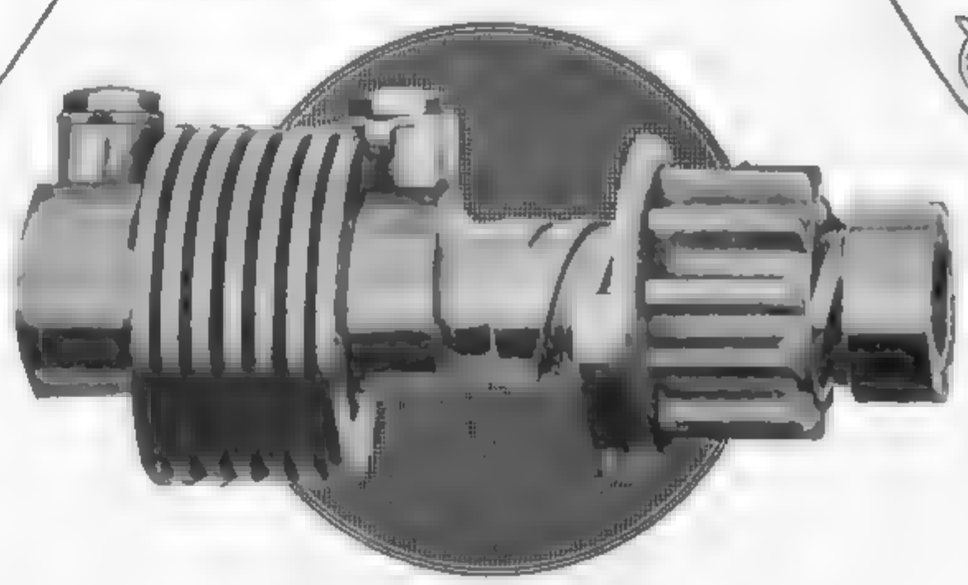

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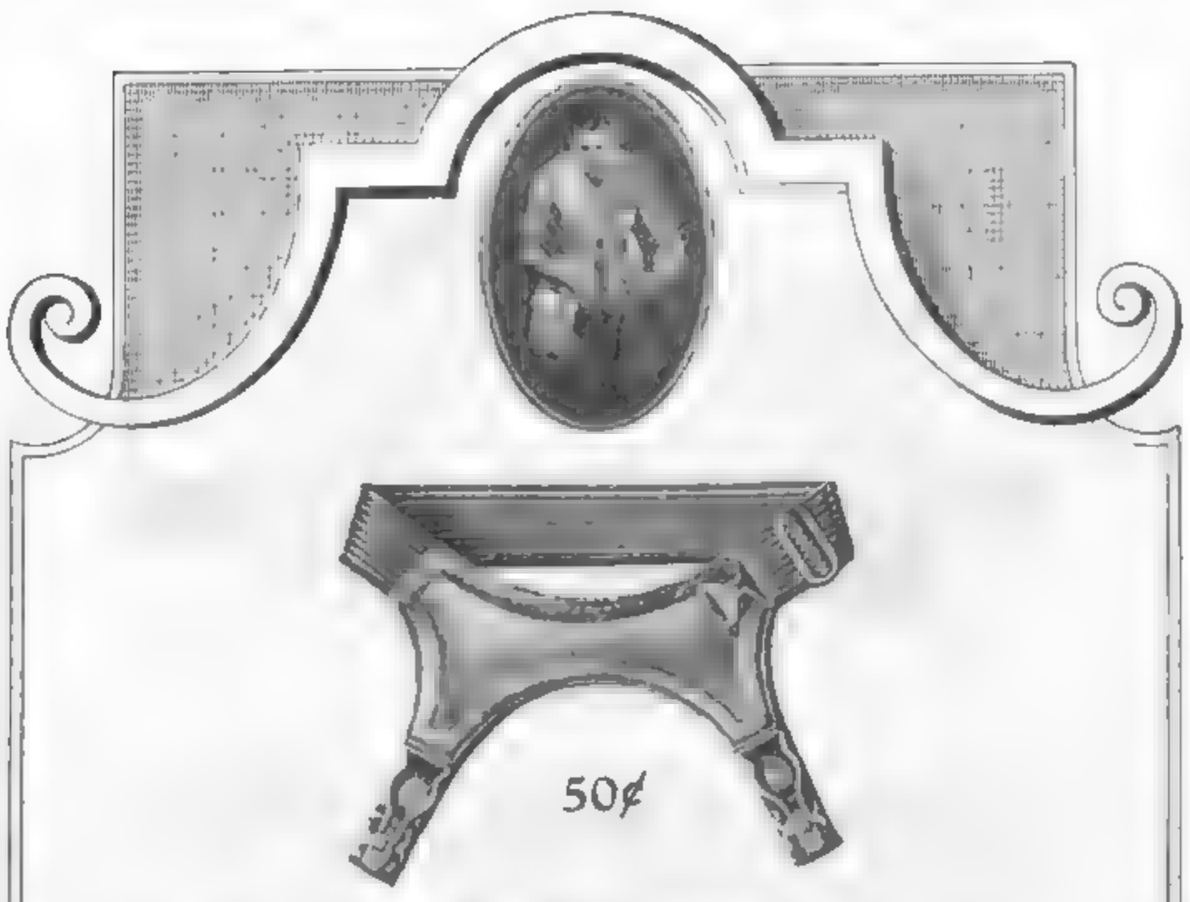

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You'll like these double-grip PARIS if you're on your feet a lot—at work or play.

Lovers of sport and men of action prefer them for their double security and extreme ease.

Whichever of the styles illustrated you prefer, be certain to get the genuine PARIS. They will hold your hose put, set your mind at rest and give your legs real evidence of ease efficiency.

"3000 Hours of Solid Comfort"

A. STEIN & COMPANY

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$1.00

it; and because"—his stern voice softened—"because you are—so infernally pretty and have—charm for me—er—a certain amount, that is. And variety—oh, heavens, I'll say you have variety! And because ——"

But here Thomas, searching his consciousness, lost all pose and groaned suddenly, "Oh, Blanche, Blanche Wiggin, you have been the very devil, my girl—but it's the truth. I love you. Tell me—tell me you love me?"

"Hasn't my every act attested it?" cried Mrs. Wiggin, and she put her hands on Thomas' shoulders and overpowered him again with the lily perfume. "Didn't I love you, you sweet old thing, you are sweet—the first time Mathilde Fry brought you over to me—so dear and normal and virile and different from other men? Didn't I mark you for my own at once? Whom the Lord loveth doesn't He chasten? And haven't I chastened you, my dear man? And haven't I a right to poke fun at my own self anyhow? Why, you're as near as that—Thomas, my ridiculous love. Oh, Tommy!"

For here Thomas kissed Mrs. Wiggin.

He had been right about her mouth. It was a red fruit—or a flower. But which, savor or fragrance, was immaterial. Either way invited resampling. Suddenly Mrs. Wiggin sighed.

"Suppose we get up, Tommy—or anyhow suppose we try to get up."

They rose after several failures, uncertain, wabbly, staggering, righting and brushing each other off.

To westward a red sunset painted itself over Albatross and Mrs. Wiggin pointed to it with a penitent hand.

"To think that I ever teased you—or Albatross—in the name of history, Tommy. Oh, you were right. I feel so differently—now that I shall be part of it. Oh, I don't mean the part that's gone, but the part that really counts. It's history in the making—you know—this kind."

THE BLACK GRAIL OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 7)

work on a second lock at the Ruhr terminal of the Rhine-Herne Canal, in order that through traffic might go directly into the Rhine without passing through the harbor. They even built an extra canal three miles long to shorten an intermediate haul.

All this the French observed with growing amazement. Every time they came over to the Rhine to have a look they saw new chimneys and new patterns of smoke against the sky; and as often as the Germans were interrogated by the Reparations Commission they had new and plausible reasons why they could not pay.

Now what was the economic situation of France? She was dependent upon Germany for coal. The Germans as a military measure had drowned a third of her coal mines so that her own production had fallen from 32,000,000 to 25,000,000 tons a year. What was much worse, she was very short of coke. Always she had relied upon Germany for Ruhr coke, even before the war. French coal was not so good for coking purposes, besides which, as has been said already, the French had never been able to master the chemistry of coke production in competition with the Germans.

The Shortage of Coke

This postwar shortage of coke was a very serious matter for the French, since in order to work that wonderful Lorraine forge acquired from the Germans they needed as much Ruhr coke as the Germans had used there; and they couldn't get it. Therefore the French could not work the Lorraine forge at a profit. It was so constructed that it could be made to pay only when worked at full capacity—that is, on a basis of mass production—and this was impossible because by no manner of threat or persuasion could the Germans be induced under the treaty to supply enough coke.

In a word, that felicitous wedlock between Ruhr coke and Lorraine ore which had made the Germans so powerful was now dissolved; and whereas the Germans could go on with their anvil work by importing Swedish and Spanish ore in lieu of Lorraine ore, the French could not go on at all without Ruhr coke.

The French raged and the Germans laughed derisively. The French had more than one-third of the ore resources of Europe. Yet without the coke to smelt the ore what could they accomplish? Nothing, said the Germans. Besides, said the Germans, the French were not great iron masters, and never could be. It wasn't in them.

The disputing between them over coal and coke, especially coke, became increasingly bitter and more hopeless until, in November, 1922, Germany did an audacious thing. She had been filling the world with a propaganda of utter helplessness. Everywhere, save in France, people were saying the Treaty of Versailles would have to be revised because the sum it demanded from Germany in reparations—182,000,000,000 gold marks—was more than she could pay, or, at any rate, more than she could be made to pay, and unless a compromise were speedily effected Europe would sink.

Germany undoubtedly believed this to be the controlling sentiment of the world. So with amazing assurance she filed with the Reparations Commission a petition in bankruptcy and proceeded to make a deliberate default in her deliveries of coal to France. In the petition of bankruptcy she said in substance that she was through. She could pay no more. She could not stop printing paper money. She could do nothing, in fact, except to sink and drag Europe down with her, unless "the reparations question is finally settled in accordance with the ability of Germany to pay."

Three Proposals

She had three proposals to make, to wit:

First, that reparations be fixed at a sum she would be willing and able to pay;

Second, that for three or four years she should be relieved of any payments whatever, in cash or in kind;

Third, that she should have a loan from other countries of 500,000,000 gold marks.

If these proposals were accepted, then she, Germany, would promise:

The abolition of superfluous departments;

The reduction of the number of employes and civil servants;

The avoidance of unproductive expenditures;

The productive organization of state industrial enterprises with a view to making them pay their way;

The stimulation of the productivity of labor;

A modification of the hours of labor, the eight-hour day being adhered to as the normal working day, but legally deferred exceptions being permitted;

Finally, she would balance her budget and stop her printing presses.

Note that in saying what she would conditionally promise to do she admits, by implication, the fact of not having avoided unproductive public expenditure hitherto, the fact of superfluous departments, the fact that state enterprises like the railways had been worked at an unnecessary loss, and the fact that labor had not been stimulated to work for reparations.

At the end she demanded that restrictions on the importation of German goods into other countries should be abolished and that Germany "must also be treated on a basis of economic equality in all respects."

In all respects a perfect Prussian document.

Matters came to a crisis at once. The premiers of Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium held a conference in London and agreed to postpone their final disaccord. They met again at Paris in January. There Bonar Law, the British premier, submitted an extremely complicated reparations plan, which, under the hypothesis most favorable to Germany, would, he estimated, yield 42,000,000,000 gold marks in full and final settlement.

The mathematical mind of M. Poincare, premier of France, came to another conclusion. Under the hypothesis most favorable to Germany, he said, the British plan would yield at least—perhaps at most—27,000,000,000 gold marks. Then they spent several hours speaking elaborately of a ditch that neither side was willing to cross in order to stand with the other. Having agreed that this was the case, they bowed and parted.

(Continued on Page 73)

To stylish Misses and youthful Matrons

To you, who insist on grace and smartness in your footwear, we present Menihan's Arch-Aid Shoes, —with the frank assumption that most of you are somewhat prejudiced against any shoe called "corrective". But here are the desired lines of fashion, emphasizing the foot's most beautiful feature, while providing a gentle, sure support which will obviate the necessity of ugly, "sensible" footwear.

Do not dread fallen arches—prevent them! Active young women and busy matrons who wear these attractive Arch-Aid Shoes now, will correct improper posture and painful foot strains resulting from insufficient arch support. Beautifully made in every detail, these shoes will be a revelation to those who associate "homeliness" with scientific foot support. The style shown is a modish oxford in brown, black or patent leathers, made so that it will not slip at the heel. Arch-Aid Shoes can be had in many other styles—all illustrated and described in a booklet sent on request.

If your favorite shoe merchant does not carry this exclusive footwear, send us his name and address and we will see that you are supplied without delay.

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THE millions of women who are filling their cupboards with PYREX—the quality-economy ware are justly proud of it.

They constantly use PYREX for many breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper dishes. PYREX improves the food and serves it more attractively on the table, hot and unmussed. PYREX saves the drudgery of extra pan scouring and always looks as new as the day it was bought. Oven heat will not break Pyrex. There are 100 styles and sizes of practical PYREX dishes for every cooking and serving need.

Go to your nearest dealer in housewares, completely equip your cupboard with PYREX and know the joy of better living.

No Home Can Have Too Much

PYREX

Transparent Ovenware

Pyrex Sales Division, CORNING GLASS WORKS, *Originators and Patentees of Oven Glassware*, CORNING, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 70)

A New Export Building at Hamburg

The French would not have accepted that plan on its merits, because they supposed, which was undoubtedly true, that Germany would be only too glad to pay at least 40,000,000,000, and possibly 50,000,000,000 gold marks. But the French at this time would have accepted no promise or plan without what M. Poincaré called *gages*, or guaranties. Bonar Law said that if they took *gages* they would get nothing else. M. Poincaré said unless they took *gages* they would get nothing at all. So it was both as to the amount of the bill and as to the means of collecting it that the French and British fell apart.

The Reparations Commission had already ruled that the Germans were in willful default on coal deliveries. The French thereupon did what the map shows—they dissected out the industrial heart of Germany and put their hands around it. That was their *gage*. They occupied the Ruhr.

It is possible to make a strong deductive case in support of the opinion, very widely entertained, that the French motive was militaristic, that what France wanted truly was not reparations but the economic ruin of Germany. It is constructed as follows:

At the Paris Peace Conference, what did the French army staff want? It wanted, above everything else, security. It wanted a frontier on the Rhine, for that was a line it could defend; and it wanted the Ruhr Valley, precisely that *Limite du Bassin Huiller* without which Germany could never fight another war like the last one. Security in these physical terms could not be had. Not then. Great Britain stood in the way. So did the United States. But there was put into the treaty an impossible reparational obligation against Germany. This obligation, afterward assessed at 132,000,000,000 gold marks, was more than any people on earth could pay. Nevertheless, and perhaps for that very reason, there were written into the treaty certain sanctions, or rights of coercion, under which, in the event that Germany did not pay, the Allies could take unlimited measures. Thus having laid upon Germany an impossible obligation, with power to act in the inevitable case that Germany should fail to discharge it, France had only to bide her time. She was sure of a colorable pretext under which to take what the army staff wanted in the first place.

Flaws in the Argument

Biding her time, what did she do? She organized an armed Poland between Germany and Russia. She became godmother to the Little Entente of Europe. She led Great Britain to a disaster in Asia Minor that was both financial and political. She built the greatest air fleet in the world. It flies every day over England, on commercial errands, to be sure, and yet—well, suppose the nature of that errand should suddenly change! She built up her submarine fleet. Against whom?

And then, when there is nobody who dares to stop her, she takes the Ruhr. The army staff gets what it wanted, which was not reparations at all.

For three years everybody was saying, "Why doesn't France settle her policy? Does she want security or does she want reparations? She cannot get both. If she wants security she must ruin Germany. If she wants reparations she must let Germany rise." And all the time France knew what she wanted. All the time she meant to do precisely this.

Stated in that way the case is dramatic. But it is an argued case. It contains at least three unexamined assumptions. There is first the assumption that the sum of 132,000,000,000 gold marks was in the economic sense an utterly preposterous sum. That it was and is has come to be taken for granted on expert opinion. But expert opinion is very fallible. Expert opinion said unanimously that the war could not last over three or four months. People could not produce enough to carry it on. The rate at which the war consumed life and goods increased tenfold, and people carried it on for four years. What 60,000,000 Germans could pay is not primarily an economic question. It is a psychic question. How much are they willing to pay? The difference between a working day of eight hours and one of ten hours is 20,000,000 labor hours a day in Germany. Add to that the productive power of 700,000 men formerly in barracks under military régime, multiply it by thirty years, and a sum of 132,000,000,000 gold marks—$33,000,000,000—for reparations is not intrinsically preposterous.

The second assumption is that Germany was paying all that she could. It is not true. The third is that Germany would be willing to pay any sum that could be called adequately reparational.

Moreover, when the case is stated in that argued way, such material evidence is omitted as that Germany has played a high game of hide and seek with France; that she had rationalized bankruptcy on a scale never before imagined; that she had sold worthless marks all over the world to pay reparations while steadily increasing her own industrial power; and that she had all the time intended, when liberal opinion in Great Britain and the United States was sufficiently prepared, to break the treaty and oblige her creditors, especially France, to scale down their claims.

There is always one question a German cannot logically answer. If you ask him why Germany defaulted in her deliveries to France he will say she couldn't help it. She had got to the end of her resources. She couldn't pay any more. Then if you remind him that the first fortnight of passive resistance to the French occupation of the Ruhr cost Germany more than it would have cost her to make the coal deliveries she defaulted upon, and that immediately her industrialists found themselves able to buy enormous quantities of coal for cash in England, he says, "But we had to do that. We had to resist. We had to take care of our own in the Ruhr. We had to have coal." And that is as far as you get.

To everyone else it is clear why the Germans defaulted. That it was a technical default is proved by the amount involved, which was relatively little. That it was a willful default the Reparations Commission found upon the evidence. Why did she do it? Because if she had gone on making payments according to the schedules, the treaty calling for 132,000,000,000 marks would have solidified by observance. So long as she paid she would have to go on paying to the end. This she never for a moment intended to do, not even when she signed the treaty. Sometime, therefore, she would have to default to force the issue. Her creditors would never voluntarily reduce their claims. Nothing ever happens in that fashion.

Cuno's Note to the Premiers

At the end of 1922 she had sold about all the paper marks the credulous world would buy. Her industrial dynasts had carried the confiscation of static wealth within Germany to its ultimate point; all the old and idle fortunes had been converted into ships, machines, blast furnaces and rolling mills. Meanwhile, the propagandists had done their utmost. They guaranteed that the liberal opinion of Great Britain and the United States was prepared. France would not dare to act alone; if she dared, she would not be permitted. Therefore, the time had come to file a petition in bankruptcy, even to make demands and propose conditions. The Germans seemed really to believe they had turned the problem inside out, with all their own moral responsibility on the inside. It was no longer a question of how to make Germany pay. It was a question of how to save Europe; and to save Europe the Allies had got to save Germany first. In this case Germany herself was solicitous. In a note dispatched to the premiers while they were sitting in London, Doctor Cuno, the German chancellor, said, "The German Government is firmly convinced that a definite solution of the reparation problem is urgent and vitally important for the reëstablishment of normal conditions in Europe. Consequently the German Government is straining all efforts to contribute actively to bring about such a solution." With that he renewed the proposals contained in the declaration of bankruptcy.

To which M. Poincaré acidly remarked, "Germany is all out for a work of universal salvation. As regards her obligations she says nothing."

There you have one side against the other.

All human motives are subtle, complex, arguable. But if one will

A New Bank at Duisburg

A Butter Shop at Hanover

"The Comedy Was Better Than the Feature"

is a phrase that has frequently been used by critics in recent months in reviewing motion picture programs containing a short comedy from the Educational Pictures group.

Get the habit of seeing the Christie Comedies, Hamilton Comedies, and Mermaid Comedies—Jack White Productions. They offer better entertainment and amusement than any but the best features.

You should attend the theatre that shows these pictures, for you know that its management devotes the same careful thought to the Short Subjects that make up half your evening's entertainment, that it gives to the feature.

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They danced only one dance

IT all happened at the country club.

They had had something of a flirtation that afternoon. But he hadn't managed an introduction.

She was simply wonderful and he just *had* to meet her.

Through some mutual friends, he finally arranged to be at her table at dinner.

At last he secured the dance upon which his entire evening had been centering itself.

It proved both his first and last dance with her.

Of course, he asked her again, but she pleaded she was tired. Quite naturally he suspected some other reason.

* * *

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical name for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately

halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

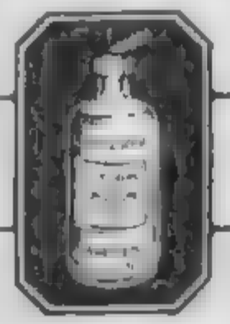
This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side.

You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

She said she was tired, but he suspected some other reason

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE



come with the French engineers to the top of a certain high water tower at Duisburg one may see it simply. There one gets a panoramic view of the Ruhr. In a continuous ring to the horizon lie herds of those immovable, chimney-headed behemoths, digesting ore, coal and flame, from which man obtains the modern substances without which civilization can neither flourish in peace nor survive in war. One cannot be sure they are not digesting civilization too. It may be a delusion that men control them. There is an aspect in which they look terribly alive and devouring, like things that bring themselves to pass, with needs, reasons and biological laws of their own. Certainly men do very imperfectly control their consequences. They overwhelm him. There are such monsters everywhere; but nowhere else in one place are the herds so dense and ominously massed in their tents of greenish vapor. The French have seen them multiply, never for one moment forgetting that here were forged the weapons that so nearly destroyed them.

"There is Thyssen," the engineers say, meaning his group of chimneys. It has been increasing. For three years they have been watching it.

"There is Stinnes," they say, pointing to another group. That also has been increasing.

"There is Haniel." What is true of Thyssen and Stinnes is true also of Haniel and Wolf, and of every herd in the ring.

"Now we will see them close up," they say.

Then one goes racing to and fro in the Ruhr. The vehicle is a high-powered German car driven by a German who cares nothing for traffic rules, because it is a service auto under military orders; nothing for his own life, since he is young and enjoys this licensed recklessness, and less than nothing for the lives of his passengers.

New Plants Everywhere

Everywhere new things. It is wearisome to keep pointing them out. Only the important ones continue to excite wonder. Near Bochum is the new Stinnes rolling-mill building. The engineers look, take some pictures from afar, then try to go in, and are barred at the gate. They turn back. "But you have seen it," they say. One of the largest rolling mills in Europe under construction.

At Beeckerwirth is a new Thyssen mine and village not yet on the map. Again the engineers are turned back.

These are French engineers, supported by French soldiers; yet the things that are Thyssen's and Stinnes' and Haniel's and Wolf's they dare not penetrate, for fear of bringing the whole Ruhr machine to a stop. They wish it to go on. So round and round in the motor, to Homberg, where Thyssen is using labor to build his wall higher to hide his works from the French; to Oberhausen, where Haniel is building a large new cement plant; to Beeck, where a new railroad freight yard is building; to Strekrade, where Haniel is opening two new coal mines; to Essen, where the Krupp works are, with sixty gates in the wall; to Recklinghausen, to Dortmund, and at last to the harbor, where one is taken aboard a tug flying Marshal Foch's pennant.

From the water is another view. One sees Thyssen's wonderful new bridge cranes, as high as a cathedral, for unloading Swedish and Spanish ores; and mountains of that ore already unloaded, but not a pound of Lorraine ore anywhere. One notices the French engineers gazing in admiration at the automatic coal tips, with coal cars bringing themselves on, spilling their contents into Rhine barges and taking themselves off again, by gravity, as if they were trained. This equipment has been increasing like everything else. One sees again from this point of view the new short-haul canal and the great new lock, building at the terminal of the Rhine-Herne Canal; also the finished lock, the gates of which have now to be worked by hand because the Germans wrecked the electrical control, as they wrecked the railway signal controls and other devices, when the French laid their hands upon the transportation system.

Goods Produced But Not Moved

That was all the French meant to do in the beginning. They would not touch the producing plants. They wished them to go on producing. But if they controlled the canals and railways and bridges they could do two things: First, they could capture that quantity of coal and coke to which they were entitled under the treaty; and second, they could lay toll, according to the treaty, upon all manufactured merchandise leaving the Ruhr district. All provided, of course, the coal and coke and manufactured goods continued to move. That is exactly what did not happen.

Suddenly one is aware of what it is that has all the time been strangely missing from this scene. The blast furnaces, the mines, the rolling mills, the factories everywhere are apparently working. Their product is not moving. It is invisible. The canals are boatless. Few trains are running. The main-line rails are rusty. Outside the walls of the industrial plants there is a singular stillness. What is happening? This. Inside these walls coal is piling up at the pit heads, pig iron is piling up at the blast furnaces, steel shapes are piling up at the rolling mills, bricks in the brick yards, cement in the cement works, dyes and chemicals in the chemical works, coke at the coke ovens. The industrial dynasts keep labor at work partly at their own expense, partly at the expense of the German Government, and the game of hide and seek with the French continues on new terms. Almost nothing goes out from the industrial works. If it is coal or coke the French will seize it. If it is a manufactured product the French will tax it. Traffic in the occupied territory is free, but there is

(Continued on Page 77)

From a Water Tower at Duisburg. A New Short-Cut Canal in the Distance—Now Building

Never failing protection against the attacks of the elements is the 24-hour-a-day job of your roof. Between your cherished household and the weather a *Certain-teed* roof imposes a stout defense in which each and every shingle does its duty. Here is where quality counts! *Certain-teed Slate Surfaced Shingles* possess a through and through quality which has been time tested and weather tested in every climate. Fire-retarding, durable and economical, they are also possessed of real beauty... Mellow tones of sage green, blue-black and red—used singly or in combinations—provide harmonious color schemes for homes of every type.

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Left to right

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Metropolitan Orchestra, N Y

AL SWEET
Al Sweet Singing Band

ERNEST PECHIN
Soloist—Conway's Band

ISHAM JONES
Jones' Lounge Inn Orchestra

H. BENNE HENTON
Ex Sousa Soloist—Symphonic Virtuoso Peabody Inst

PAUL BIESE
Biese Edgewater Beach Hotel Orchestra

BOHUMIR KRYL
Kryl's Band

W. S. MYGRANT
Director W. S. Mygrant Band

Second—Middle Row
Left to right

RALPH COREY
Ex Sousa Soloist—Capitol Theatre Orchestra N Y

RICHARD STRAUSS
Ex Sousa Soloist—Soloist Chicago Band

JOHN DOLAN
Soloist Sousa Band

JOHN KUHN
Ex Sousa Soloist—Prof Stanford Jones College Inn Orchestra

JOHN J. PERFETTO
Ex Sousa Soloist—Soloist Philharmonic Orchestra N Y

CHARLES EDWARDS
Soloist Ingersoll Memorial Band

ROBERT L. CLARK
Soloist Washington Marine Band

PIETRO CAPPIDEFERRO
Soloist New York City Band

GARDELLE SIMONS
First Trombone Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra

Third Row
(This is the back row)
Left to right

LILLIAN SEIGER
Soloist Ladies' Musical Company —En route

JOSEPH DE LUCA
Euphonium Soloist Sousa Band

JAROSLAV CIMERA
Ex Sousa and Conway Soloist—Trombone Soloist, Chicago

CORA Y. CORSON
Bass Soloist—Director "The Girls from the Golden West"

JOHN LEICK
Ex Jones Soloist—Director Denver City Band

EUGENE CIOFFI
Ex-Soloist Gregory Band—Soloist Portland, Ore

MABEL KEITH BEECK
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Ex Conway Soloist—Trombone Virtuoso Ithaca Conservatory

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CONN
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

(Continued from Page 74)

very little of that. The Ruhr does not consume its own product. It sends it away. So you have the spectacle of Germany's industrial heart continuing to function without serving the body to which it belongs. The French may squeeze it; its reaction is passive.

"It's a Turk war," says the French naval officer in disgust. "They will work for themselves, you see; they will not pay us."

One wishes to see it again from the water tower to complete an impression. The French engineers are willing. They never tire of looking at it. On the way, one of them is convulsed with an effort to remember the German imperative for stop. The Italian engineer, who has a little of all tongues, cries "Halt!" What they have seen to excite them is a railroad they have never heard of, perfectly new, the rails bright from use. They trace it several miles through obscure highways and identify it as a private line, built since the occupation, to get coal from one plant to the other without passing it over the public highway, where it would be liable to seizure. It is not what we call an industrial track, but a very well-constructed piece of road, laid with heavy rails. The engineers shake their heads, make correct notes, and go on.

From the water tower the scene is more interesting than before. One has seen close up what it was that moved the French. One has sensed and touched that actual increase of Germany's industrial power which had been rising and lay concealed from the world—from all but the French—in a mist of financial ruin. This the Germans could do. Yet they could not pay. Off there in the ring of smoke lie idle quantities of coal and coke and iron and steel, much more than enough to make good the German default under the treaty. The French dare not touch this material for fear of stopping the whole machine. They are not prepared to do that. They want it to work for them. But how can they make it do that?

An aëroplane passes through the murky sky. "What is that?"

"It is ours," they answer.

So they look and look—from the sky, from the top of a German water tower at Duisburg, from the deck of a German tug flying Marshal Foch's pennant in Ruhrort Harbor, from a German motorcar at the great walls behind which these chimney-headed behemoths continue to digest ore, coal and flame, with an invisible product, and wait for the government at Paris to find a key that perhaps does not exist. Either that or give the word to break in the door.

Their original ideas turned out to be all fantastic or puerile. One is speaking of the economic and political ideas; not of the military objective. That was always clear. The army took geographical possession of the Ruhr very neatly. The task of the civil power then was to coerce it profitably.

Slippery Debtors

The first idea was that the industrial dynasts, upon finding themselves and their properties surrounded, would surrender and make terms. Instead, the great coal syndicate fled to Hamburg. "What stupid behavior," said the French. One of the industrialists, Herr Thyssen, they caught and put in jail. But he turned martyr on their hands. There was nothing in that. So after a few hours they let him go.

The next idea was to win the Westphalians over by propaganda, telling them if they would cast off the yoke of the industrialists who had been exploiting them, and work for the French, they would be free and prosperous. The Westphalians are a hard lot. They hate soldiers as such. Even the Kaiser himself had never been able to manage them with soldiers. The thought of their working for the French under military control was extremely naïve. If a French soldier looked at them they stopped work.

The next idea was to wait. The industrialists would feel it in their pockets; the Westphalians in their stomachs, and the French set up food kitchens to which the Westphalian workers might come when they began to feel it, as a sign of surrender and that they were willing to change their allegiance. But the industrialists had the German Government and the German people and all unoccupied Germany behind them. Food and money poured into the Ruhr from unoccupied Germany and the Westphalian workers were kept going behind those mysterious walls, many of them on part time at full pay. Thinking at first only to control the canals and railways in order to divert coal in transit, the French presently had to take over the task of working them, because the Germans wouldn't. The Germans not only would not work them; they tried to make them unworkable by deranging vital mechanisms. To feed themselves the French had to seize hotels and restaurants. Germans would not serve them. The thinnest food in all Germany is at the beautiful Kaiser Hof, at Essen, where the French engineers are served with army rations by French soldiers. If the French engineers at their work wanted more chairs to sit on or more desks to sit at, the army had to seize them.

On the part of the Germans, passive resistance led to acts of sabotage and private revenge. The French, on their part, in spite of themselves, were obliged to answer with military measures. Their occupation became daily more costly. The amount of coal and coke they were able to capture outside the Stinnes-Thyssen-Haniel walls cost almost its weight in francs. And passive resistance was at the same time costing the Germans more than reparations payments.

"What an absurd muddle!" one says to the Italian engineer. He is trying to get a picture of the new canal, building in the middle distance. The French engineers are all on the other side of the tower looking through their binoculars.

"It is," he says. "You see, the French are quite right. The Germans can pay. The question is how to make them pay. It could very easily be settled on an economic basis. The French need Ruhr coke. The Ruhr needs Lorraine ore. But nothing can ever be settled rationally between France and Germany. They hate each other too much. It is very silly."

Vertical Trusts

Silly was the word. Fancy the German Government earnestly but clumsily trying to undermine the morale of the French army of occupation, and counting upon it. One says to them, "You can't do anything with German propaganda among people who hate your smell and looks." The Germans reply, "Can't we? You will see. Your Mr. Wilson did it to our army." Someone did it to them; therefore they think they can do it to others. On the other hand, the French were trying to win over the Westphalian miners by propaganda, posting proclamations of deliverance on the walls of Essen and then forcing Germans to stand guard over them because other Germans had torn them down. Imagine the absurdity of the Germans maintaining at one hotel in Essen a press organization to send out stories of French atrocities, and the French at another hotel maintaining a similar organization to put forth stories of how the German morale was giving way; nobody minding the facts at all, and the whole world bewildered as to what was going on, Germans in Germany and Frenchmen in France most of all.

But one is still on top of the water tower in Duisburg. The scene becomes more fascinating as it begins to have an inwardness. In that ring of smoke the German mind is acting what Matthew Arnold called the mind of dreadful capacity. It is the same mind that carried the frightfulness of war to its logical end, and put upon others the necessity to meet frightfulness with its own weapons. There in the smoke, mechanical and chemical secrets are in process of discovery and application. They are very jealously guarded. A German industrial plant is conducted on military lines. Each has its own forbidden areas, closed to all but the most trusted employes, who very often themselves do not know the meaning of what they see. Beyond the smoke in Germany are the technical schools, with a larger attendance than before the war, training the selected plastic mind how to bring itself to act upon the problems of tool power, engineering, industrial chemistry. Their intelligence is technical. Their respect for it is enormous. It still contains their hope of greatness. There are many gods in Germany, and yet no true god but this one.

Here also in this Ruhr scene is the first dimension of Germany's pyramidal economic purpose. Here is the beginning of these vertical integrations, or trusts, in which the industrial dynasts have consolidated their power. There are two kinds of trusts—vertical and horizontal. The old kind is horizontal. That is a trust which

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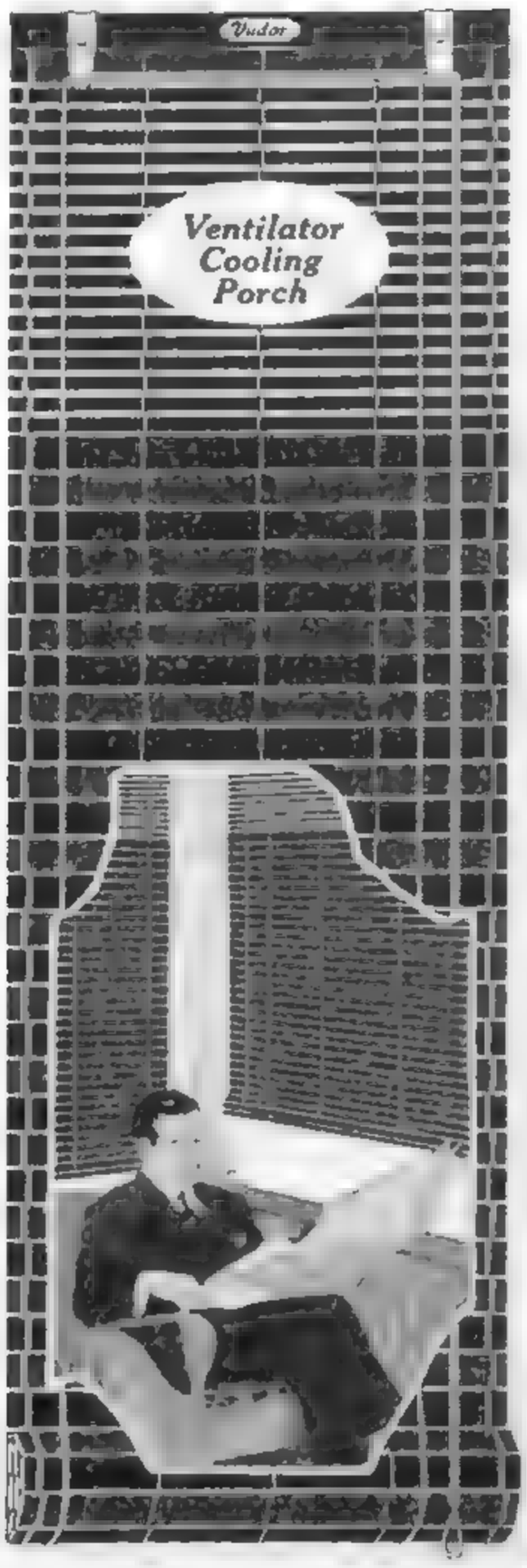

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controls a certain raw material like coal, oil or rubber; or a certain finished product like a tin can or a locomotive, or perhaps a labor-saving machine. The vertical trust is one that contains within itself all the elements and means of production from the raw material to the finished piece. It is an economic empire. All it buys is labor. It turns coal and ore directly into engines, typewriters, agricultural implements, fine cutlery, dyes, drugs, cement, fertilizer and cheap perfumes. These vertical German trusts go even farther. Beginning with coal and ore, they not only own and control all processes up to the finished product; they build and own the ships in which these products are exported. Take Stinnes, there in the ring. His coke ovens, blast furnaces and rolling mills are producing goods for export and at the same time the steel of which the ships are made that will carry these goods to foreign countries.

Colossal Achievements

In that pattern the German industrial dynast worked. Having reproduced in the Ruhr the forge he had lost in Lorraine, he proceeded to add to himself every process of higher manufacture, and then to build ships at the rate of 1,000,000 tons a year. There were already twice as many ships as were needed to carry the trade of the world, his own included. No matter; he must have the ships. His ultimate purpose was economic conquest, and that he could not achieve without ships of his own. This was not by any means a private program. The German Government subsidized it by putting enormous grants of public credit behind the dynast. It was Germany herself that was resolved to restore the German mercantile marine, no matter how costly and unprofitable it might be to do so. In 1922 Hamburg had an Overseas Week and people were invited to come and see for themselves that Hamburg was rising again. An illustrated book was done as a souvenir. Doctor Cuno, director general of the Hamburg-American Line, and chancellor of the German Government, contributed an article to the book. He said: "With set teeth the Hamburg shipowner sees the proud steamers which he had built and which he had known how to manage sail down the Elbe, flying alien flags and bearing alien names, but the exasperation which he feels gives him the determination and the strength to achieve the task before him."

It was hard for the Hamburg shipowner to see this, especially for the Hamburg-American Line to see it, and yet under the circumstances, in a souvenir book to visiting Americans and Englishmen, it was most untactful to mention the set teeth. The world has not forgotten a ship named Lusitania. It flies no flag at all. Germany has wiped the word Lusitania from her conscience. It exists only in her mind. When it is mentioned to a German he reacts contemptuously. It is hypocritical of the world to talk about it.

Anyhow, there in Cuno's words is the spirit. It is easier to conceal the words than the spirit. The works they have performed within the spirit are in themselves prodigious. They have restored nearly three-fifths of their great merchant marine. Behind an illusion of financial ruin they have increased their industrial power. They have filled their land with new buildings. They have amassed in other lands, where it is safe, an enormous fortune in foreign currencies, such as dollars, pounds and guilders. All this in three years. It is heroic. It fills one with awe and admiration, not untinged with consternation. What might they not have done in five years more unhindered?

But of a sudden the whole achievement is placed in jeopardy by an act of French realism. The French said, "They can pay. They refuse to pay. Therefore we take guarantees." And they took the Ruhr.

The taking of it was a deft military act; the handling of it by the engineers afterwards was naïve and ineffectual. Germans have a saying that the French are heroic only in the field. In civil life, in industry, they are feminine. This may or may not be. But it was very strange at Essen and Duisburg and elsewhere in the Ruhr to see the French engineers, with not a German tongue among them, struggling through German records and statistics by the light of German dictionaries, unable to pronounce German names correctly, hardly able to find their way about but with the aid of maps, avoiding German shops and restaurants and all unnecessary contacts with the people. Not so the army. Its way was free, purposeful and unembarrassed.

Doubtless to begin with the French motives were mixed, as mass motives so often are. Some thought the occupation of the Ruhr could be made to yield at once large reparation sums. Others, who knew better, yet favored taking the Ruhr for military reasons. Everyone must have understood that security and reparations were two different things; but there seems to have been much confusion of thought as to which was which. By security they mean always not guaranty of payment but the physical impossibility of another war with Germany.

It followed that when the occupation turned out to be immediately a costly business, causing more gold francs to go out than gold marks to come in, many expectations were disappointed. It followed, also, however, that for the first time in more than fifty years every Frenchman went to bed at night with security under his pillow. He had it. So long as France was in the Ruhr the nightmare of German revenge could not rise. As this feeling of security becomes a habit, as it crystallizes, will it not be increasingly difficult for France to let go of the Ruhr? Under the treaty she may keep it until Germany pays 132,000,000,000 gold marks. Nobody has the power to put her out. Nobody can oblige her to scale down the sum of reparations.

The world is still asking, "What does France ultimately want—reparations or security?" The French say nothing final on that point. Why should they? Have they not gained control of circumstances? Though their program may seem ambiguous, it is nevertheless the only aggressive program in Europe. No one can say what they will do with the Ruhr or how it will profit them to keep it. But there is no doubt about what their taking of it did to the Germans. It wrecked their program.

The German economic program had the weakness of a Prussian military campaign. It was inflexible. One disaster destroyed it. They are fatalists really. Everything hung by a thread of assumption, which was that when they had defiantly pleaded bankruptcy to force a revision of the treaty the liberal opinion of the world would restrain France. After all this time they knew not France; and to their geometrical minds the political way of the world is a foolish enigma beyond all comprehension.

A Policy of Necessity

Their disappointment was terrible. Ever since, they have been drifting. Inflation was a dangerous path through the red sea. Now their exit is blocked; they cannot go back, it threatens to swallow them up. Henceforth its consequences are wholly evil and they cannot stop. They have thought of breaking up into separate states again. There is a strong secret temptation to do this. It would solve the reparations question. They would not have to pay. But revenge might be postponed for many generations. They have thought of trying to sell the Ruhr to American capitalists, which only shows what solemn absurdities they can imagine.

Meanwhile, necessity from day to day is shaping a policy of its own. English coal is taking the place of Ruhr coal as Swedish and Spanish ore has already taken the place of Lorraine ore. There is no physical reason why they should not erect a monument to the Ruhr, hang a wreath upon it, hire the English to mine their coal and the Swedes to mine their ore, and convert Germany into one great nest of skill. Belgium, which is not self-contained in raw materials, has become an important steel-exporting country. Great Britain, with no raw cotton of her own, won the cotton textile trade of the world. She imported raw cotton and exported the cunning of her hands.

An industrious ingenious people, though they have to buy all their raw material, even their food, may still prosper by exporting the products of high technical skill. Economically this would be feasible for Germany. The objections are mainly two: Relying upon others for her raw materials she might prosper, but she could never again be terrible in war. Besides, secondly, what if France should decide to come all the way in! There is no one to stop her—not even England.

Great Britain's dilemma is very subtle. It is so subtle that she cannot state it clearly. Hence her apparent vacillation, standing by France and not with her, anxious for Germany and yet neutral.

At the London conference of Allied premiers on reparations, in December, the British prime minister said, according to the official paraphrase, this: There was also a prevalent idea that Great Britain depended so much on foreign trade that she was more concerned to get Germany on an economic basis than were other nations. He would not say that everyone in England agreed with him, because he knew there were some free traders who did not, but he himself was convinced that if the rest of the world were normal and Germany were to disappear under the sea, Great Britain would be better off than before, because German competition would be removed.

War as a Habit

That can be said. What cannot be said is what everybody knows. Before the war Great Britain feared Germany as an industrial rival, not as a traditional enemy. Great Britain's traditional enemy was France, whom she had no reason to fear industrially. Between France and Germany it was England that held the balance of power. Now the case is very different. That balance of power no longer exists. Under the Versailles Treaty France got more than one-third of the total ore resources of Europe. She was still dependent upon England and Germany for coal. But now in the Ruhr she has the coal. Therefore she is dominant and free. The traditional enemy of Great Britain has both military and economic power over the continent of Europe. That is a situation the British have not faced since Napoleon.

War, always the war—that one, this one, then another one. It fills the background of all Old-World thought. Americans cannot understand this. With us war is an ugly business, very costly, to be justified only by a principle for which one is willing to die. It may not be altogether so; yet we think it is. With the people of Europe war is a habit. They know not peace. Successful war pays. Perhaps if the United States were in Europe we should get the habit. Where everyone else does it, one must do it too.

There is not the slightest doubt that if Germany had the weapons she would declare war on France because France, acting legally under the Treaty of Versailles, is taking steps to make her pay for the last war. It would be the natural thing to do—much more natural than paying reparations. If Germany won she could make France pay. She would know how to do that.

Well, if one can accept this natural fact of war, as the people of Europe do, everything else very simply takes its place.

Knowing one to be an American the *hausfrau* of a German hotel asks indignantly why America does not act to stop France in the Ruhr, on grounds of humanity.

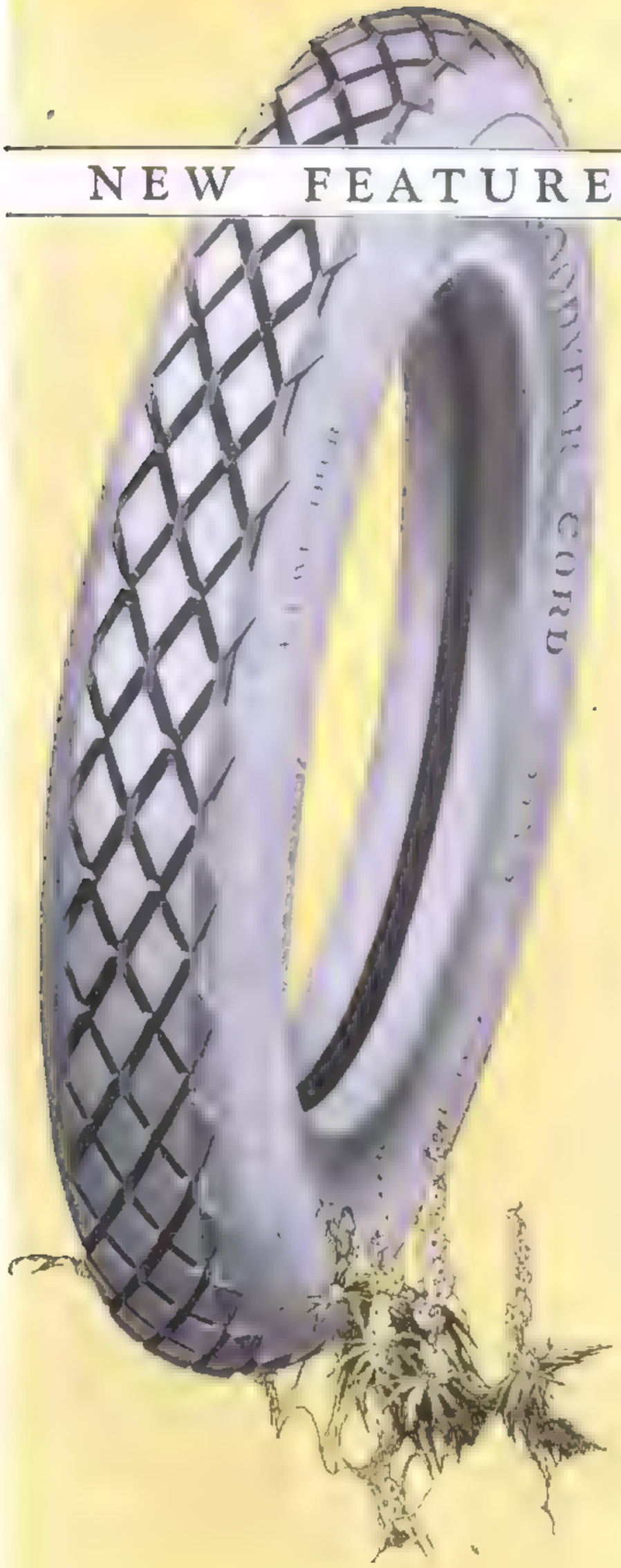
"Because of what the Germans did in Belgium," one answers.

For a moment she is dumb. Then with a very old gesture she says, "It is so. Always in Europe it has been like that. First one and then the other. Our turn will come again."

It will

For what if France does keep the Ruhr? Germany without it is still the greatest second-class power in the world, with a surplus of nearly 7,000,000 births a year. All she has to do is to hold her hate together, live and wait.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue.



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His voice was relentless. He carried always the feeling of relentlessness, of an unemotional unconditional coldness in purpose. An icy man, a terrible man, even now.

Again the cricket, for a little space. The firelight was but faint.

Suddenly he sank on his knees beside her, one hand on the bed roll that made her seat, so that he could look into her face. But her hands covered it. He touched her hand. It was wet with tears. Slowly he drew back.

"What have I said? What have I done?"

"Ah, you should be content!" she broke out presently. "You have your revenge!"

"What do you mean? I can't well stand to hear you say that. Revenge?"

"Yes. Very well, I called you a thief once. Let that go. You are one now."

He was entirely silent for a long space, trying to understand. Then she felt her fingers caught in a clasp like steel.

"Have I stolen anything I ought not to have taken? Tell me! Believe me, that one thing I never dreamed! I never thought that you—that you did—that you ever could! You don't! You cannot! That can never be! That's not possible! There are many men in the world for you—all of them—for you. I said only that there was no other woman but you in all the world for me. I didn't ask or expect even justice, even mercy, from you!"

"You are avenged!" said Anastasie Lockhart again. "It is noble of you! You—you reason well! You come in the night!"

After all, how could they avoid youth, evade love? In some way, when or how, neither of them knew, they were standing. He had caught her up, they were face to face, body to body. Their arms found themselves about each other. He felt her arms about his neck, his shoulders; to her his clasp was like steel. He saw her face, pale, wet, wholly adorable, irresistible, a woman of a million. She saw his eyes, studious, marveling, frowning, his face one she had never seen before. It was done. It was too late.

He struggled as though to put off a mask, as though some armor coat oppressed him. Their lips met as though they dreamed, they did not know of plan at all, were as two dazed, beyond volition, beyond right or wrong.

It was he who drew back, half sobbing, still wrestling with that something, now that it was too late. He felt the swift rush of her awakened impetuous woman emotion, strong and sudden as though some dam had been disrupted to let an unmeasured torrent through; felt her arms slide back along the sides of his neck, her hands catch the sides of his face as they parted. Her face was not that of a country girl kissed merrily by some swain, or evilly; it was high, serious, not illusioned, calm; the face of a great soul in a splendid beauty, a woman of a million; a face terrible and young, as was his own.

There were no tears now. The great hour, the one instant for two strong natures had arrived—had passed. If any theft were done it had been done.

"You were a savage, a criminal!" said she after a time, voicing that. "But what is done is done, and what is written is written. Many men? Where? And I think I shall hate you now."

She heard his voice as of a man musing, chanting to himself: "I was strong! You are taking my strength away.

"Do you want me to break my vow to my state?" He groaned after a time. "Would you ruin a man? Do you want me killed before my day's over? I love you, and it cannot be."

"I suppose not." Her voice dreamed. "I said, you are avenged. But I suppose I was wrong about—about calling you a thief. That trial—I suppose I ought to tell you ——"

"That's too late! I told you I can never change. That's my curse I can't change. My honor is as good as you are good, and I know you are. But you doubted me once. It was forever. I don't know how to forgive that, for man or woman. And even if you hadn't I'm not for you. Unclean! Unclean! Look at my hands—they're red, I say. Look at yours—white, sweet, good."

He choked, struggled; could no more than crush her hands to his lips.

NORTH OF 36

(Continued from Page 27)

"It's not for us!" he said at last. "Yes, I'm a thief. I'm almost a coward. I did not know. I'll never ask you to forgive me. Let me go. Let me finish my work. If I live, when I'm old and done and crippled, let me come and kiss the hem of your garment. There are—there must be—other men. They say there's more than one love for a woman. I don't know. I reckon that's not true. Oh, if I could only change!"

But even so he could not go. Frowning, he caught her face in his steel-like hands once more, and at the flame ripple of her hair above her temple kissed her again and again and yet again where he had seen her cup her hand over the first kiss he gave her—stolen also—in the dark.

He was gone. What comfort for her now? Or what for him? There is no such thing as fairness in love between man and woman.

■■■■

NO BLUE smoke rose against the far horizon of the wild paradise through which these pioneers of a new industry were passing. Civilized, semicivilized, even savage mankind lacked then in the Nations. The country was unsettled and unknown. The men of Del Sol neither followed nor intersected any trail of hoof or wheel. Only the deep paths of the buffalo, immemorial, marked the green carpet of unbroken sod. There never had been hoof of any domestic creature here. The bands of horses that swept away were wild horses. Wild deer, wild antelope made their only neighbors. There was not a weed. There was not a bee. The white man had not come.

Not one Del Sol man had any idea of the country ahead. They were only holding to the easiest way, the ridges that separated the heads of divergent streams.

Nabours held his silence as long as he could, but at length spurred up to the morose and solitary man who rode without a word regarding the herd, himself or his own plans.

"Mr. McMasters," said he, "I don't know where we are right now. I don't know where we're going. We haven't got no map. I don't know when Rudabaugh may jump us. It's time you and me got plumb serious."

"Yes, I think so."

"For instance, we ain't on no Chisholm Trail?"

"No, that's over in east, if it can be called a trail. Fort Sill—that's what they call the camp where the soldiers stop, in west toward the Wichita Mountains—is the nearest white settlement. It's only a camp; there is no actual army post there yet."

"My notion, soldiers mostly ride around and don't do nothing much."

"They'd do more if they were let alone by the Indian Department. Those men are doing what Captain Marcy advised fifteen years ago—figuring on an army post north of the Red, to watch the Comanches.

"The worst Comanches, as you know, are the Quahrada bands—that's old Yellow Hand. Their right range is north of the Buffalo Gap and west into the Staked Plains; that's their big buffalo country. But I think word has gone out for some kind of a council between them and the Kiowas, and that's what has brought Yellow Hand in here.

"The policy of the Indian Department now, as you may know," he went on explaining, "is to round up all these Indian tribes and get them on reservations. That's going to mean war, next year probably. This whole country in here is just as like as not to be on foot right now. The best hope we've got is that none of them get together with Rudabaugh."

"That's fine, ain't it? And you done told me that Rudabaugh was heading in ahead to meet us."

"He doesn't know where we are any more than we know where he is. If we keep on north and he keeps on up the Washita we'd naturally intersect at the crossing of the Washita, two or three days' drive north of here. I don't know which will get there first. He travels light."

"What d'you think I'd ought to do?" demanded Nabours, after a time.

"There is not much you can do. When you go into camp every night set your wagon tongue so that it points toward the North Star. Line out on that course the next morning. Keep on going north for a month What comes, comes. But keep your herd closed up."

"Well, I done sont my cook cart on ahead a ways," admitted Nabours. "I told Sam to kill a buffalo and pick out a good camping place, if it looked anything like a bed ground."

"What comes, comes," said McMasters once more.

They separated, since he would talk no more. He rode apart from the herd, would accept no duties, no friendships, never cast a glance toward the closed cart where Taisie had taken refuge.

Nabours hardly had resumed his place at the head of the column before he found cause enough for actual alarm. On ahead there was coming toward him the white top of the cook cart, its oxen lashed to a gallop by the negro driver. Buck made no attempt to stop his vehicle, but thundered by with the evident intention of getting as far to the rear as possible. The shrieks of Milly, who had gone on in the cart, rose continuously. Nabours was obliged to ride ahead to bring the cart to a halt.

"What in hell do you mean by this?" demanded he of the frightened negro.

"Fo' Gawd! Massa Jim, don't go up dah! Dey's five thousand Injuns right up dah! Dey's a million buffaloes not two mile ahead, beyant the woods, and them Injuns is a cuttin' and a chargin'!"

"Go on down to the other cart and pull up close!" commanded the trail boss. "Hurry, now!" He spurred off to the point of the herd.

"Throw 'em off the trail, men!" he called out. "Make the herd right here! Injuns! Get your rifles out!"

In ten minutes the strip of prairie was covered a half mile deep with a mass of cattle, and the remuda was closed up at the rear. The men made a rude laager of the bed rolls in front of the carts and ordered the women to keep hid. So far as might be, they were ready for what must come.

It came soon. The cattle shuffled as they stood, turned, raised their heads. A thunder of countless hoofs grew loud, louder. And now became visible, close at hand, one of the wild spectacles of the tribesmen's country. A vast black mass of running buffalo appeared, strung out in little clumps as far as the eye could reach. Heads down, their beards sweeping the grass tops, they ran, an endless series of black, rolling forms, in a tremendous momentum that shook the very sod—the wildest picture of a wild world.

The men who immemorially owned that world were here. Naked horsemen clung on the flank of the herd. It was the Comanches, at the savage trade which the Comanches most loved and best practiced—that of lancing the wild buffalo.

A half hundred, perhaps a hundred riders stretched out in a long line—in fact a line two miles or more in length. The savages, stripped to the waist, rode their bareback horses alongside and into the detached masses of black which stretched west and north out as far as the horizon. Even in the distance and in the dust they might have been known to be Comanches, since they thus were at work with the lance. That was always the favorite Comanche weapon in the buffalo hunt.

Nothing imaginable could be more cruel or more efficient than their trade as these wild riders now were practicing it. Each spearman rode even with his chosen quarry. It was not his purpose to strike it in the vitals, but only to disable it. A hunter leaned sideways suddenly, plunging, both his arms raised. A lunge, a heave backward to wrench the point clear, and the great beast fell, cut through the loins; not killed at once, but sure to fall; which was enough for the savage workman. The old men or squaws following after with their bows and arrows would finish what the long lances had begun. To the rear a mile-long line of black struggling blots lay on the grass. But the blood lust of the riders had not yet been glutted.

Their chase was now to end. Their attention, rapt as they had been in the pursuit they loved above all others, could not now escape the sudden sound which broke upon their ears even over the hoof roar of the buffalo.

In a vast rush of crackling hoofs and rattling horns the entire Del Sol herd was now off in the wildest stampede any of the men had ever seen. Worst of all, they were

(Continued on Page 83)

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For your home garage

Escape from the dangerous "Give me a quart of oil"

Why do so many veteran motorists and experienced operators of taxi-cabs and motor trucks buy their Gargoyle Mobiloil in large sealed containers? These are the reasons:

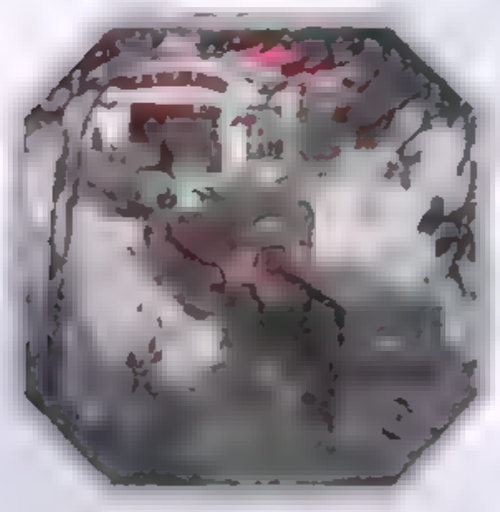
1. Certainty

(1) ***Certainty.*** They are sure that the Gargoyle Mobiloil sold in sealed containers is genuine. The purchase of loose "quarts of oil" sometimes tempts an unscrupulous dealer to substitute low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

(2) ***Convenience.*** With a 5-gallon can or a 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drum in your garage, you always have an adequate supply of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand. You don't have to wait in line in front of the dealer's until he gets through serving gasoline and oil to customers ahead of you.

(3) ***Better Operation.*** The best operating results are secured by maintaining the oil at the proper level. A "quart of oil" is often either too much or too little to pour in. With Gargoyle Mobiloil in your garage you can add every day the correct amount of "make-up" oil—a pint, a quart, or whatever amount you may need.

2. Convenience



Even more important. The cutting effect of gasoline tends to thin down even the best lubricating oil. The daily addition of fresh oil builds up the body of the entire oil supply, and helps make up for this fuel admixture.

3. Better Operation

Containers for your Home Garage

During the week of May 7th to 12th, dealers all over the country are giving the home garage owner special attention. They are providing ample stocks of the different grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil in the larger containers.

Gargoyle Mobiloil comes in 1-gallon and 5-gallon sealed cans and 15-, 30-, and 55-gallon sealed steel drums, which are water-proof, dust-proof, and air-proof. The drums come equipped with a convenient, leak-proof faucet. A 5-gallon can or a 15-gallon drum of Gargoyle Mobiloil may be easily carried home in your car.

A 5-gallon can or a 15-gallon drum of Gargoyle Mobiloil is the most valuable accessory you can put in your home garage.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the Chart your guide

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)* · Boston · Chicago · Philadelphia · Detroit
Pittsburgh · Indianapolis · Minneapolis · Rochester · Kansas City, Kan.
Buffalo · Milwaukee · Dallas · Des Moines · Oklahoma City

Chart of Recommendations

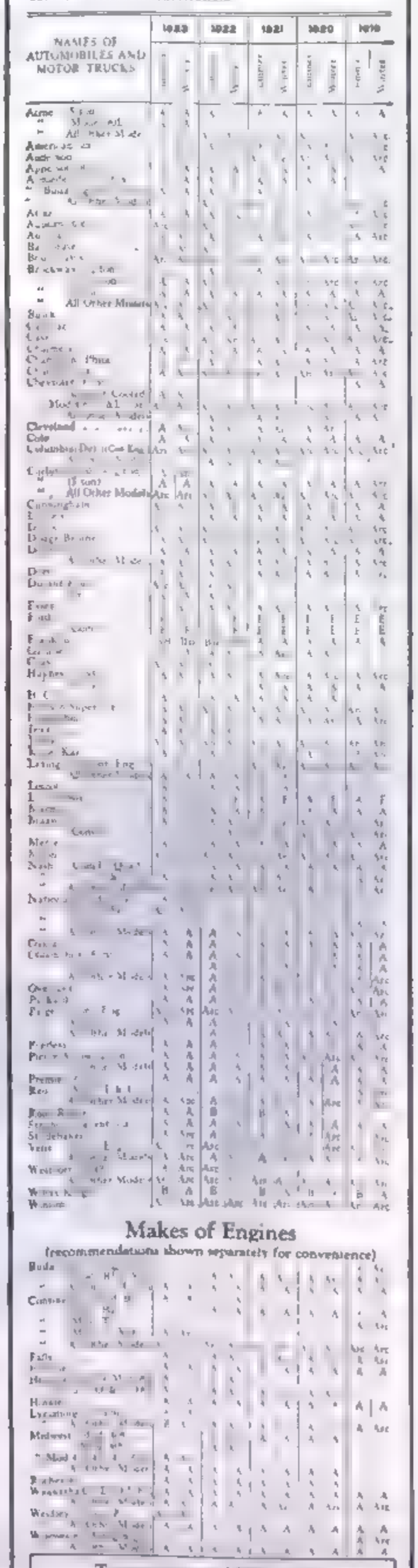
(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



Makes of Engines
(recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or M lubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 80)

not undertaking to evade but to join the stampede of the buffalo.

Always there was a sort of affiliation between the wild and the domestic cattle of the plains; and all old plainsmen knew how difficult it was to separate the two, once they were commingled. This commingling of wild and half wild, with the attendant rumbling and trembling under the hoofs of all these thousands of running creatures, made a swift climax to the scene. The black mass, lengthened and strung out by the impact of the line of hunters, now was joined by a vast influx of lighter-colored animals, coming in at an angle. Red men might take toll of this. White men could not control it. No men could stop it now.

The savages had ridden long. There was an endless line of black blots rising and falling on the prairies back of them. The stampede of the Del Sol herd was sufficient to break the trance of slaughter.

Spears in hand, naked, their arms red to the shoulders, their bodies red to the waist, a group of the riders broke away from their chase and came up, grinning and shouting, to where they saw the white men huddled. They had taken their time. The Comanches entertained but little fear of the whites. They were insolent lords of the far Southwest, raiding the feeble Mexicans as they liked and even imperiously telling the Anglo-Saxon frontiersmen when he must cease advancing or even pull back his frontier lines. They always had held the best of the cattle range as well as the best of the buffalo range of Texas, and had kept the cowman out.

These had no fear now of the whites. They carried with them proof of that. Repeating their own tribal history of grim sense of humor, at some sutler's store looted far to the west they had practiced one of the jests they had been known to employ in early border times. They had gathered bolts of flannel, bales of gaudy calico, from which they had liberally taken decorations for their horses. Not one of the latter that did not have attached to his mane and tail such strips of calico as long and rough riding had left him. It was the pleasant Comanche practice to tie one end of a bolt of cloth or calico to the tail of a horse and then to ride off, leaving the fabric to unwind as it listed and the horse to run as it chose. These wild decorations still clung in colored fragments to the bloodstained ponies which they rode. The ends of the prints fluttered in the prairie wind, mocking the flowers in their own remaining hues.

Buck Thundered by With the Evident Intention of Getting as Far to the Rear as Possible

No herd of cattle could have withstood the sight of this wild phantasmagoria. The men who owned them felt that their own time had come. Without command, each man dropped low behind his bed roll, his rifle resting above his bent arm.

"Don't let them in, men—but don't shoot yet! They've got nothing but spears!"

It was the voice of Dan McMasters which arose. He alone of them all was standing, rifle in hand. He threw up his hand in the command to halt as the red men came on in, slapping his rifle stock.

The Comanches paid little attention to any command, but made no immediate motion of hostility. Their leader was a great-chested man with wide chin and mouth and narrow eyes. Jabbering in his own tongue, two-thirds Spanish, he grinned as he came on close up to the rifles which covered him and his men. At length he threw up his own hand carelessly, indifferently, curiously, as though he now would see what was to be found hereabouts.

"How, *amigo!* How, *amigo!*" called out McMasters. No one had chosen him as leader, but none now denied him the place. "*Usted* Yellow Hand?"

The leader rode out carelessly.

"*Si,*" said he. "Me Yellow Han'. *Habla Español?*"

"*Si,*" replied McMasters, and went on in that tongue.

After a few moments of rapid talk he turned.

"He says they are Quahradas, but are riding through, going home. Says he wants some spotted buffalo. Says they are on Indian land and we have got to get out. Says we will have to give him half our horses and all our flour and tobacco. Says he knows we have got something in the wagons because we keep the covers tight. Says we can't go on through, but have got to go back."

"You tell him to go to hell!" broke out Jim Nabours. "Tell him I know who he is. Yellow Hand has got no right in here. Tell him the soldiers will be after him for chasing the Chickasaws' buffalo. Flour—beef—tobacco? Tell him we won't give him a damned thing! Tell him if he rides ten feet further in we'll open fire and clean 'em out—our rifles shoot a week and we don't have to load."

He patted the stock of the rifle which he held up before him in defiance—one of the Henry repeating rifles, first of repeating arms seen in the Southwest after the Civil War; and already the Comanches knew what these repeating rifles meant. Old Yellow Hand also knew that his men had nothing but their spears. He traded Comanche lives as dear as possible always. No doubt it occurred to him that he could get all the beef he wanted by following the stampede. Perhaps he figured that nighttime would be a better hour for an attack—when all his warriors were on hand.

"Heap shoot!" called out Jim Nabours, again slapping the side of his rifle. Yellow Hand grinned pleasantly.

"How! How! Heap *amigo,*" said he. He advanced a foot or so, his hand outstretched. "What you got in *carreta? Que tienez?*"

He motioned toward the closed fronts of the cart covers, pointing with his spear. McMasters' rifle barrel struck up the spear shaft. Yellow Hand could see the hammers of the rifles lying down like the heads of so many rattlesnakes. He could see the light shining on the brass plates of these Henry rifles. Comanches on the Concho had told him that a rifle which had this yellow spot on it would keep on shooting forever without any need for loading again.

"*Si, seguro!*" he now said calmly. "Heap shoot!" He waved a hand towards the rifles. "*Muy grande escopetas.* Heap swap. *Uno caballo por uno escopeta!*" He meant he would trade a horse for a repeating rifle.

"*Nada,* damn your soul!" broke out Jim Nabours. "You vamoose pretty damn *pronto!* I'm sorry I ever learned your damned language, but you hear me now. *A doondey usted*—where'd you come from here?"

"*Nos vamenos, si,*" said Yellow Hand ingratiatingly. "*Poco tiempo.* Swap?"

"You've got a gall," rejoined Nabours, whose blood now was up as he began to think of what had happened to his herd. "Git on out or I'll kill you for luck!"

The chieftain turned towards McMasters, whom he again addressed in Spanish. McMasters replied quietly, evenly, evidently arguing and pointing out certain facts which ought to be observed; which facts had to do with spears as against repeating rifles; with buffalo as against beef.

After a time Yellow Hand turned back to his followers, who had sat their horses impatiently. He spoke a few words in explanation. Then, without paying any more attention whatever to the whites, they all turned and rode away.

For the time safe, the white men arose and looked at one another, still almost too much strained for speech.

"Look yonder!" said Nabours at length.

Off to the west and north other Indians were appearing, group after group, evidently the followers who did the butchering of the fallen buffalo. With spears and bows and arrows they were finishing the work which had been begun. Obviously there must be some considerable village not far away, for many or most of these advancing figures were those of squaws engaged in the butchering work.

"They are in no hurry," said McMasters after a time. "They are willing to wait. Bows and arrows. They don't seem to have any guns."

The Del Sol men looked around them for the horses which they had picketed, broke the front before the carts, where now could be heard women's lamentations. The boy, Cinquo Centavos, was disclosed sitting with his back against the cart front of his mistress, a Sharpe rifle across his knees. Tears were running down his cheeks—not tears of fear.

"My horses is all gone!" said he, sobbing.

"Hell, the cows is gone too!" commented Dalhart. "It's lucky we ain't!"

McMasters, once banished, had now without election been received back into the ranks of the Del Sol men. Indeed, he was now their leader. Before the stripped trail drovers made any move they held council.

"Yellow Hand knows he don't have to swap," said McMasters. "He knows he can choose between dead buffalo and dead cattle. Our horses—they know what we've got in that line. They know all they want to know, except what's in there." He nodded toward the carts. "They'll come back to find that out."

The men all looked at him in silence. He spoke again, to Nabours.

"There's only one good thing about this whole thing," he said. "Rudabaugh has not seen these men. They haven't heard of the killing of those two Comanche women. If they had they'd have rushed us long ago.

(Continued on Page 85)

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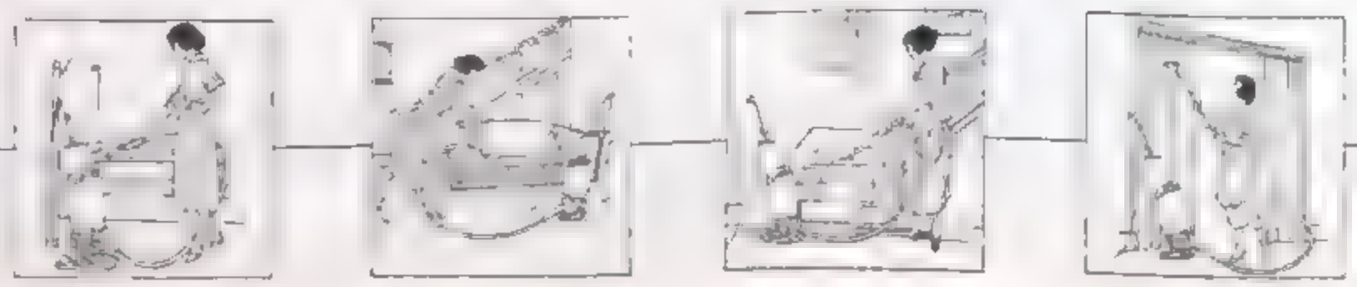

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The women must have been in a visiting village, over toward the Arbuckle hills."

Nabours was silent for a moment.

"The jig's up. We'd just as well leave the herd," said he at length. "We can't spare men to send after them. It looks like our only hope is to push on ahead with the carts and find a place to fight for what we've got left."

McMasters nodded.

"I think that's best. They know they've got only bows and arrows against our repeating rifles. Horses they like more than anything else. Maybe they'll be contented with rounding up our remuda if we slip away. Maybe we can come back again and pick up what they leave us. At least, they don't yet know what we have in there."

Once more he nodded toward the close-drawn flaps of the carts, to which not a man yet had ventured. They did not want the women to know. "We'd better be on our way before anything worse happens."

Nabours nodded. The broken cavalcade closed in and soon was moving north once more; now convoying nothing but the shrouded carts, around which they formed a cordon.

Unencumbered with the herd, they made a dozen miles in their hurried march, and finally chose a camping place upon a little eminence crowned with a few straggling trees, which gave them good sight of the surrounding country. They made their camp with the carts inside the circle of guards; hobbled and picketed their remaining saddle horses; and put up such barricade as they could. They now had done the last that remained within their power. Nabours told the women to come to the men's camp. A fire was built, but was kept low. Taisie Lockhart joined her men, her face exceedingly pale.

"It's the Comanches!" she broke out at last. "I have brought you into this!"

"Ma'am," said Nabours at length, "that's hardly a fair way of speaking. It's us has brought you. We all throwed in together in this."

"I told you I was broke and couldn't pay you," sobbed the girl, "and you wouldn't quit. Oh, if you only had!"

She missed one figure in the gathering of rough-clad, hard-bitten men. A trifle apart, McMasters paid no attention either to her or to anyone else. Nabours caught the direction of her glance and nodded.

"We done taken him on the herd, full, now," said he. "We need men that can shoot. Go on back to sleep."

But Taisie Lockhart no more slept than did the others. There was no shoulder against which she could lean. The voice of the cricket was no more. In its stead came the raucous roar of the gray wolves scenting blood.

XXVII

ONCE upon a time the immortal gods, desirous of playing their favorite game, in which mortals are used as pawns, cast down upon the surface of the earth their great chessboard. It was simple, having but four squares. They traced a wandering and wavering line two thousand miles in length along the indefinite line between the tall grass of the prairies and the bunch grass of the plains. It lay somewhere near what men afterwards came to call the one-hundredth meridian.

Across this line at right angles they put down yet another indefinite line to finish off their board. Since they knew nothing of geography or mathematics or politics, they did not call this line the parallel of 36 north. For them it was enough that it loosely divided the land of winter snows from that of winter suns. They cared not that at some time it might be the indefinite line between corn and cotton, between lean beef and fat, between breeding and feeding. They knew nothing of quarantine. It was nothing to them that had they gone one degree farther north they would have established the south line of a land called by men the state of Kansas. They had never heard of the state of Kansas; or of the Missouri Compromise; or of slavery. They dealt with a great land which then and now has been forever free. Men came to call it the West.

The great east-and-west line, like the great north-and-south line, one day was to be broken down and forgotten, after the immortal gods had kept their chessboard sufficiently long to themselves and had wearied of their game. They left the chessboard to their pawns and sat back, idly watching them, smiling that the pawns knew so little of great games.

When the early herds pushed up into that unknown land from the straggling half-Spanish settlements of the Southwest, men ignorantly walked over wealth which they then did not heed and did not need—the wealth that lay under the tall grasses and the short grasses. Of the bunch grass, the vine mesquite grass, and the redtop and the Eastern bluestem, they could talk understandingly. They lived in a day and land as yet pastoral. But their cattle walked over unsuspected millions of millions of gallons of oil, that one day later would be needed. The rude white bandits of the nation, men even of Rudabaugh's shrewd type, themselves did not suspect the measureless measures of coal and other minerals that lay under their feet. The immortal gods smiled at them, knowing that in time they would give their pawns everything they needed, equal to their changed requirements, as age succeeded age.

Now, pawns on the great chessboard of the gods where not even pawns ever had been placed before, the ragged crew of Del Sol was pushing up, two degrees eastward of the north-and-south dividing line. They had been traveling somewhere near the ninety-eighth meridian, of which not one of them ever had heard. Not many of them ever had heard of 36-30, or of the Missouri Compromise. They fought a war without much history, for the rank and file, as always is the case, had but narrow horizons. They were simply cowmen; and now they were driving north. To them Abilene, their objective, was as vague a thing as had been the cities of Cibola to Coronado's men when they also once crossed the great chessboard of the immortal gods, caring not even for the grasses, so good for buffalo and cows, and also missing all the minerals that lay beneath their feet, although it was one mineral they sought.

That was in the past. The immortal gods had decided that now it was time for men to move north. There was to be a great new constructive day.

But it seems that there is implanted in Nature and in the universe the law of two opposing forces: centrifugal and centripetal; good and evil; constructive and destructive; that which feeds, and is preyed upon by that which fattens; that which produces and creates, countered by that which destroys and tears down; that which sows to reap, and that which reaps where it has not sown. Therefore it was quite as much foreordained that Rudabaugh and his men should pass north to prey on the Del Sol herd as that the Del Sol herdsmen should be driving north into a new day.

Be all these things assigned such causes as they may in each man's philosophy, at the end of his nose or farther, a new epoch was at hand for the vast unsettled West. Rudabaugh and his men had discussed that daily and nightly as they pushed on up the Washita River of the Indian Nations. They finally camped at the ford of the Washita, well in advance of the Del Sol men and directly north of them, although neither knew the proximity of the other.

The ruffian leader had no more than twenty men in his band. He had recruited these from classes naturally unscrupulous and restless under any law. But all criminal tendency is in its way a sort of individual initiative, self-assertiveness, after all; so that Rudabaugh found his men not always wholly submissive to any man's will. They were less so now than ever. Repeatedly Rudabaugh had to explain to them again and over again that they were after large game, that the division would be large per capita. They were more like Coronado's men—wanted mineral in hand; minted mineral.

"Well, I don't mind saying," remarked one of the bolder of his men at the second night of encampment at the Washita crossing a city lies near there today - "I'll be free to say that I don't noways like the look of things."

Rudabaugh turned to him savagely

"Why don't you? What's the matter with you, Baldy?"

"There wasn't no cause to kill them Indian women If we don't keep moving, them Comanches may run into us any time."

"Where'd we move?" sneered Rudabaugh. "What are we after up here? Have I got to make a picture-block map to show you? Don't you see, you damned numskull, if that herd gets to the railroad the whole jig is up for us? We've got to make our clean-up right now, this season or not at all, I keep telling you. We've got to get our scrip and get our lands, and get our surveyors out to locate them; and we've got to do it all now. Next year will be too late if that herd gets through. I've told you all this a dozen times. Now if you don't like my way of leading, you know what you can do. If I hear any more grumbling I know what I'll do."

None the less, this spreading doubt and dissatisfaction on the part of his followers did begin to make impression upon even so hardened a soul as Rudabaugh's. He could do nothing if left alone. Looters always organize. In spite of his bravado, in spite of the quantities of fiery liquor which he had consumed, he began to feel a sudden uncontrollable chill creeping over his heart. Just now he began to pace up and down, restlessly endeavoring to work himself into one of his berserk rages. But he looked over his shoulder once in a while. No one knew what he saw, unless they themselves also saw the picture of the two naked women lying in their blood at a bathing pool.

"Damn it!" said Rudabaugh now, petulantly. "I don't see why that bunch of buzzards should pick a tree so close to light on!"

He caught up his rifle. A great black bird dropped dead from a limb a hundred yards away. The others rose clumsily, wheeled in dark caravan; but they alighted on another tree not even so far away.

"That ain't luck, I tell you," repeated the first speaker of Rudabaugh's men. "Me, I don't like the look of things."

XXVIII

JIM NABOURS, who had known but little sleep, kicked out of his blankets before sunup and stood, grimy, haggard and moody, his hands in pockets, his hat pushed back on his head. There was no familiar sight of a great sea of longhorns rising just above the level of the grasses. The Del Sol herd was gone.

All the men finished their sodden breakfast in silence. Only the hysterical sobbings of the black woman Milly made any variation from the general taciturnity. There came no word from the tight-closed tilt flaps of the carreta. Del Williams and Dalhart had not spoken to each other since the crossing of the Red. McMasters paid scarce more attention to any than if they had not been there.

The sun rose red above the wet grass, climbed steadily till it seemed smaller; but it did not look down upon any mass of longhorns rising from the bedding ground. There was no long procession heading out for the north. The men of Del Sol were without an occupation.

Moody and unhappy, they sat in their bivouac, waiting. It was McMasters who spoke, suddenly pointing to the south.

"Look, Jim," said he as he came in and touched Nabours on the shoulder. "That's not Indians—that's cavalry!"

In five minutes proof was complete. There came into view, company front, at a stiff trot, guidon fluttering bravely, two troops of the hard-bitten United States cavalry, then stationed variously on the Plains.

An officer rode in advance. As he came closer there showed near him the headdress of an Indian warrior, whether guide, scout or captive none could say.

In the sudden relief from their long strain, and under the influence of this spectacle of riding men, always inspiriting, the men of Del Sol rose and gave a ragged shout of welcome to the Yellow Legs. The leader rode straight on in without any salute or reply; a grim, grizzled man of forty years or more, in the Western uniform of our Army when it was at its best. He dismounted stiffly, came up with military stiffness, stood on one leg stiffly, looking for the leader. He kept with him his Indian companion. The Del Sol men now saw that it was the Comanche chieftain, Yellow Hand, the partisan of yesterday's affair.

"Good morning, men," said the cavalry leader. "I am Colonel Griswold, from the Sill cantonment down below. What're you doing here in the Nations?"

"Good morning," said Jim Nabours, stepping forward. "We are shore glad to see you, colonel. Well, we ain't doing a hell of a lot of anything right now. Yesterday we was a-driving thirty-six hundred and fifty-nine fours and mixed stuff north

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to Aberlene. That was afore we met yore friend there. We was just a-strolling through."

"Well, this old thief was just a-strolling through. I was following him. Last night I saw they had some fresh beef hides as well as buffalo in their camp. One thing led to another. I took your trail.

"They rather busted up your herd, eh? Well, I brought Yellow Hand along on the chance that he might be useful.

"Where do you men come from?" he continued. "Don't you know that driving cattle across the Indian Nations is the foolishest thing in the world?"

"It looks thataway now, colonel," assented Jim Nabours. "We come from Caldwell County, Texas, five hundred miles south of here."

"You're not trading with the tribes in any way?"

"No, sir, we don't want no truck with them."

"Got no whisky along?"

"Good God, no!" replied Nabours soulfully. "I wisht we had."

"H'm," said the army officer, looking toward the fire. "You got any coffee left?"

"Some. Set in," said the foreman simply.

So invited, Sandy Griswold, seasoned colonel of cavalrymen, made himself at home, a tin of coffee in his hand. His eye took in the arrangement of the scant equipment of these cattle drovers. He noted the giant carts, their covers drawn tight. He noted also when the flaps of the nearest cart cover parted, and someone—at first he thought it was a young man—began to climb down from the lofty seat via the cart tongue.

"Halloo, what's that?" said Sandy Griswold suddenly. "That's no man—that's a woman!"

"Shore she is," said Jim Nabours. "She owns the cows. She's going through to Aberlene."

By now Taisie Lockhart, in blue shirt and checkered trousers, boots and wide hat—her only apparel—was approaching the men. The officer arose, hat in hand. Jim Nabours made such clumsy introduction as he could. The soldier's eyes were running over the trim, straight, round figure of this astonishing apparition. He saw the great club of bound bright hair, the easy lines of young womanhood; the poise and grace of as fine a specimen of young womanhood, indeed, as any land might well produce. He knew at the first glance that here was a young lady. She was with this party but not of it. Her first words affirmed his first conviction.

"But why are you here?" he repeated in wonderment. "You don't belong here. This is a man's job. Didn't you know the risk you'd run?"

"None of us knew very much about it, sir," rejoined Taisie Lockhart. "We are beginning now to see."

She spread out her hands, indicating the absence of her herd.

"Sit down here by me, please, young lady." Hat in hand, he made a place for her. "Which one of these men did you say was your husband?"

The bright blood flooded Taisie's cheeks. Her trail boss answered for her.

"She won't be married none till we get to Aberlene," said Jim explicitly. "But that ain't nobody's fault but her own."

Sandy Griswold laughed uproariously.

"By Jove!" said he. "It's an awful thing to be old and lame and married—married before you were a day old, my dear. If I wasn't, I swear I'd marry you now, before you're a day older! What's the matter with all these young fellows?"

His keen blue eye under its shaggy brows swept the company of the Del Sol men, but found no mate for her. His eye lingered for just a time on a tall young man who stood quite apart.

"Come now," he resumed, turning to the girl from whose fresh beauty—which was beauty even in daylight, and even in the morning—his eyes did not willingly wander long, "tell me all about things. You don't belong in here, but of course I have got to help you out. I wouldn't fret too much. If I had not come along old Yellow Hand here would have put you on your uppers. As it is, we'll put him on his. We'll all go back down the trail together with my bullies yonder. We'll hold a big rodeo down there and see what the buffalo and the Comanches have left for you. Very foolish of you, my dear; very foolish, indeed. But we'll see what can be done."

"How could we ever pay you?" said Taisie Lockhart, turning upon him fully now the gaze of her disconcerting eyes.

"You've more than paid me now, my dear girl," said the old warrior. "Lockhart, you said your name was? What was your father's name?"

"His name was Burleson Lockhart, sir. He was colonel of the Ninth Volunteers in the war. We came from Alabama, once. But my father did not believe in the secession, though he fought with Texas."

"Why, I knew him! His regiment and mine were opposed, in Tennessee!" His voice dropped. "But the men said you were an orphan. Your father did not get back from the war?"

Sudden memory caused her to drop her face in her hands. Once more her foreman spoke for her.

"Her pap was killed on the Missouri border, after the war, by the Federal bushwhackers up there. He was driving cows up thataway. Them Yankee people in Austin have done robbed this girl of everything she had. We was driving these cows to see if we couldn't make a little stake for her oncet more."

Sandy Griswold sat silent for a time. At last he spoke quietly to the tall girl who sat on a bed roll beside him.

"Well, now!" he said. "Well, now, we'll see what can be done. You don't belong here, but I'd be no sort of soldier if I didn't see you through."

Now, as though by providential plan, had arrived unity of purpose and cheerfulness of spirit, an hour earlier unpredictable. Col. Sandy Griswold was no man to delay action. In a half hour the camp was broken, and the entire party, preceded by the troopers, was retracing the way south to the scene of yesterday's disaster. The commanding officer rode by Taisie Lockhart's cart. The ferret eyes of the sullen Comanche saw now what had been hidden in the carreta. Between the cavalry commander and these wild savages there existed a distinct understanding of some sort, resting on fear of the troopers' carbines.

"I'm going to put the whole band to work for you," said Griswold, and called his interpreter.

The Del Sol men found themselves before long enriched by the recruitment of a couple of dozen laughing young Indian braves—all of them unarmed—who, for the mere excitement of the thing were ready to assist in the rounding up of the scattered cattle and horses. A strangely mixed round-up band they made, half of them grim and silent, the other half wildly whooping, when they started off down the trail which lay written on the grassy soil.

As all of them knew, a buffalo stampede was the worst possible run on the range. But fortune partially favored the harassed drovers. It soon was evident that the buffalo had avoided the fringe of timber which lay ahead, had kept on running into the wind, as was their custom—alone of all cud-chewing game. The domestic cattle had plunged into the thickets and split up in the edge of shallow timbered draws, and the wind meant less to them. This partially combed out the cattle from the buffalo. Inside of three miles the riders began to pick up groups and strings of the cattle in the long dragnet which they swept through one cover after another.

"Great Stone Face" in Butte County, Cal.

"By golly!" exclaimed Jim Nabours suddenly, after they had ridden an hour or two. "I'll bet a thousand dollars there's old Alamo! If he's there, there'll be more!"

It was true. A gaunt yellow head crowned with wide horns stared at them over the thicket tops. Old Alamo, self-appointed leader of the herd, had concluded he had gone far enough—indeed, he was willing to fight to establish that fact now. But the sweep of the riders driving in the groups of cattle induced him to change his mind.

There never were better riders than the Comanches, and they were hunters as well. The round-up was sport for them. The wild band helped the trail boss to pick up one string after another of the scattered herd, horses mingled with them. One body after another of the gathering Nabours turned back to the old encampment where the run had begun. Especially, he set the Indians to rounding up the horse band, a task in which they took the most extreme delight. The joined forces combed out the entire country to the southeast for perhaps more than ten or fifteen miles by evening. All day long, under this or that party of riders, the stream of reclaimed cattle and horses continued, until even Jim Nabours ceased to grumble at the product of the day.

That night and yet another night Griswold held his camp, which included that of the drovers, some two miles apart from the Comanche village; but his subalterns day and night had out troops who held the Comanches under control. There was no outbreak. The fearless Comanches, feasting full, laughed and chattered like children. When Nabours reported to Griswold that he was content to end the rodeo the tally showed that the Del Sol herd, cut down as it had been by the unprecedented losses, still numbered three thousand and ninety-six head of cattle; and sixty good riding horses remained in the remuda. They were pioneers. The term "per cent of loss" was then unknown on the trail. Later, such losses would have meant ruin.

"What cows is left," said Nabours, "I'll leave for to stock the Chickasaw range. As for the lost horses, I reckon these here Comanches will take care of that after we are gone. Tomorrow I'd like to start on north. We ain't got anything too much to eat but beef, and we musn't waste no time."

"All right," said Griswold. "We'll all pull north together in the morning. My supply wagons are up and I'll trade you flour and bacon and dried apples for fresh beef. I'm tired of buffalo. I'll see you, anyhow, as far as the Washita crossing.

"I'm going to take Yellow Hand along with me," he added. "All these Comanches have got plenty of meat now, and they'll stand hitched until he comes back. I have told them that if they start any funny business I'm going to shoot Yellow Hand in front of the whole village.

"Send that man over to my tent," he said to Nabours. He pointed to McMasters, whose work he had seen. "I want to talk to him, since I know who he is. If he is a Texas sheriff and a captain of Texas Rangers he and I have got to have a little conversation about Comanches."

They two sat late that night in front of Griswold's tent, talking by the little fire. When they parted the soldier gave the young Ranger a strong clasp of the hand. What they had said no one but themselves knew.

And now, when the pink dawn of the prairie again came above the dewy grasses, there might be seen once more the sea of wide horns, in the old comfortable morning picture of the trail; the trail of days now gone by forever.

XXIX

DIMINISHED but undaunted, the great herd swept north once more into the wide, sweet, unknown world. The mingled grasslands and narrow timber tracts which lay between the heads of the water courses made for cattle drovers a land of plenty where man had not yet come. In every hollow the wild deer sprang away, the head of every draw contained its flocks of great wild turkeys. On the grassy flats were uncounted coveys of the prairie grouse. The air was enlivened with the wild calls of the giant sickle-billed curlew; and from above came the mysterious, baffling liquid tremolo of the upland

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

plover, honey sweet to hear. Glossy green parrakeets showed in the timber mottes, meadow larks made gay the air with their metallic clankings, mixed with the broken strains of melody all their own. There was life, motion, all the time in the wild landscape.

The vegetable world also was rich, richer than our Government had thought when in ignorance it gave this domain to the savages in a treaty which, like all our treaties, later was to be repealed. Fruits began to appear, few of them yet ripening; wild grapes, plums. They crossed one strip of sand dunes which ran through the grassy knolls, and found an astonishing growth of dwarfed grapevines, showing not more than a foot or so above the sand, but promising fruit of great size.

In the timbered valleys there was an admirable growth of elms, cottonwoods, black walnuts. Haws and persimmons, not yet ripe, young acorns of the oak trees, showed what the fall mast would be. The black bears and the deer even now were hunting mushrooms. Abundance of food was there for every species. The spotted wildcat made no unusual sight. Now and then a panther passed ghostlike from one covert to the next. A rich land and a contented, indolent, assured. The white men had not yet come. Nor was there even here either weed or bee.

Though really near the eastern edge of their range of that day, distant bands of the buffalo still showed; and adding yet keener zest to an enlivened landscape, frequent bands of wild horses passed in their easy drifting over the grasslands, or stood at gaze in superb confidence in their own speed. It was the open country, the free country, of the old West. In it these men were as much adventurers as had been the sailors of Columbus or Cabot, Leif Ericson or Magellan. It had taken three Army expeditions and a half century of time to find the head of the Red River, which made the drovers' Rubicon. Young in the youth of their world, they exulted as they rode.

Col. Sandy Griswold quit the saddle for the jolting cart seat to which Nabours had banished Taisie Lockhart. The wilderness makes swift friendships.

"My dear," said the soldier to the girl one day as they rode joltingly along, "I wouldn't ask anything better than just to ride along this way with you forever. You are by no means painful to the naked eye, and within sixty days you will be rich. Abilene is not a dream, although it is just beginning. Two railroads are going west across the lower Plains now. They are going to make a cattle market at Abilene and you are in on the ground floor. Rich? Are you going to support a husband? You could, you know."

"I think I'll buy myself some clothes the first thing I'll do," said Taisie, slowly smiling, "if there is such a thing as women's clothes at Abilene."

"There you go! Woman's first instinct. Tell me"—suddenly—"where is that tall young man—you know which one I mean. You don't know where he is?"

"I think he's back behind today. He's not regularly on the herd—now."

"You don't know very much, do you, my dear? You'd let a brave, square man ride on the drag?"

"Please don't, I beg of you! I don't really know why you mention him. My men all are splendid."

But he went on relentlessly.

"Yes; and I suppose you know that your men are riding his horses—that you are eating his food yourself? Did you know that he staked you for this drive—that he is going to make your fortune for you? No, you never knew that. But that's true."

"Oh, don't tell me such things!" broke out Taisie in swift consternation. "I never knew that! Of course I never knew it! I'd never have gone a foot! Oh, this is an awful thing!"

"Yes, my dear; there are awful things that a woman can do to a man too. Now that it is too late it would be quite like a woman for you to love him. You ought to have trusted him in the first place. You can't fool with a man like that. He's cold iron."

"He didn't—he wouldn't—don't you think—do you suppose—why, what can I do? I've been unjust. Yes, I know that now!"

"Well, I wouldn't climb down out of this cart right now anyhow," said Colonel Griswold calmly.

"But I can't go on this way. What shall I do? Rich? No, I'm a pauper! And I've not a soul in all the world to go to."

"Oh, yes, you have, my dear! Observe me beat on my chest. I, Sandy Griswold, will save this maiden in distress! But it's always best to get the truth, the first thing. Well, you've got it now. You never would have learned it unless I had told you. That young man would rather cut his throat than tell you what I have told you. He never dreamed I would. But I thought it right."

"But I can't go on this way!"

"You have got to go on in this way, my dear. There is nothing else for you to do. When that man says he is through he is through. He's got the chief ingredients of a bad man. But there never was a bad man who didn't have good things about him. That sort of a man can't alter a decision. He thinks once, acts once, is done once and for all, and when he's done he's done. I can't help you with him. But what a splendid pair of human beings you have spoiled!"

"A fine prospect you give me, sir! Oh, you are comforting!" said Taisie Lockhart bitterly.

"It will be very hard for a girl like you not to marry some man. It is a very terrible thing to marry the wrong man, my dear. It's a very terrible thing to let a man think you meant to marry him when you didn't. It's the worst when a man wants to marry and can't—because he can't forgive an insult to his honor. It is lucky you are not a man."

"Ah, less lucky that I am a woman! I shall choke at the thought of eating his bread!"

"Oh, no, you won't. That's melodrama, my dear. If you don't like his flour eat some of mine.

"No, keep your eyes closed and your mouth closed, too, until you get to Abilene. I may meet you or send for you up there myself. That's what the Army's for—we're organized to help damsels in distress. That you are in distress I know very well indeed. While there's a sack of flour or an ambulance mule left—well, we'll see."

At the encampment of the last night below the Washita, Taisie Lockhart might well have felt a sense of security. There were two troops of cavalry and all her own men bivouacked about her. But she could not sleep.

Soon after dark that night Dan McMasters, asking no consent and giving no notification, quietly rose and caught up his night horse. He disappeared in the darkness, headed toward the ford. He said no word of good-by to anyone, and was not missed by anyone—save by one unhappy girl who had lacked his coming all these days.

She was sure she hated him—when she reasoned. When she did not reason she felt her veins run hot with love of him. He had kissed her. Their arms had encircled each other. Ah, obligations?

■■■

THE cattle, full fed and well watered, had bedded down in their compact oblong, willing to rest after two days' hard march. Nabours had doubled the night guard. The men in pairs rode in reverse around and around the herd, passed and repassed slowly, regularly, singing the cradle song of the cows.

Nabours, worn by long hours, early pulled his blankets over his face. Cinquo Centavos himself dozed under his ragged quilt, in his dreams comforted with the subconscious tinkling of the gray mare's bell. In the cavalry camp, a half mile away, all was quiet save for the methodical tramp of the sentinels.

Midnight. Jim Nabours felt a strong hand laid on his shoulder.

"Hush!" whispered a voice. "It's McMasters."

"What's wrong?" demanded the foreman, flinging off his blanket.

"Rudabaugh's gang will jump us in less than half an hour. Get all the men up. I am going to tell the soldiers."

The loud challenge of a sentinel halted him, but soon he was admitted in the cavalry camp. Griswold was up at once. McMasters put before him a hurried report.

"They're ahead about four or five miles," he explained; "camped on the Washita. One of their hunters saw us today. He had just got in when I made the edge of their camp. I was close enough to their camp to hear them talking. But I don't think he knew the soldiers were here. He must just have seen some of our cattle. Of course they know what herd it is. There are about twenty of them. They're going to try to surprise us. You'll help us surprise them, won't you?"

Griswold rubbed his chin.

"Well, I don't know that the U. S. Army has any special cause to act as a police posse in a family row; but I suppose I'll have to throw in with you. Fine place for a woman, isn't it?"

He had no reply to that. But a few moments later Taisie Lockhart heard steps approaching her cart. She put out her head to answer Nabours' hurried call; saw McMasters and Griswold also standing close. Nabours announced the plan already made by these three.

"There's danger, Miss Taisie. The Rudabaugh gang is coming. They'll come right to your cart the first thing, like enough. Hand us out that chest. We're going to hide it under the beds by the fire. Come on with us. The men are all up now. Crawl into any bed you see and get all the blankets and saddles around you that you can. You'll be safer there than here. They want what's in that box."

An instant later, fastening her jacket, she ran, but turned back. McMasters was not coming.

"But you," she began—"where are you going?"

"I am going back to get in your cart," said he. "That will probably be where they'll head in."

Apparently he did not hear her speak again.

Under Griswold's military orders now, two long curving lines of soldiers and trail men were spread out, leaving a wide opening at the end where the attack was to be expected. The orders were that each man was to lie flat in the grass and not to fire until the invaders were well inside the lines.

Perhaps a quarter of an hour passed, a half hour. The herd still slept well. The riders, duly warned, kept up their crooning. The embers of the fire smouldered.

Suddenly the strain of vigilance was broken. The night air was rent by the shrill yell of the Comanche war whoop!

It was no war cry of the attacking party. It was only the devilish fashion that old Yellow Hand, close guarded, had chosen to apprise approaching invaders of his own presence and of his defiance of the men who held him captive. Whatever he expected to gain by his bravado, the wily old Iago got quick results in a swinging blow at the side of his head from a cavalry carbine; which laid him out for the rest of the fight.

The fight, of course, was on at once; the keen ears of the savage had detected the presence of the enemy between the two lines of guards. The night went alight in slanting streaks of rifle fire. There was general melee. The Del Sol men and the troopers could make out little, except that their enemy was between the jaws of the trap that had been set for them.

One man of the assailants, unsuspected, had crawled close to the cart where Taisie Lockhart had slept. When the yell of the reckless savage broke the air—followed by the general rattle of musketry—there came the roar of the startled herd once more stampeding in the night. No cattle could stand under this. In this increase of the confusion the crawling invader arose and made a rush toward the cart. There came two red flashes from the front flap. The man fell forward and lay motionless. For a second time Rudabaugh had failed to get his coveted title to uncounted Texas acres. At the same hands, another of his boldest men had fallen.

From the rear of the cook cart came the roar of a Sharpe Berdan. Cinquo had gone into action.

"I got him! I got one!"

The boy began to crawl out from under the cart, hastening to where he saw something lying in the grass. He had lain close to the spot where the mistress of Del Sol lay bundled up in blankets; and he had thrown around her a barricade of every saddle he could find, combined with every roll of blankets.

A bugle sounded, the signal for the two lines to close in. When they heard the rush of many feet on both sides of them Rudabaugh and his men knew that they were trapped by vastly superior numbers. Not many of them were left standing. Of these, all now sought quarter. There came cries of "Don't shoot! We surrender!"

(Continued on Page 91)

What makes this clean blue flame?

WHEN you see this clean blue flame you say, "It's the same sort of heat that is produced by a gas stove."

It is the same sort of flame, but a different kind of gas.

Kerosene when heated is changed into gas or vapor.

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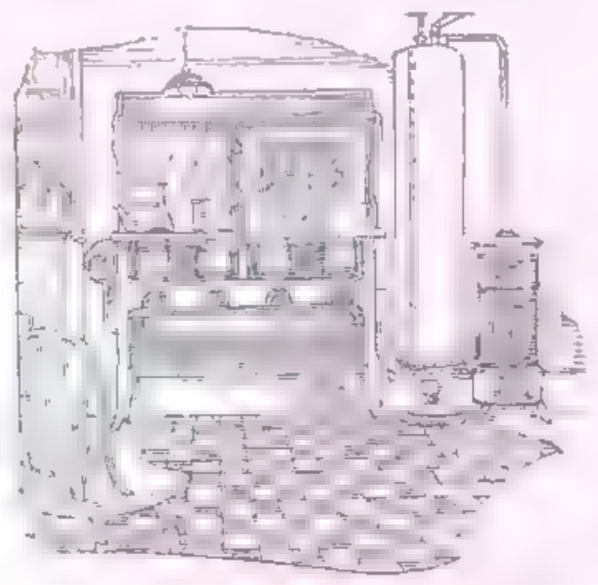

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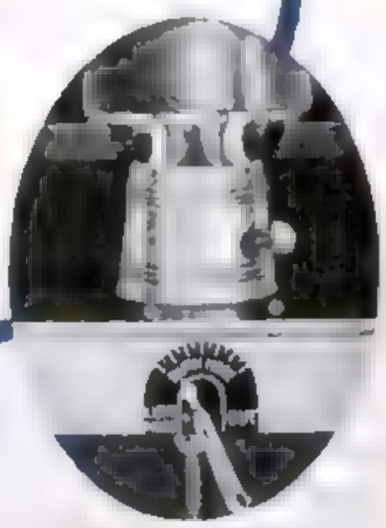
To have the best results, a stove should stand absolutely level. This is sometimes difficult to accomplish, for the floor of a kitchen is apt to be uneven. Each foot of the Florence Oil Range is equipped with the Florence Leveler. A turn of a screw and the stove can be so adjusted that, however uneven the floor, the stove stands firm and level.

THE Florence Oven has the baker's arch—curved at the top to prevent air pockets. Florence asbestos-lined heat distributor prevents the heat from directly striking the bottom of the cooking. The most delicate cooking will not burn on the bottom.



The Florence Burner directs the intense heat close up under the cooking.

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SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING CORDS

(Continued from Page 88)

But the Del Sol men feared treachery, were merciless. When they had crowded together the remainder of the bandits the trail men rushed upon them with pistol butts and quirts and rifle barrels. The few left alive were roped and bound.

Of the score of assailants only two remained alive and uncaptured—Rudabaugh and the crafty man known as Baldy. Crouching low, they got off in the grass at the best speed they could muster, and until tally was made at the camp fire no one missed them. Not until daylight, indeed, could the full list of fatalities be determined. For the defenders there was but one casualty—Al Pendleton, who had got a shot through the leg and was disabled for the time.

What had been a trail camp was now anything but that. The men gathered their prisoners closer to the fire, built it up. A trooper dragged up Yellow Hand, barely conscious, sullen and silent.

"Here is your friend, gentlemen," said Griswold grimly to the surviving men of the attacking party. "He did all he could for you. I ought to blow his brains out, and yours out, too, and I'm a damned good mind to do it."

He turned toward Dan McMasters, who had come to the fireside.

"Now about these men," he said, "I am going to take them out with me on a charge of killing those Indian women down near the Arbuckles. They're accessories anyway. I've got no jurisdiction and no warrant, and it isn't my business; but what's the Army for? Now about this old thief, I'm going to ask him a few questions."

He jerked Yellow Hand roughly to his feet.

"Come here, Danny," he called out to his interpreter. "Tell this old liar I want to ask him some questions."

"Says he don't want to talk," began the interpreter as the savage grunted a few sullen syllables.

"Tell him he's got to talk. Ask him this: Ask him, suppose white man come into camp and shoot two women, what does Comanche warrior do?"

"Says Comanche warrior catch white man some day."

"Tell him the chief of these people that came into our camp ran away like a coyote in the grass. Tell him that man, last week, he shoot two Comanche women, just to see them kick. Yellow Hand tried to be the friend tonight of the man who shoots Comanche women. Yellow Hand acts not like a chief but like a foolish person."

Rapid and excited conversation for some time between the interpreter and the warrior.

"Says Yellow Hand and his men shot a few buffalo. The Kiowas said all right. Says he's good Indian. Says white man tie him up and knock him in the head. Says holler just now in the dark because he feel good. Says he don't know who come. Says if it's all right for white man to try Comanche, then all right for Comanche to try white man. Says suppose if that man killed two Comanche women, then white man catch him for Comanche. Then Comanche try him plenty."

"How! How!" exclaimed Griswold. "Then they'd be willing to forget that I asked Yellow Hand to ride with me a while?" Griswold's face was animated. He was working out some plan.

The interpreter replied, after translating some Comanche and Spanish mixed:

"Says yes, sure. Comanches like this country. Comanches no want to fight. Says his young men will have bad hearts if they find two of their women killed. Says s'pose warrior gets killed—all right. S'pose woman gets killed, that's plenty bad shame."

"Ask him what people this?"

Griswold suddenly held up before Yellow Hand's face the two moccasins which McMasters had brought with him from the Arbuckle Trail.

The old savage looked once, twice, closely. His face underwent an astonishing change—was convulsed with surprise, grief, anger. He gave but one ejaculation and drew his blanket across his face.

"Says his people! Says his family—his squaws! He know them shoe!"

"Yellow Hand! Yellow Hand!" The officer shook the old chief roughly by the shoulder. "Listen to me! Chief of the Comanches, this is our council now! Me, I talk!" The soldier stripped back the blanket from the Comanche's face.

"Yellow Hand, for years we have been trying to get you to stop killing our people on the Staked Plains. The Great Father has always fought you fair. The Great Father never killed your women. The Great Father will put his blanket over his face when he hears of this thing.

"Listen, Yellow Hand! Chiefs do not break their word. If we follow the man who did that—that man who ran away—and bring him to you and give him to your people to try him in your village, will you think that the Great Father is just in his heart?"

"Says yes, he would." The interpreter had made it plain.

"Listen, Yellow Hand! I have been trying to make treaty with you. I have been trying to get a great piece of land here where the game is plenty for the Comanches and the Kiowas, a place where they could sit down. You have not answered me about that. I have followed you. I have fed you. I have not killed your women.

"Listen, Yellow Hand! The white men are going west into your hunting country. The white men are coming north here. You see them. My young men with long knives are coming out too. They will surround you, as many as leaves on the trees. You can never kill them all. They have guns that shoot seven days.

"Listen, Yellow Hand! When the buffalo are gone you will be hungry. I gave you a great piece of land. I asked you to sit down. I gave you a treaty. I make no war now on the Comanches or the Kiowas. I will give you a good place, many miles, down by the mountains of the Wichitas, where there is much game.

"Listen, Yellow Hand! Tell him to answer me, Danny! If I do all this for you, and if I bring that man back who killed your women, will the Comanches come in and sit down by the side of the Kiowas in this country by the mountains of the Wichitas, in this country where all around them are the men of the other tribes, who have taken treaty with the Great Father? Tell him to answer, damn him, Danny!"

Yellow Hand himself sprang to his feet, cast off his blanket and stood now the Indian warrior and orator. Chief of a people, he spoke to an audience who understood him not, an audience who sat about him in the dark; but the fire of his words showed his conviction, made him understandable.

"Says he is ready to be killed. Says he tells the truth. Says his heart is sad because his women have been killed. Says if you will bring him in the man that did that, then he will be good Indian. Says he will take treaty. Says he will sit down by the side of his friends, the Kiowas. Says he will do nothing now without asking the Great Father. Says he has nothing more to say."

"How! How!" exclaimed the officer.

He reached out and took the hand of the Comanche in his own. Then he turned toward McMasters.

"Dead or alive, we've got to have that man Rudabaugh. Do you know what that means? The man who can do that will be of more use to Texas than almost any man Texas ever produced. That means the end of the Comanche war. It means the Comanches will take a reservation in the Nations. Even Indians have some idea of actual justice. Dead or alive, I want Rudabaugh!"

"Take him away, men." He nodded to his top sergeant. "Feed this man well. Give him coffee, give him sugar, give him anything we've got. Build up the fire. This is one good night's work!"

He continued his talk to McMasters, pacing up and down in his excitement.

"If we could make peace for Texas, if we could clear the western border for settlement—why, we'd be preparing a cattle trail clear across the Staked Plains! Other herds? You can be sure more are going to follow yours, farther west, as soon as the road is clear.

"I'd rather fight Indians than feed them any day, but if I've got to do both I am going to do them both on the square.

"Now I want Rudabaugh. When we've brought him in we have done more for the cowmen of Texas than all the railroads and all the United States Government ever yet have done. Little things sometimes run into big ones; good may come out of an evil deed. I want to see that low-down brute who killed those women. The sight of his face is a thing right dear to me."

"Yellow Hand," he said, once more addressing the Comanche, "your hands are no longer tied. In the morning go back to your people. You shall ride alone if you wish. Tell your people that I am going back to my own village at the Wichita hills and sit down. Tell them I will not follow the Comanches this summer. Tell them that my young men are following the men who killed the women of the Comanches. All these men are going on the war trail. They will not rest until they bring back that man." And thus spoke Danny to the chief.

"Well, sunny days and starry nights to you, my dear!"

The old soldier turned to Anastasie Lockhart. Her troubled eyes looked into his an instant. He would not listen to her stammering attempt at thanks.

A bugle sounded. The troops took formation, rode away, jaunty guidon at the head; a waif of silk in a buckskin land, themselves waifs of fortune, doing their duty unseen on the far frontier, with thanks of no one and criticism from all. They were men of the Army which had saved a country and now was finding one—our Army—never understood; one day, today, our day, ignorantly to be despised.

"It looks like you was riding too," commented Nabours. He nodded to the saddled horse of McMasters, the additional horse with light pack, whose lariat was thrown over the saddle horn.

"Yes," said McMasters in his cold and noncommittal way.

"I wish you didn't have to go. The men don't want to see you go. It's only kind of hard for them to say so. But afore you do ride north—and I reckon I know why you do—I wisht you'd sort of give me some idee of the country ahead. You've heard or seen more of it than I ever have."

McMasters took a stick and began to make a map in the smoothed ashes of the camp fire.

"I'd like to help you over the Washita," he said; "but you won't find that a very bad crossing—steep banks, and swift, but narrow. You'd better make some sort of raft and get the carts across.

"The next big river is the main Canadian, not so far above here. It'll be dry, always very little water in it. It's bone-dry sometimes for a hundred miles.

"The North Fork of the Canadian—it runs here—is the crookedest river out-of-doors. It carries more water than the big river. You will probably have to swim some, but you ought to make it all right.

"You'll get through the blackjack country, and then you'll come up to the Cimarron—easy fording. Just beyond that you'll be somewhere close to latitude 36. You might then almost say you are getting out of the South and into the North.

"My father and old Colonel Lockhart always used to talk to me about wintering all their cattle just under that line. They said that would make them free of ticks for the next season. Some longhorns took fever even as far north as Illinois. It didn't make Texas popular.

"Now, when you get north of 36—here's where it runs—you have only got the Salt Fork of the Arkansas between you and the main Arkansas. It comes out of Kansas not so very far from where you'll hit the Kansas line."

"It sounds right far," said Jim Nabours.

"Yes; when you get up in there you're coming into the edge of a thousand miles of open range, the best cattle ground out-of-doors; and there isn't a cow in it from one end to the other. That country's waiting for cows. It needs them as much as our cows need a market.

"Well, you'll find out all these things as you come to them."

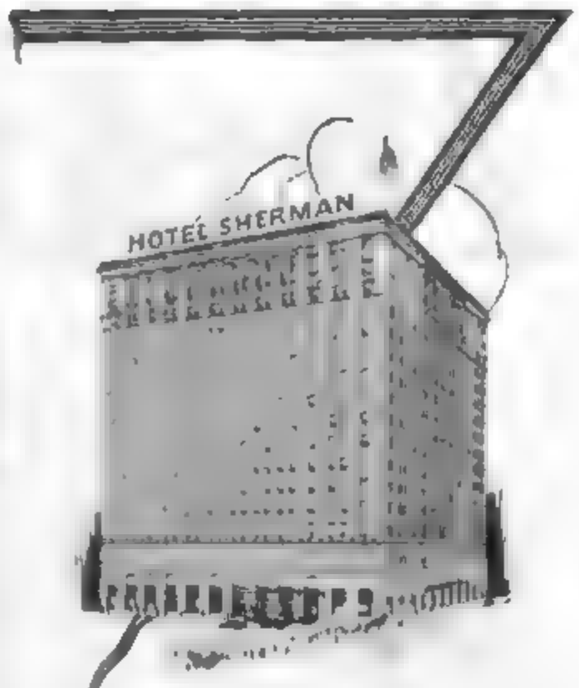
Always scant of speech, he turned away, swung into the saddle. Reaching down he held out a hand to Cinquo, the boy herder, who had followed him.

"We done saved her, Mister Sher'f," said the boy.

But Dan McMasters did not cast a glance back of him to the white-topped cart which made the only home of Taisie Lockhart.

"Now," said Jim Nabours, turning to his own horse, "everybody can start like he pleases except us. Afore I need a map I need some cows. Come on, men, we got to foller out one more run. Lucky if we get seven and a half cows to Aberlene."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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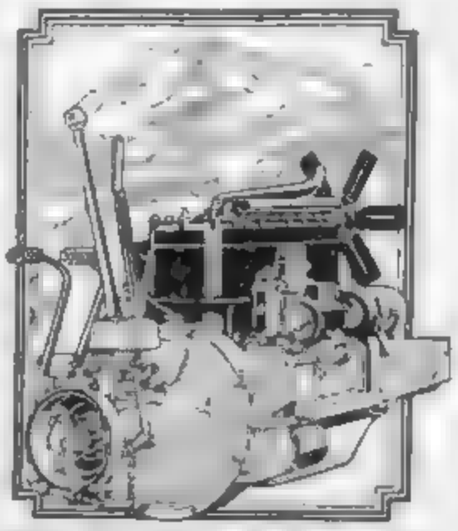

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NEW CHANDLER SIX

SARGASSO

(Continued from Page 15)

skipper stopped abruptly with a mild curse of annoyance, as if surprised at finding himself singing such stuff. But the second mate was satisfied.

"There you are, Mr. Fisher!" he chuckled. "The Old Man's human and a sailorman. I like him. D'ye want me to go uptown and find the crowd?"

"Aye, ye might as well. No doubt ye'll be trying now to shape up for my berth."

The second mate laughed boyishly. He had no yearning to climb by stamping on a shipmate's fingers. He knew where to find the men, and he found them; spent an hour with them, or at least in the same public house, standing them a couple of treats from another bar without intruding; then sent for big Yankee Jack who had been prime leader in song and dance, to say nothing of noisy love making, and told him all the skipper's fine qualities without saying a word about the washing-down problem.

"Sure, we'll be aboard, mister," Yankee Jack roared. "Show me th' scut as renigs. Yer a hot sport yerself, me son, and I like yez. C'm on, have a drink 'longa the boys and I'll bring 'em right aboard. Ship is run right, when mates an' men pulls all together. C'm on! What'll yez have?"

The wisdom or otherwise of Mr. Bunce's method was not permitted to develop at once. The men went on board, and Mr. Fisher saw to it that the ship was hauled clear of the quay to the haul-off buoys before whispering a word about washing down. Afterwards nothing mattered much, for the men were duly signed-on seamen, the ship was going to sea and orders were orders. Besides which, only a monkey or a very shore-hungry sailor would think of swarming along the lines to reach the dock.

The big four-masted bark greeted the daylight cleaned of dust. Then the mates bustled the weary, headachy crew into bending six topsails and a jib before sending them below to breakfast and a two-hour spell while waiting for the tug. Captain Sargasso had been on deck all the while, criticizing the washing down and the sail bending until the mates were all but frantic and the men mutinous. All Yankee Jack's overnight enthusiasm for mates who pulled with the men, and for a sailorman skipper, had gone into vapor with the first swish of a broom.

"Hell, he ain't nawthin' but a nigger-drivin' stiff!" was Jack's verdict as he fished in the kids for morsels of meat among the hash. "Somebuddy'll be puttin' a head on him as big as a binnacle one fine day. Hey, you old son of a cow, thought you didn't have no hell ships in Lime-Juice Land!"

The ancient seadog called upon grinned weakly out of a toothless mouth. He was bent and gnarled with years and hard living, and might have been excused had he shrunk from even wordy combat with the formidable Yankee Jack. But he didn't. He reached out boldly, dragged the mess kid over to himself and cackled while scooping hash into his plate with his sheath knife:

"Nuther there ain't, Yank. You're right. All the hell I've heard here is what you're blowin' off. Guff, I calls it. You ain't used to ships like this yet; or skippers. Wants belayin'-pin soup, you do, then you'd step lively an' stow yer guff. I'm past seventy, I am, and have commanded ships, I have; but you ain't heard me bellerin', hev you?"

Yankee Jack glared fiercely at the withered old man; but the watery old eyes never flinched, and he laughed with growing good humor at the old sailor's pluck.

"You must be Noah, then," he said; "an' too darn old to beller."

"Wrong again, Yank. All wrong. Bill Gammidge is my tally; Bill Gammidge as once was cap'n of the brig Pallas, the finest brig as ever swung a stu'ns'l. In the rum and sugar trade she was; that's how come I be here. If I'd stuck to th' sugar, now —— But that's howsomedever. Main thing is, I give Cap'n Sam Sargasso his fust chance to ship."

"Aw, yer a liar!" growled Yankee Jack, only seeing the old man's twinkling eyes behind the watery veil; believing he was being made fun of.

"Maybe, Yank, maybe," the old man shrugged indifferently. "You're a mighty fine sailorman, anyhow."

With the tug came the telegram. Sargasso read it:

Mr. Rouse died yesterday. Postpone sailing until further orders.

Sargasso read it twice, and again. Mr. Rouse was the man who had given him command. He was the senior partner in the firm. All the sparkling enthusiasm of the days before vanished, and Sargasso's face turned sickly gray. He turned to the tug captain.

"Stand by a while, mister," he said moodily.

"You'll miss the tide," said the tug skipper.

"Stand by!" To the mate: "Mr. Fisher, rig stages overside and paint a blue stripe around her." To the second mate: "Mr. Bunce, at eight bells run up the ensign to half-mast."

Sargasso paced the poop nervously. The steward's black cat rubbed against his legs. Cursing, he kicked the astonished animal over the rail into the water. In another minute he was down on a line, grabbling with a spitting, fighting cat, dragging it from the water; hurling it to the security of the tug.

"Take it away!" he shouted. "Take it away!"

All the spring had gone from Sargasso's limbs. He sat in his cabin, entering the various items in his journal, marking places with the telegram folded into a spill. Holding fast to ancient traditions, superstitions, terrors, what not of the old-time sailorman, it followed inevitably that the sudden change in the even tenor of his first sailing should work havoc with his temper.

"A blue stripe on the first ship I take to sea!" he muttered. His face was ashen. "And a bloody black cat aboard too! Ugh! Atop of all I lose a tide! Never a breeze but a hurricane! Only wants a nigger woman stowaway now to label the ship for Fiddler's Green."

While waiting for orders the two mates improved the hour and got more sails bent. They bent jibs and spanker, besides the topsails; they managed to get the three lower topgallants bent, and the foresail was dangling in the gantline when another telegram came on board for Sargasso:

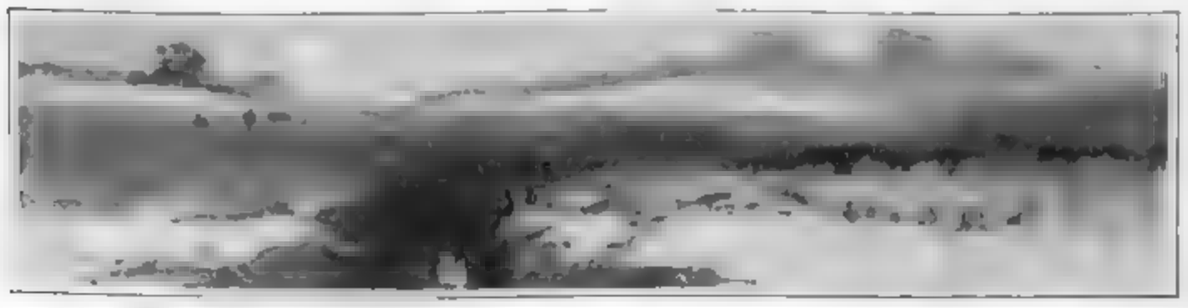
Sail on evening tide. Prepare for lady passenger going to New York, with maid. Letter of instructions borne by passenger.

Sargasso said nothing while the steward was present, but his face went three shades grayer and his firm lip trembled. There was one intense moment when he flung himself down at the desk again, drew paper and pen to him and got all set to write out his resignation.

"Hell and high water!" he swore, stabbing the pen into the desk pad fiercely. "They say I'm yellow! Even my officers grin at my beliefs behind my back. The woman's not here yet. Let 'em come! Let 'em all come!" And he bawled for the steward.

"Steward, you'll make up the big stateroom for the two women. Lady and maid. Friend of the owners. Get it done right away. And go into town and buy some fancy grub; some live chickens and some fruit. Get a move on!"

Sargasso saw to the necessary details of his own preparation to receive a passenger. The ship still retained her passenger-carrying permit. She was one of the last



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of the old wool clippers and had been built with passenger accommodations, though now she made other use of it all except that immediately beneath the long poop. There was only the question of setting apart a bath and having the mate fill a water tank over it, then that problem was solved. And noon was not yet come when Sargasso found himself impatiently waiting for his guest.

He went over his ship from forward to aft; then inspected the steward's arrangements.

Lunch would be late because he had sent the steward away with two sailors to carry his purchases; and that arrangement was good for two hours over and above the necessary time, anyhow. He took a book and tried to read. In five minutes he flung the book across the cabin with an oath.

The book, a collection of short stories and poems, began with a story so obviously written by a landsman that it gagged on a sailor, went on to poems and scraps of sea superstitions and wound up with a yarn about a Portuguese bark, laden with beef bones and infested with rats, that was caught aback in a squall, dismasted and doomed to lie in sweltering calms under torrid skies for months, with rats running wild, their eyes glowing at night with phosphorus from their diet of putrid bones. The Portuguese captain put his troubles down to the fact that he had a black cat aboard that was frightened overboard by a black girl who had stowed away and came out one night to steal the cat's food.

"The man's a damned fool!" swore Sargasso as he stamped out to the companionway. "If he had hove the black wench over, too, after the cat, he'd got better luck with his weather."

He stood at the poop rail, watching the crew at work, and felt a bit better because of the clean efficiency of his mates. The sails were all but bent; the ship glistened clean and fresh after the nocturnal washdown. Now that the men had got over their shore heads they worked well and looked like a capable crowd; all but one old man laboriously coiling down a new piece of Manila from which a jib downhaul had been cut. It was full of kinks. The old man handled it in sailorly fashion, in truth, thoroughfooting it and dipping the end again, and so getting the kinks out of it; but he was so aged, so far past the meridian that Sargasso mentally put him down for an easy job once they got to sea.

"Just as long as he isn't one of those broken masters sailing 'fore the mast," he muttered. "That would put the tin hat on a raft of trouble!"

Along toward evening the passenger arrived. "I'm Miss Rouse, captain," she smiled wanly. "Here is a letter from the firm's attorney, which I think explains things. Sorry to bother you."

Miss Rouse was as sweet and fair a bit of girlhood as any sailorman could wish to meet; but Sargasso stared beyond her rudely, with no rude intent, stared hard at a coal-black maid carrying a small suitcase, who looked frightened when she caught his stony glare fixed upon her. The ancient sailor, carrying two more portmanteaus, grinned toothlessly behind the maid, for he thought the skipper was smitten dumb with Miss Rouse's charms.

"Where shall I put 'em, sir?" he asked.

Sargasso snatched himself out of his trance, bawled for the steward and sent his passenger below. And the old sailor returning from his errand grinned again, tugged at his forelock, and said:

"Pardin, sir. 'Member old Bill Gammidge, don't ye? Him as give ye yer fust berth, sir? Happy t' see ye skipper, sir, Cap'n Sargasso. Good luck, sir, if I might make so free."

Sargasso stared closely into the old man's withered face, and a scowl darkened his brow. Then the scowl was slowly replaced by a sickly smile, which in turn gave way to a more normal expression as the skipper got a fresh hold on himself.

"Gammidge," he said, "you ought to be aft here. But if you must sail in a fo'cs'le, I'm glad it's mine. I want to talk with you some time after we get to sea. Might want some help aft, with passengers."

"Beggin' y' pardin, Cap'n Sargasso," the old salt said with a flush of pride, "orders is orders, as I taught you long ago, sir. If so be you orders me aft, aft I got to come. But I hopes you won't forget as old Bill Gammidge was master of the Pallas, as you took your fust v'yage in, and 'tain't in natur' for a cap'n to keer a hull lot about bein' second flunky to a 'Talian stooard, sir."

There were voices and a girl's fresh yet sad voice among them. Sargasso turned to greet his passenger, striving to work his face into more welcome shape.

Gammidge said hurriedly: "I 'member, sir, you used to believe a lot o' old fairy tales o' the sea. Don't believe that one about a fallen skipper bein' bad luck. Old Bill Gammidge ain't bad luck to nobody but hisself."

Then the old man dipped down the poop ladder before he saw the scowl return to Sargasso's face.

Sargasso smiled as soon as he could manage it, for no man might look at Miss Rouse for thirty seconds without wanting to smile.

The Wind Had No Strength. The Little Black Maid Wilted Towards the Second Evening

Sargasso wondered what she would look like if she were free from all trouble, so fair and friendly did she appear through the obvious mist of bereavement.

"In case the letter I brought did not tell you everything," she smiled, "I am the adopted daughter of Mr. Rouse, who was buried today. Apparently I was a castaway, picked up when a baby by one of his ships. I have no claim on his estate and he made no will. But he gave me a good education; so, thank goodness, I am able to shift for myself. I have been told that you, too, were a castaway. Do you hold the same beliefs as I do. Do you believe ——"

"The letter you brought told me everything, miss," Sargasso returned shortly. "Is there anything lacking in your accommodation? If so, please tell me now. If not, we are ready to sail."

The lady's big gray eyes opened wider; but she made no more reply than to assure him that her comfort was well looked after, then took up a seat on a skylight locker, produced a well-thumbed, leather-covered album and began leisurely to arrange some specimens of ferns in it. Sargasso was sending off a message to the tugboat office, jubilant at the prospect of getting to sea at last.

"Oh, captain," the lady cried, "can you tell me how to preserve the color of this weed?" She held up a sprig. "It was so beautifully golden and now it's turned such a dull gray"

Sargasso turned to see a piece of faded Sargasso weed. He uttered a curse that shocked Miss Rouse. His face turned ashen. He stamped over to the gangway, overtook his messenger and strode off himself to get the tug.

A gray dawn. A gray sea. Gray mist and a sluggishly moving ship streaming gray foam from clean-painted scuppers The Khedivieh was fifteen days at sea. Sargasso sat in his stateroom, reading over his orders for want of something better to do. Head winds, calms, fog, all had fought against him on this his first command. Instead of being three-quarters of the way over to the American side, the big ship wallowed sluggishly in a faint air far to the southward of the shipping tracks. Twice to the northward Sargasso had tacked against the perverse westerly gales. Twice to the south'ard. Now the deep-laden ship had found a breeze, faint and dying, but free, and she moved lazily through a sea that seemed dead.

Far off, it seemed, a shrill-voiced sailor headed a chorus as men braced the yards. Another ill omen. Bracing yards meant that the meager fair wind was hauling foul, even in dying.

"*Hay, hay, oh, hay-ay-ay-oh-hay!*"

"Damnation!" growled Sargasso, and hurled the letter he was reading into a drawer. Then he took it out again and glanced at a paragraph. The paragraph read:

Miss Rouse was picked up adrift in the Atlantic, as we understand you were, Captain Sargasso. She, too, was accompanied by a negro female; but whereas your negro was a grown woman, apparently your nurse, Miss Rouse's companion was a child as young as herself. There is an interesting possibility in the coincidence. You and Miss Rouse may fight it out between you. She is determined to make her own living in America as a teacher or governess, though we believe it is not necessary. The maid who sails with her is the same girl who was picked up with her, and is devoted to her. We have heard about your own superstitions, beliefs, fears, whatever you call them. We hope that you will let us know in some future communication how your voyage has turned out, in regard to matters other than mere business. Miss Rouse is a merry soul, when not oppressed with grief, and she hinted that she might make you unburden yourself to a greater extent than most people can do. Good luck, captain, etc.

Sargasso went on deck. He glanced around, half hoping to see Miss Rouse, yet glad that she was not there. The mate came to him, having finished bracing the yards

"Wind hauled, sir," he said superfluously.

"You're heading too far south," snapped Sargasso. "Haven't you learned enough to know that any tack on the polar side is a shorter way home than the equatorial side?"

"Yes, sir; I know that. But this gives a long board, and ——"

"Well, Mr. Fisher, if you see a bit of yellow weed on the water, tack ship, that's all!"

Miss Rouse came up, wrapped in a fur coat, though it was still summer.

"Ugh!" she shuddered prettily. "Isn't it lucky you have a chief mate who likes warmth rather than cold? I do hope we see the sunshine soon again. Do you always have this kind of dismal weather in sailing ships, captain? I have traveled by steamer a lot and never saw such weather. It ought to be warm too. Shall we see some floating gulfweed, do you think? I want some for my book."

Sargasso wanted to be polite more than he had ever wanted anything in life. Miss Rouse affected him like some beneficent ray of warm light; shy naturally, Sargasso worshiped her in silence. Had speech come easily to him he would long since have embarked on an ardent flirtation, if not courtship. Now he tried to fight back a sour contortion of features, turning his back on her.

"Mr. Fisher!" he cried. The mate stopped in his pacing. "Mr. Fisher, call the watch. I'll tack ship at once!"

They sailed northerly until wandering icebergs mocked them. On a night when the big ship sailed past a towering moonlit berg that looked like a celestial cathedral, a great four-funnel liner charged from the other side of it, her hoarse siren booming belatedly.

A somnolent lookout, only part of him awake, and that part awed into speechlessness by the apparition of the stately berg, stepped backward and fell from the Khedivieh's forecastle head at the first sound of that booming siren. A harassed first mate, too intent upon his grouch at a skipper who forced his ship into the ice limits unnecessarily, stared at the oncoming liner, only guessing that a man had gone overboard, and bawled frantic orders

"Up hellum! Hard up your hellum! Hands to the braces! Jump for your lives!"

With his own hands Mr. Fisher let go the spanker sheet and hove with all his might on the wheel. The great liner swerved, her sharp stem missing the sailing ship by feet; and her colossal bulk side-wiped the other so gently that it scarcely jarred her. But so slight a jar from forty thousand tons, steaming at thirty knots, shook four thousand tons, sailing at eight knots, clear to the keel, and men were flung broadcast. Sails thundered and yards thrashed. Sargasso appeared, white-faced, dragging Miss Rouse by the arm.

"What is it?" he cried. He saw the passing liner. "Are we cut down?" he demanded.

"She only brushed us," the mate growled. "Lost a man overboard, though. Knocked him off the forecastle head."

"Oh, what is the matter?" the girl asked.

She seemed excited rather than frightened. But Sargasso was cursing the liner even as he leaped to the rail, scanning the sea. He caught a glimpse of a waving arm out of the water in the moon path and, with a curt order to the mate to cast him a life buoy, plunged after the lost lookout.

After a long tack to the southward again, the ship approached the limits of the Sargasso Sea, and sunny skies, brisk breezes and sparkling sprays made each day a tonic. Miss Rouse contrived to delve under the outer skin of Sargasso's reserve; he seemed no longer to care whether her black maid came near or not. Grumbling that had started forward stopped as the ship reeled off the knots. But still she was headed by the wind. The northeast trades were unaccountably missing.

"Farther south than usual, that's all," Mr. Fisher stated, discussing the absent winds with Mr. Bunce. "If he'll only stand on south, he'll pick 'em up very soon now."

"Good thing, too," quoth Mr. Bunce. "That big Yankee Jack has been shooting

(Continued on Page 98)

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off his mouth altogether too much lately. If the chap the skipper saved from drowning hadn't been nigh to take his part, old Bill Gammidge would have got a hiding from Yank for sticking up for the skipper. What I don't see is, why Cap'n Sargasso didn't hold on while he was so far up north and get a good hard slant out of the westerlies. If we have to beat, might as well have hard winds to beat with."

"Ef you ask me, Mr. Bunce, I think he's as scared of cold and ice as he is of gulfweed. Shouldn't wonder if that boat rescue he pulled off was more due to somebody he had in the boat than to himself. Looks yellow to me."

The youthful second mate stared aghast. Such words coming from a chief mate savored almost of sacrilege. But the words were scarcely definite enough to warrant a junior reprimanding his senior. They might make a man think; but—well, that's what Mr. Bunce did. He thought. And when old Bill Gammidge, at the wheel one night, made bold to repeat almost word for word the mate's language, but as coming from the forecastle, he made up his mind to speak to Sargasso about it at the first opportunity.

The opportunity did not come immediately. Another day found the ship slipping along through a field of golden weed, the wind still heading her. Sargasso remained below until it was time to get his noon observation.

His face paled when he saw the limitless expanse of yellow. He glanced over the stern at the tangled log and turned a shade paler. A shark—a long, lean, wicked-looking shark with a hungry eye—followed close astern.

"Oh, that means that a man is to die, doesn't it?" Miss Rouse rippled. She had come up to watch the taking of the sun, and the skipper's actions intrigued her. "Surely you don't believe it," she laughed, accenting the you.

"Let those disbelieve that want to," he returned curtly, and fell to work with his sextant.

He worked up his sight and plotted his position, his face grim and stern; but he gave no order to tack to the north out of the weed. At four bells in the first dog-watch the cook capsized a copper full of boiling water over himself. The unlucky man died at midnight.

At eight bells in the morning watch, before the watch going below took their breakfast from old Bill Gammidge, the substitute cook, the dead man was buried. Miss Rouse looked on with vivid interest, although her fair face glowed with sorrow.

"Now c'mit this body t' th' deep," Sargasso gabbled, white to the eyes. "Until th' sea shall give up —— Heave, Mr. Fisher! Heave!" he cried nervously, and stepped to the rail.

Miss Rouse was beside him. The grating was lifted at the inboard end; the weighted body slipped from beneath the flag fastened at the upper corners and plunged almost soundlessly into the yellow weed, leaving for an instant a flash of azure blue, acummed with threads of white foam.

"Oh, are you still looking for that shark?" whispered the girl.

She gazed up into Sargasso's face with a new light in her eyes. He was staring out beyond the place where the body had sunk, too well weighted to give any shark encouragement. The golden weed was suddenly cut by a black fin and Sargasso's eyes glared at it fascinatedly.

"If it goes now, everything is all right, isn't it?" the girl whispered again.

Sargasso stood like a figurehead of oak. The fin darted around in a circle, then started directly ahead of the ship, crossed her bows and sped aft again. Then it turned its snout towards the rudder, raised its long glistening back clear of weed and water for an instant and vanished with a flirt of the tail.

"What does that mean?" Miss Rouse asked curiously.

Then she caught the expression on Sargasso's face and stood stockstill in her tracks, while he abruptly turned and left her. She went to Mr. Fisher.

"That?" he laughed shortly. "Old women believe that means the ship will never come to anchor. Old-fashioned sailors believe it, too; those that are weak in the head, miss. I expect we'll tack ship again now."

"If you mean that Captain Sargasso believes in that, then I think he's too good a seaman to be driven by his beliefs or fears," she said. "There must be some reason for such beliefs, anyhow. Didn't the cook die?"

"Hot water, miss, and sharks don't fancy hot water," the mate laughed unpleasantly.

The ship sailed on, deeper into the weed. Many a tale has been told, many a myth foisted on the gullible, about a vast dead sea of weed, in which tree trunks, islands, floating charnel houses centuries old and derelicts of all ages continue one endless round of eternal monotony, some bearing treasure incalculable, some bearing freight of grinning skeletons, all bearing the unmistakable stamp of ghastly fate. Nothing of the kind obstructed the progress of the big four-masted bark. She encountered weed, thick and long; she had no wind; the trades were missing; she crept sluggishly where she should have slipped smoothly through the water, but it was only weed and light breezes that hampered her.

Bill Gammidge, monarch of the galley, doctor to all hands, accepted his new job with better grace than most ex-masters would have shown; and as doctor, lord of the grub, he found lots of friends who were not friends or at least doubtful friends before. He soon came to high words with the Italian steward. Blows were only averted by the surprising intervention of Yankee Jack. Then the big sailor stepped inside the galley, grabbed Bill's shirt bosom and assured him hoarsely:

"You ain't gotta take no guff from him or nobody. See? I like yuh, and the hands like yuh, Bill. You keep on never-mindin', and watch me, see? I'm tellin' yuh!"

Yankee Jack and Mr. Fisher had a long talk one evening. Yank was mending a mizzen staysail and was doing a poor job on it. But after so long a chat the mate seemed very well pleased with the work; so well that when Miss Rouse walked along to say good evening to old Bill Gammidge, scrubbing a bucket of clothes in the waist abreast of the galley door, old Bill made room for her beside him on the spare topmast.

"Like a breeze arter a calm, missy, when you come along," he said.

He laid his old pipe down as a concession to politeness, a reminder of his better days. The girl smiled softly, took up his reeking old cutty and held it to his roughened lips.

"Smoke, Bill," she said. "I want you to yarn to me. Isn't this voyage getting rather long?"

"It's so long, miss, that mates is talking to foremast hands like they never ought to. I was master once; master o' the brig Pallas, finest brig as ever swung a stu'ns'l. I know. 'Tain't right."

"Why, what's wrong?" the girl laughed. "I swear I'm getting fascinated by all this mystery. First, the captain believes in sharks and things; he won't sail into the gulfweed ——"

"He's sailing into it now, ain't he?" broke in Bill hotly. "I sailed with Sam Sargasso afore you wuz born, missy, meaning no offense. He made his fust v'yage to sea as a boy with me, arter saving me my ship too. So I ——"

"Oh, do tell me about it!" cried Miss Rouse, frankly interested at last.

Yankee Jack had rolled up his mizzen staysail and was looking for a hand to help him carry it to the locker. He came towards the galley.

"Got no time now, missy," said old Bill hurriedly. "If so be you can spare a minute after supper, I'll spin the yarn. What d'ye want, Yank?"

When the first watch was set and the big ship had settled down to her night arrangements, old Bill Gammidge stood at the foot of the lee poop ladder dressed in a clean dungaree jumper and smoking a new clay pipe. He hated a new pipe. Clean dungarees made him itch; but he waited, whistling through his teeth when he removed his pipe to cool his tongue. And a ghostly, floating, cool white figure came down the ladder to him.

"Have you been waiting long, Bill?" Miss Rouse asked cheerily.

Bill plunged right into his yarn, a bit afraid of the lady, now he had her so near to him under the great low-leaning stars that flooded the sky. He told all about how he had first met Sargasso Sam. How the lad had run away in Berbice. How he had been a thoroughly good lad, promising much as a seaman; but how he was unaccountably obsessed with weird superstitions and crazy fears of Sargasso weed.

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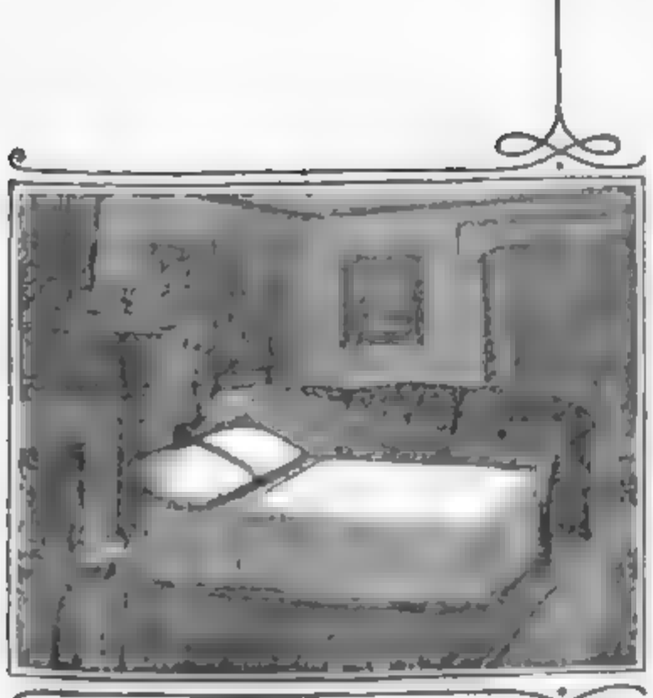
Having company without the usual bother



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(Continued from Page 98)

"Seems he was only a baby," Bill finished. "Got picked up in the weed,' Bill finished. "Got feared, I suppose. But he must have been all I hoped he would be, 'cos he pulled off that life-saving thing as was as good as anything any man ever done. He deserves to command this ship, that he do!"

"I'm so glad," she said softly. "I know he is a good man. But don't you think he might do better by sailing south ——"

"Beg pardon, missy," Bill broke in harshly. "I know there's a lot o' talk. Even the mate is talking, and he never ought to. The men are yapping like dogs. I am an old skipper; skipper o' the brig Pallas, finest brig as ever swung a stuns'l, and I never see no good come yet of officer nor man blowing off about their cap'n. Cap'n Sargasso, ma'am, knows what he's doing. I'd ha' done the same in his place. Superstitious he may be, but he ain't letting that interfere wi' his duty. No, ma'am! Mark my words! Sargasso Sam ain't no gutless man, such as they tells of. . . . Bid you good night, missy. Beg pardon for my hasty words. I'm maybe an old fool, but Sargasso Sam's all right; yes, ma'am!"

Bill walked away, and astonishingly swiftly Yankee Jack appeared. Miss Rouse ran up the ladder to the poop before he spoke, and he seemed about to come up after her; but Sargasso met her at the ladder head and Yankee Jack melted into the shadows of the waist.

Soon afterwards a small muffled figure crept from the forward cabin door and followed Yankee Jack and Bill Gammidge. As the small figure passed the galley, the faint light from the port shone upon the glistening eyes and shining black face of Miss Rouse's maid. Miss Rouse had found Sargasso alone beside the jigger mast and unexpectedly discovered in him a bright, cheerful strain when she began to ask him about the great stars with which the heavens were alight. She wondered vaguely at his being on watch alone. Knowing a good deal about the sea and its ways, she was afraid at first that he had caught an officer away from his duty, was waiting to catch the delinquent and would prove a sorry companion. But he smiled at her star queries, and she thought a miracle had touched him, so great was the change in his features.

"When Mr. Fisher comes aft I'll show you how to take an observation," he said. "See that big red star in the west? That's Aldebaran. He's about right for a time sight. Wonder what's keeping the mate."

"Where is he? Shall I fetch him, captain?"

"Never mind, miss. He went to look at the fore-topgallant mast. Said it was creaking. Good mate, Mr. Fisher. Likes to see to those things himself."

Miss Rouse wanted to say something about mates who talked to the sailors out of duty, but the mate appeared and she did not. Then the novelty of being permitted to squint through a sextant and find red Aldebaran blazing at her from the face of a little mirror drove other thoughts from her head.

"Oh, it's fascinating!" she cried.

Then, when Sargasso showed her how to select logarithms, how to compare times and to work out the position of the ship from the sight she had taken, and then to plot it off on the chart, comparing it with his own result and finding it agreed, she thrilled to the sheer human possibilities in him, finding him a very personable man indeed.

"I'm going to have you teach me navigation and go up for my ticket," she laughed as she left him.

Sargasso remained in the chart room, going over his figures. The mate walked aft to scan the compass.

"Navigators won't be so scarce now, Mr. Fisher," the helmsman grinned impudently.

"Watch your steering!" growled the mate, but gave the man no further reprimand. The man chuckled and spat over his shoulder.

The mellow tones of the poop bell boomed out four bells and the harsher clangor of the forecastle bell answered it. Yankee Jack came aft to relieve the wheel, and Miss Rouse's maid sped behind him, vanishing inside the main-deck door before the relieved helmsman came down the ladder. The relieved lookout approached the poop, calling up to the mate:

"Jager's on th' lookout." He gave the mate no "sir," and added in a sidelong undertone, "Looks like a derelict a bit off th' bow to th' s'uth'ard."

"Then why in hell didn't you report it?" snapped the mate.

"Aw, take a jump at yerself! I have reported it, ain't I? What's a-bitin' yez?"

"Go for'ard!" stormed the mate. "I'll talk to you presently!"

"So youse will!" muttered the man.

The mate walked aft, trembling with fury. The man glanced around, saw some dark figures in the waist, abreast of the galley, whistled softly, then darted into the cabin by the main-deck door, peering around for the maid. He stopped short, scared, at the sound of a closing door. Every sound within the ship seemed concentrated in the dim cabin. A small figure emerged from a darkened cabin, stepped to the water bottle in the table rack and filled a tumbler.

The man hissed softly, the maid all but dropped the glass, the next moment she was smothered in the hug of him, laughing boldly up into his face, while two more men appeared in the main-deck entrance.

"Go and bring the mate down here!" whispered the man who held the black maid.

"Not now!" she panted, breathless from his hug.

"Yes, now! You're into it now! You ain't goin' to back out!"

"No, no! But my lady! She's waiting for me! She ——"

"We'll take care o' her!" The other two men laughed softly and stepped towards Miss Rouse's stateroom. The maid struggled fiercely.

"Keep out!" she panted. "Make them keep away, or I'll ——"

"Listen!" the man said, speaking into her ear and gripping her hard. "Fisher's talking as if he's weakened. Get him right away and I'll look after your lady. If you don't ——"

"Make them keep out!" the girl insisted, and raised her voice so that the three men cursed her.

"You going?" her captor demanded savagely.

One of the other men laid a hand on Miss Rouse's door handle. The little black maid screamed. The man thrust a hand over her mouth; then he collapsed from her in a sobbing heap, his blood following her knife in a torrent.

The men at Miss Rouse's door stood frozen with panic for an instant. There was a yell and a shot on deck; the sound of an iron door being slammed shut reverberated along the waist. The doors of the skipper and second mate were flung open; the maid darted towards the two men at her lady's door. Then she was caught tight by both of them; the big cabin suddenly filled with men, and big Yankee Jack's roaring voice bellowed orders as he led the attack upon Sargasso.

Sargasso leaped back inside his room, seeking for a weapon. Youthful Mr. Bunce, confronted with his first real raw bit of life drama, only knew his duty and with his bare fists he hurled himself forward to do it. On the heels of the last of the mutineers staggered a wheezing, bleeding, tottering figure, the face partly shot away, powder-grimed and horrible.

"Look out, cap'n, look out!" it screamed, then fell. It fell across the body of the man the maid had knifed; and slowly it rose again, gripping in tensed fingers the reddened knife.

Like unseeing fate it lurched straight towards the skipper's door, fell against the crouching back of Yankee Jack and thrust the steel to the haft in the ringleader's averted throat.

"Sargasso, I'm a fool! I'm paying!" moaned Mr. Fisher, and fell at the skipper's feet, covering with his dead body the pistol dropped by Yankee Jack.

Mr. Bunce went down before a rush of foes. Miss Rouse stood in her doorway, horror-stricken at the swift transition from a night of tranquillity to this thing of terror. Somewhere along the starlit deck a lusty voice bellowed threats unless somebody let the owner out of somewhere. Then Sargasso went down, streaming blood from a jagged wound in his forehead as a man hurled a water bottle at him; and Miss Rouse was rushed back through her door, the key was turned and comparative stillness reigned after the uproar.

Sargasso's head throbbed agonizingly. Cool moisture trickled over his face. His head lay on something soft. His eyes were tightly closed, swollen shockingly. Small

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hot fingers tried to pry his eyes open; a strange hushed voice crooned to him. The motion under him seemed strange too. With the crooning of the voice another sound was merged and it made him shudder. He tried to speak; his battered head and bruised face forbade it. But he listened intently for that other sound.

"Cat!" he managed to utter, rustily, horribly.

It was all he could say, and there was no music in the tone; but the soft crooning stopped and a small laugh answered him. The crooning went on again, and the cool trickling at his face was sweet. One tight pair of eyelids opened the merest crack under the persevering fingers; a newly risen moon shone full through the crack and he wrenched his head aside in acute pain.

Dimly through his muddled brain the remembrance filtered that moonrise was due around two o'clock A.M. He had the impression, from the angle at which the moon rays struck his eye, that it was newly risen. He could have told the time more nearly could he have seen the stars. He tried again to speak and could not; but the small hot fingers at his brow quivered when he seized them, and a low, shaken voice told him:

"Keep still. They thought you were dead. I thought so too. You wouldn't have been left here with me if they hadn't been sure you were dead. They left us together to punish me for my part in the ——"

A scurry and a squeaking near by; something ran across Sargasso's legs, and the speaker uttered a shuddering cry. There was a soft thud, a louder squeak, a crunch, then the purring snarl of a cat with a kill. Sargasso tried to rise, groping with his hands for support.

"Where—where—where are we?" he gasped, horror giving him halting speech at last.

Small hot hands helped him, guiding his grasp to something familiar yet not of recent familiarity. It was a wooden stanchion in wooden bulwarks he felt, roughened and paintless. He pulled himself up until he stood, facing the moon, sensing it by the lesser darkness that assailed his blinded eyes. Near by his hands found a splintered breech, a broken lanyard of rotten rope, a cracked deadeye.

"Keep hold, just for a minute, sir," his unseen companion told him, and he heard her soft-shod feet hurrying away.

In a few minutes she returned and put a wooden bowl brimming with tepid, unfresh water to his thirsty lips. And while he gulped greedily, he felt fresh sopping compresses of linen on forehead and eyes. He began to feel stronger. He wanted to move, but the girl made him sit down on what he knew instinctively were quarter bits. Starting to protest, protest was killed by a terrific scurrying and squeaking that seemed to fill the still air. He sat down with a curse, resigning himself to the tireless attentions of his companion in ill luck.

"Soon you can see, now," she said with a jerky little laugh. "We might be worse off. You must have been born lucky!"

For an hour she bathed his eyes, silent now from weariness. He thought over her remark. That had been the last thing she said to him: "You must have been born lucky!" He uttered a laugh that frightened her. But she kept on bathing his throbbing forehead.

"They called me a man of no bowels because I believed in things beyond their vision!" he croaked harshly. "Said I was a superstitious fool because I knew there was ill luck in the blue stripe; that a shark knew when a ship was doomed; that no good ever came of having a black cat or a black wench aboard. What do they say now?"

The fingers at his brow trembled; the small figure against his body tensed and quivered. But the bathing went on. It went on until, amazingly suddenly it seemed, light burst through his tortured lids. His impatient fingers pried his eyes open and he gazed full at the moon, almost at meridian. Then something soft brushed against his leg. He turned from the moonlight, looked down, saw a huge, fat, glossy black cat with arched back and lifted tail; then looked up and into the wide white-rimmed eyes of Miss Rouse's little black maid. For a moment he stared at her, then laughed loud across the yellow weed-strewn sea.

"A black cat, a black wench, a derelict, adrift in the Sargasso Sea!" he yelled.

A fat rat ran across his hand, resting on the shattered bulwarks. He hurled it at the cat and staggered away around the deck, blundering into things, all but pitching headlong through the broken bulwarks into the sea.

"It's only a rat," the girl whispered, frightened more than she had been during his quiescence. "The wreck is swarming with rats, sir. But the cat looks after them. See how fat she is!"

Sargasso laughed unpleasantly, slumping down heavily on a hatch. The girl gave him water and produced from some secret place a few bits of moldy biscuit. He nibbled and drank, and the girl went on bathing his eyes. While they slowly gained in sight, she told him an astonishing tale that seemed to have no clear beginning, and of which the end was not yet.

"The men listened to Yankee Jack," she said. "He made them believe it was only your superstitious fears that made the voyage so long. And Mr. Fisher said things, too, which encouraged them. Yankee Jack said the mate would surely side with them, for he had called you crazy. Old Bill Gammidge heard a little; but not much, for they didn't trust him, quite. But he knew they were talking about taking the ship, either putting you and the second mate, and anybody who wouldn't join them, in a little boat or on such wreck as this if they saw one. They were going to sail the ship to Santo Domingo and sell it. They spoke to me about the people down there. Old Bill couldn't find out about their plans, so he told me to try and get them. I did. I laughed and joked with them at night. I flirted with Yankee Jack and the man they called Sam—the man I stabbed—and they said I should be their lady and have my lady for slave."

Over the side, fair in the moon path, something white and glistening, ghostly, weird, rose from the sea, and a ghastly sound emanated from it:

"Whoo-oo-oo-ooh!"

"Oh, powerful Gawd!" screamed the girl, relapsing in her terror into the vernacular of her childhood.

Sargasso Sam started; but her tale had reached a point where no fears of his own could steal his attention.

"Only a grampus blowing, child," he said with a shiver. "Tell me the rest. Quick!"

She shivered, crushing close to him.

"They got a bit afraid of the mate. So they got talking to old Bill and found he told the truth about once being captain. So when the lookout saw this wreck, he didn't report it until he went to see the mate. They saw more doubt in the mate's attitude and started things so swiftly that I was surprised in the saloon before I could get to tell you."

"And poor Fisher paid!" muttered Sargasso. "Yes, he paid. So will you, my girl. You will pay for playing with fire. Do you know just what will happen to us here?"

"Mr. Sargasso, Missy Alys says you are a true sailor. You will find some way to save me. They left me here with you they thought dead and laughed when they told me we would drift and drift and drift for a hundred years in the weeds, you a grinning dead man and me never allowed to die. I have paid already. I have been frightened so that my heart is a lump of ice. But you will do something when daylight comes."

Sargasso Sam laughed harshly. He could see better every minute, and in the bright moonlight the derelict lay bare to his scrutiny. She floated high, but green moss grew out of her decks; the one mast standing, the main lowermast, stood gaunt and white, swinging a long main yard like a gibbet. The remains of a hundred dead rats littered the decks. There was a smell of rot, of death, of putrefaction issuing from her battered fabric. Only the great black cat had any appearance of life. It looked like a fat ghoul in a rifled tomb.

"Do something?" he laughed. "What was Gammidge doing through it all?"

"They locked him in the galley. I heard him shouting and swearing at them through the port. The Italian steward came out with a knife, too, trying to help; they threw him down in the lazaret. But you will find a way. Missy Alys always said you were a true sailor. She called you a hero when she heard about something you did before you were captain of the Khedivieh. She said she believed nothing could beat you."

The cruel laughter died out of Sargasso's face. As the little black maid rattled on, her own hopes rising as she told of her mistress' confidences, something stern and strong crept into his face. Like a flash of light he saw something that did more than all the years had been able to do for him.

He saw the situation he was in, shorn of all pretense. As desperate as any situation could well be, with every factor there that might prove the truth of his lifelong fears; blue stripe, black cat, black wench, lying shark, everything; here was a little black maid teaching him courage, a black cat rubbing sleekly against his leg, the very derelict he was adrift upon feeling secure at least; and here was a tale that told him the woman he had wanted to worship humbly at a distance had said things about him that placed him on her own plane.

Strength came to him as his eyes opened. He gave the girl his jacket and told her to curl up somewhere and rest. Then he left her with the great black cat purring at her breast and examined the derelict more closely.

The odor guided him to a broken hatch, and his eyes verified the evidence of his nose. The ancient ship was laden with grain. It had sprouted, rotted, swollen, fermented into a mass of unspeakable decay in which thousands of plethoric rats lived and fought, loved and died. It was no mystery how the big cat had survived the untellable period of its imprisonment. It had never had to starve or fight for food; never had cause to grow savage and wild. In the partly rolled hatch tarpaulin lay a pool of bad water. Every time a rain fell the cat's water supply was renewed. If drought came, the rats gave blood.

Under the break of a short half poop a cask of water lay, with scuttle open and a dipper beside it. The dipper was rusted to pieces. The maid had found a broken wooden bucket, and that was what she had fed him water from. An inspection of the galley on deck resulted in the discovery of a drawerful of moldy hard-tack, the weevils long since dead. Aft, in the cabin pantry, a small keg of salt meat rolled with the ship's motion. A few tins of beef, fish and vegetables completed the tally. There seemed to be evidence of haste in deserting the ship; yet the hull seemed to have made no water in the years, if years had passed.

Sargasso searched hurriedly for papers. He found none. The cabin stank with the rottenness under it. He passed on deck again, gave a swift and all-seeing glance at the weather-beaten old wreck that told him the futility of trying to rig and sail her; then he cast about for some other means of deliverance.

A decrepit boat, split and weather-scarred, sat brokenly in its chocks on the gallows. Sargasso tried the tackles. They came apart in his hand, dry dust of ropes. He put his shoulders to the stern; it surged forward, broke down the chocks and plunged down and through the broken bulwarks into the sea.

Sargasso leaped after it like a cat. He floundered in the tangling weed, then used the very weed to make fast the boat to the ship. He panted heavily as he climbed back to the deck and his face was white. The touch of the weed shook him to the heart. But the boat was filling. He looked around in the waning moonlight almost despairingly. But his eye roved over the small figure of the sleeping maid; he thought what she had done for him; he recalled what she had told him.

"She believed nothing could beat you!"

With the instinct of a sailor he ran to the forecastle head, knowing that small chains should be there. He tore down from the rotten stanchions two lengths of chain and went to secure his boat. Then, in the last of the moonlight before the dawn, he baled his boat dry, hauled his chain tight and left her until daylight was full.

Through a long blazing day they toiled, Sargasso and the small black maid. Rotten wood, rotten canvas, rotten rope mocked them. They opened tins of food. It was blown and poisonous. They broke open the cask of meat. It was salt beef, so salt that sea water seemed fresh beside it. They ate little, for eating made them thirst, and the water was dangerous. But through it all they labored. When the sun sank into the yellow sea like a yellow eye, bloodshot, glaring at their presumptuous efforts, they had raised the boat to the deck again, upturned it and plastered the bottom and sides with the best of the inner-hatch tarpaulins smeared with pitch from the one-time carpenter's stores.

"We've done well, girl," Sargasso grinned.

"You see, your luck isn't so bad," the girl replied.

"No; if only my luck were as good as it looked to be bad or as good as you seem to think it is, maybe we would get out of the mess before we starve to death. Luck hasn't much to do with it, I'm afraid."

"Luck goes with work, and a brave man works where another lies down and wails at his luck," the girl retorted with spirit. "Miss Alys taught me that," she added, lowering her eyes before his astonished gaze.

"Damned if I don't think you're right!" he said, and patted her on the head.

Before dark he was whistling. His lips were too sore for whistling; he started singing softly. Then he picked up the great black cat and stroked it, its purring sounding like the muffled rolling of drums to his singing:

"Many thousand miles behind us,
Many thousand miles before,
Ancient ocean heaves to bear us
To yon well-remembered shore.
Cheer up, Jack; bright smiles await you
From the fairest of the fair,
And her loving eyes will greet you
With kind welcomes everywhere."

It was the low, crooning voice of the little black maid that led the chorus of the beautiful old song:

"Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to hearts awaiting, rolling home, dear land, to thee."

"Miss Alys taught me that, too," whispered the maid, the song ended. "She says the longest journey has an end. She and me was picked up at sea in worser fix than this, Cap'n Sargasso. She knows."

"You're right! She knows! You will be rolling home, too, this time tomorrow!" cried Sargasso. "I've got to see your Miss Alys! Got to tell her something!"

Sargasso slept, but he found and lit a battered lantern first, feeding it with rancid grease from the galley copper, whose lid had kept the rats at bay through endless days. Then he lay near the girl so that the great black cat could guard both from the swarming rats. And at dawn he was astir, mounting to the highest part of the wreck, scanning the sea. Nothing broke the yellow of the weed. The sun came up blazing out of the east; the sky held scant promise of wind.

The maid got food, and he told her to select the best of the stores remaining for the boat and to stopper up the water cask carefully. He finished calking the boat himself; he spliced pieces of wood together, lashing them with long, tough weed. Tarpaulin made a sail, a sail so rotten that it ripped in hoisting. He made another, double, and it held. Oars he found and a rudder, all rotten, but all he had. Then they put in the stores and water.

"You're not scared?" he asked the girl.

"Me?"

She stared at him. He nodded overside. Ten fathoms away from the boat a mass of weed was being thrown broadcast by a swarm of sharks fighting for something entangled in it. The girl's face turned ashen; her big eyes widened, showing the whites. She saw that he smiled, and shook herself sharply together.

"Didn't I tell you we got to go?" she said shrilly. She glanced around. "We got to take the cat too. The rats would have eaten us if it wasn't for him."

Sargasso laughed. All the pet superstitions that had ridden him all his life seemed about to die shameful deaths. He glanced again at the sharks. One, leaving the rest, charged at the boat and rocked it with his rush. The girl was giving the cat a last drink from the leavings of the water cask. Sargasso ran forward, rummaged in the forepeak but found nothing that he wanted. With a queer grin, he dropped into the hold, scooped a double handful of blue mold from the beams and returned to the boat. Leaning over the low gunwales, he rubbed the blue mess on the paintless sides in a streak passing right around the little craft.

"Now you can come aboard, my lass!" he cried. "We've got everything now. Being scared of all these things only brings bad luck. We'll try the other tack. Give me the cat. Come on, Satan!"

For two blistering days Sargasso rowed. The water stank and gave out. Food turned to brine in dry mouths. The golden weed mocked them; the wind had no

(Continued on Page 106)

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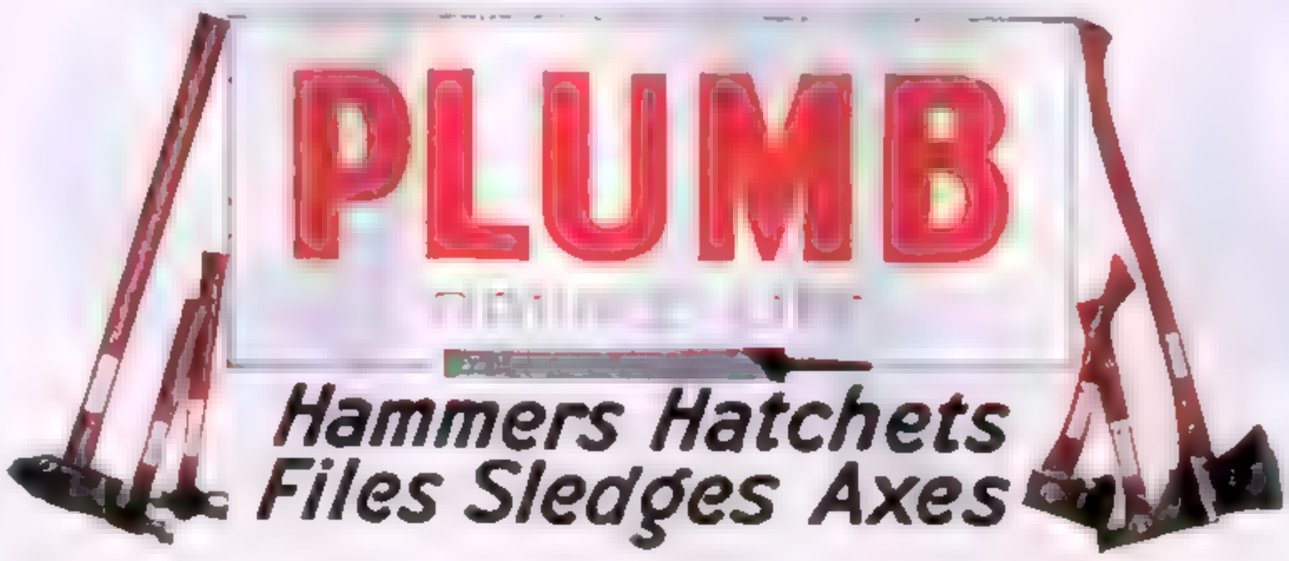

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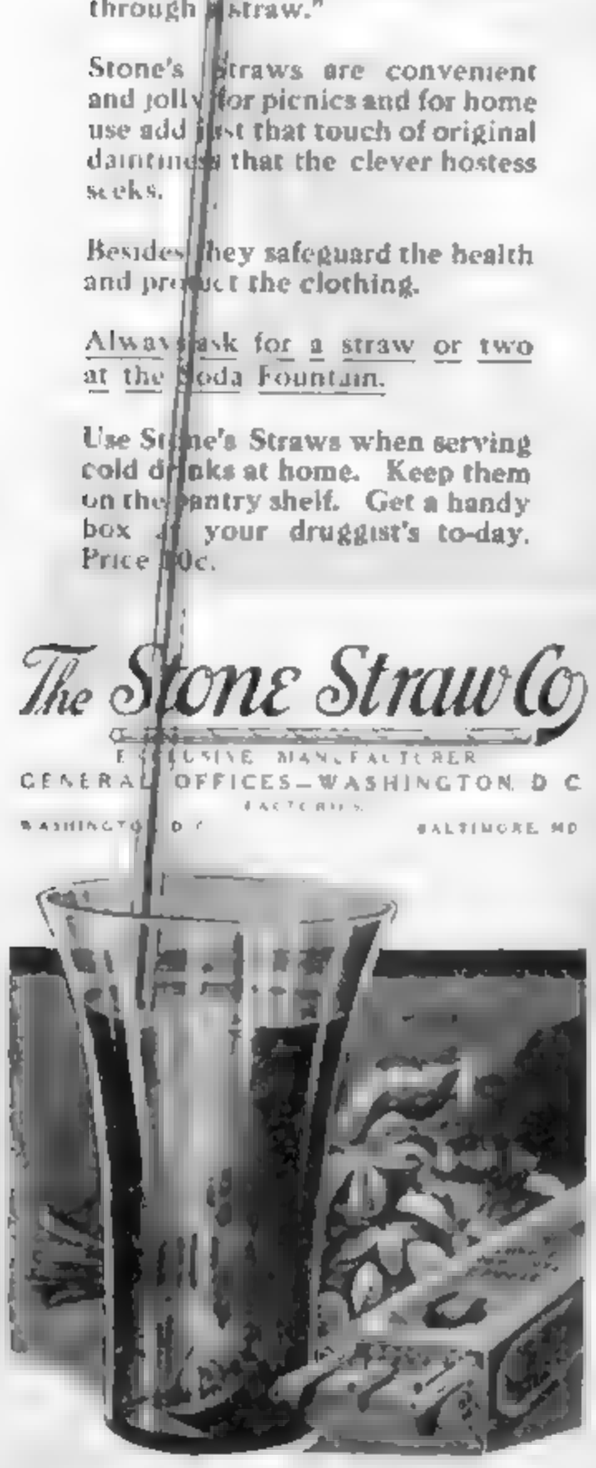

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strength. The little black maid wilted towards the second evening. The great black cat mewed thirstily at the sea.

Sargasso rowed. His face turned gray; his lips were dry and cracked. He rowed, and as he forced the leaky boat through the weed he sang croakily:

"Blow the wintry breezes,
Blow the winds hi-ho!
Clear away the morning dew,
And blow, my bully boys, blow!"

He unshipped his oars at dark, resting uneasily. With his cupped hands he scooped up water and bathed the black girl's face. He wetted the cat's dry nose. It spat at him and sprang the length of the boat at the sting of the salt.

"Now, Lady Luck, it's up to you, old girl!" he croaked, lying down across the thwarts.

He dozed for an hour. Then rain on his face awoke him. The boat buzzed merrily through the weed before a brisk squall; the rain poured in a torrent.

"Up, lassie!" he cried. "Here's water to swim in!"

They caught it in their garments. They filled the little cask with it. The boat was put on a rough course by a star, heading west by south. Another sharp squall half filled the crazy boat at midnight. Sargasso began to doubt Lady Luck for the first time. The weed had become thinner, the seas were getting up. The maid bailed tirelessly, her thirst tempered. Sargasso bailed, nursed his decrepit rigging and sang stubbornly:

"Blow the wintry breezes,
Blow the winds hi-ho!
Clear away the morning dew,
And blow, my bully boys, blow!"

A flying fish flew over the boat, thudded into the sail and fell into his lap. The great cat pounced upon it with a low purr, but Sargasso held it from her. He had seen it in the bright starlight.

"Hold on, Satan!" he laughed. "Look, lassie! It's a Guineaman, a four-winged flyer. It's good luck. Shall we let Satan have it?"

"Let it go, master. You don't feed no luck to that cat!" the girl cried.

He tossed it overboard and fell to bailing, still singing defiantly.

The squall passed and the sea fell calm. But the weed was almost gone, and the great moon came up in a fair expanse of sea but sparsely strewn with snaky yellow lines. Sargasso stood on the thwart, gazing intently around the horizon. Low down in the west red Aldebaran flamed. It winked at him. It flamed again and seemed to laugh at his extremity. Suddenly he stepped from the thwart, laughed queerly and lifted up the maid to arm's length.

"Look there, lassie! Right over there! See? That's a ship! A ship becalmed like we are! D'ye think you can pull an oar?"

Dawn was near when the tall shape of a becalmed sailing ship loomed up close to. Sargasso stared hard. There were no lights. The great yards swung in slovenly trim, unbraced. The silence of a dead ship hung about her. But he knew her.

"What's happened?" he muttered hoarsely. "It's my own ship, lassie; but look at her!"

"Looks like they ain't had all the luck, master," the little maid answered, frightened at the eerie silence.

Evil as a curse within a church, from some dark cranny in the big ship's fore part howled a voice in a drunken frenzy. A fiercer voice cursed the howler, and silence reigned again. From high up among the jigger rigging came a cautious voice, a frightened voice:

"Hey, boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!"

"That's old Bill Gammidge!" snapped Sargasso, and urged the boat forward.

"Ahoy, Gammidge!" he answered. "Come down! I'm Sargasso! What's up?"

"Hully sailor! It's the Old Man, missy!" roared Bill, and a dark blur detached itself from the rolled-up gaff-topsail and began to swarm down the rigging.

Out from the forecastle a figure stepped, peered a moment over the side, but failed to see the boat in the ship's shadow; then yelled obscene oaths upwards and fired a revolver shot at Gammidge in the rigging. Bill stopped with a cry, almost fell. Then he lugged something from his pocket, hurled it at the gunman, who dropped heavily, and Bill continued on down.

"Come on, sir!" he roared. "They be all drunk 'cept him, and he's out!"

Sargasso was at the rail even as the man fell. He went straight to the fallen man, snatched up the pistol as the man began to stagger to his knees; then, as Gammidge joined him, seeking for the belaying pin he had hurled to such good effect from aloft, other unsteady figures appeared from unseen corners, drunken voices demanded what was wrong and the leader leaped to his feet with a howl.

"It's the dog-blasted skipper come back!" he screamed. "Chuck him overboard again or you'll all hang!"

"Keep back!" roared Sargasso, presenting the gun. "Gammidge, lash that man's hands!"

"He's got no shells in the gun!" yelled the leader. "Come on, get him!"

The man rushed on tottering legs. Old Bill let fly with his iron pin again, and the leader fell to stay. Over the rail climbed the little black maid, on her shoulder the great black cat. Two men, reaching for Sargasso's useless gun, stopped short at the apparition; Sargasso's empty pistol crunched into their gaping faces, one-two, one-two, and they stumbled blindly away. A figure darted out of the cabin companionway, heading for Sargasso's back. A smaller figure dropped full upon it out of the jigger rigging, hammered right enthusiastically at the bowed head with something hard, and that danger was averted.

"Thanks, Miss Alys!" said Sargasso curtly. "Give me that belaying pin now. You can go aft with your maid. You won't want to see this."

"I've seen worse, and I'm going to stay!" the girl cried.

"Give me the pin!"

He signed to Bill Gammidge to follow and plunged into the forecastle through the uncertain mob, now gathered with bleary eyes about the foremast. As he went he ordered the men to stand to one side; and to those who questioned he added the inducement of good hearty belaying-pin soup.

"Aw, let's dump th' bloody dawg!" muttered one bold spirit.

Sargasso turned upon him like a fury, struck full at his mutinous mouth and felled him.

"Anybody else?" he rasped.

The men slunk away, scarcely daring to mutter. The forecastle reeked with the fumes of whisky.

"Broached cargo, they did, sir," old Bill said. "Been drunk an' fightin' ever sence they marooned you on thet thar derelict. I tried to take charge, but they druv me up aloft. Lucky Miss Rouse smelled a rat and climbed up along o' me. I thought it wuz funny as we wuzn't shot at more'n we wuz. 'Parently they wuz short o' ammunition. Phew! Thar's a couple o' stiffs!"

Sargasso speedily found out that it was only a pair of very complete drunks. He dragged them on deck. No others remained in the forecastle.

"Rig the head pump, you men!" he ordered.

The dawn was coming up gray and cool. There was a breath of air in the northeast that promised to grow into wind. Men staggered to obey him. Clumsily, painfully, they got the sea water gushing from the pump. At a nod, Gammidge dragged the drunks under the stream, and there they lay until shocked into consciousness by the chill.

"Now hurry up and deliver your ringleaders in this mutiny!" Sargasso said sharply.

The men at the pump shifted sheepishly, nudging each other, whispering.

"Arter Yankee Jack wuz killed, and Sam, thar wuzn't no wot ye'd call leaders, Cap'n Sargasso," said old Gammidge. "That's bin the trouble wi' 'em. Him wot I dropped wi' the belayin' pin wuz chief noise, and he looks good an' quiet now, damned ef he don't."

The wretched remnant of the big ship's crew stared at Sargasso in the gathering light of dawn as if he were some awesome creature from another world. As the booze died within them they remembered how they had put him, dead, adrift upon a derelict in company with the little negro maid who had played them false. And through the dull haze of memory the recent reappearance of Sargasso out of nowhere, to recapture the ship unarmed, stood out like a piece of wizardry. They recalled the reputation he had for superstitious beliefs; they were ready to believe him more than mortal at that juncture.

"Goin' to put 'em in irons, sir?" asked old Bill eagerly.

"They're not that important!" Sargasso retorted.

He stepped aside again to tell Miss Alys she might safely retire now. She caught his smile and nodded brightly, seizing her maid's arm and leading her aft. The skipper glanced around the sky, glowing now with warmer light, and saw the rippling water to windward.

"Now, you mutinous scum, you've had your fun!" he cried. "Lee fore brace, there! Get a hump on you! A hand to the wheel! What did you say?"

He stepped in front of a hulking rascal who muttered as he snatched at a brace. The man glanced at his hard-lined face.

"Nawthin', sir!" he said hastily.

"That's your language!" Sargasso snapped, gave a last scrutiny of the gang and went aft to take charge of his ship.

When the yards were trimmed and the big ship sailed fast to the westward before a piping fair wind, Gammidge relieved the deck and Sargasso went below to refresh himself with a good freshwater wash and a shave. As he felt bodily comfort creeping over him he whistled and sang; and Miss Rouse, in her cabin opposite, listened to the tale told by the maid, smiled and blushed a little as his song reached her:

"As I walked out one summer morn to view the meadows round,
I spied a pretty primrose lass a-tripping o'er the ground.
Blow the wintry breezes, blow the winds hi-ho!
Clear away the morning dew, and blow, my bully boys, blow!

"I saddled me an Arab steed, and saddled her another,
And off we rode together like sister and like brother.
Blow the wintry breezes, blow the winds hi-ho!
Clear away the morning dew, and blow, my bully boys, blow!"

They met at breakfast. The great black cat sat on the arm of Sargasso's chair, purring like the rolling of drums. The strong fair wind poured through the skylight out of the swollen sails. The cabin was musical with the tumbling of seas outside. The tell-tale compass overhead pointed true for their point of destination.

"My little maid has told me a wonderful story about you, captain," the girl smiled. "Do you know, I have always insisted that you would rise superior to your superstitions in the emergency."

"So I heard, Miss Alys," Sargasso smiled back. "The little lassie told me something of the kind. I'm going to put it all to a grand test soon."

"I'm sure you have done that already! Why, you came back to your ship, defying Fate with a blue-mold stripe on your crazy old boat, deliberately carrying a black cat, forcing all your old fears to a show-down!"

"Aye, Miss Alys," said the skipper softly, "and in forcing my fears to a showdown, backed by such an opinion as you gave."

"And that was?"

"That I couldn't fail in anything I really set out to do."

"Well, I really believed that," she laughed with a bright color.

"Then far be it from my wish to shatter any beliefs of yours, little lady. You may as well start right in making your quarters comfortable in a permanent fashion, Alys ——"

"Oh, whatever do you mean?" she cried, wide-eyed and rosy.

"You'll permanently take up your quarters there just as soon as I can find a sky pilot. Don't blush like that! You'll embarrass old Bill when I send him down to eat!"

Swift as thought Sargasso leaned over her, swept her into a hug and kissed her with clumsy tenderness. In the pantry doorway the little black maid gasped delightedly. Sargasso took the companionway steps three at a time and sent old Bill Gammidge to his breakfast.

"Skipper seems purty lively, missy, considerin' wot he's just been through," remarked old Bill over the hash.

"He's a wonderful man, Bill," said Miss Alys thoughtfully.

Sargasso's voice came down to them and proved it:

"Blow the winds in the morning,
Blow the winds hi-ho!
Clear away the morning dew,
And blow, my bully boys, blow!"

"It's the Plug Hat Gets the Snowballs"

THE first portable electric suction sweeper on the market was The Hoover.

It is the first today.

Year in and year out it has renewed and reinforced its leadership by the unremitting thoroughness of its work.

Only a product of unique and special virtue can do that.

It is always the outstanding thing that is the tempting target; and like the leader in every field The Hoover is the focus of competitive attack.

So far as we can learn, this attack assumes only one character.

It does not deny the efficacy of Hoover design, Hoover construction, or Hoover performance.

But it seeks to spread the impression that The Hoover is hard on rugs.

* *

Do *you* think The Hoover is hard on rugs?

If it were, *would it be the largest selling electric cleaner in the world, with more than a million satisfied users?*

If it were, *would it be the choice of rug experts as the preserver of carpetings beyond price?*

If it were, *would more than 50,000 users of many years' experience have voluntarily written us their enthusiastic endorsement?*

If it were, *would more than 48% of our sales result from The Hoover being recommended by users to their friends?*

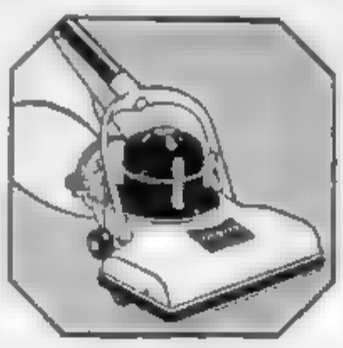
If it were, *would from 30% to 40% of our sales be to persons who have owned other machines?*

If it were, *would more than $71,000,000.00 worth of Hoovers have been sold, representing perhaps twice as much money as has been invested in any other cleaner?*

If it were, *would leading merchants everywhere have risked the confidence of their trade by continuously indorsing The Hoover—many for over 14 years?*

If it were, *would The Hoover be the standard against which all other cleaners are judged?*

If it were, *would it enjoy the undeniable leadership of the industry?*



No, dear reader, The Hoover is not hard on rugs.

It is only hard on competitors.

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MEN look for comfort combined with style in their Summer hats, nowadays, and Knapp-Felt Straws have solved the problem with the Reverse-Lap-Brim* which assures an easy fit and the distinction characteristic of Knapp-Felt headwear.

*A patented method of manufacture by which the hat adjusts itself comfortably to the shape of your head.

Knapp-Felt hats are sold by the best dealers everywhere. *Write for* THE HATMAN.

The CROFUT & KNAPP CO. 620 Fifth Avenue *New York*

LUNCH FOR ONE

Continued from Page 16

But he controlled himself. He contented himself with casting an occasional contemptuous glance at the offensive tie. He rather hoped the fellow would notice the contempt in his glance. But the other man ignored it entirely. He seemed perfectly satisfied with his brilliant tie, with himself. He seemed to be hugging to himself some deep and delightful secret

And that bright tie was but the harbinger of a cavalcade of changes in the other man. In fact, as the first bright day of spring broke into a succession of bright and sunny days, there before Mr. Brewster was enacted a drama in which the other man played the principal and, for a long time, the solitary part. The gay tie was replaced with other and gayer ties; the somber suit of a pepper-and-salt mixture gave way to an affair of blue striped flagrantly with white, and then to a suit of a pattern decidedly checked. Once a sprig of lilac was sported in the lapel of his coat. Mr. Brewster was disgusted, dismayed. He felt that the other man had let the spring go to his head. He hoped that it was only the spring that had gone to his head. Even the other man's nod had changed into a blithe and jaunty greeting. Indeed, the other man wore a jaunty air, an air of assumed youth, that was as ill becoming to his respectable middle age as the first giddy tie had been.

The drama which had been enacted chiefly through the extraordinary sartorial effects of the other man now reached a climax. One day he came to lunch, and he did not, as he had for years, come alone. He came with another person, and the other person was a lady. A lady? Well, a luxuriant and overwhelming female. Everything about her was overemphasized. Her figure was too full, too opulent; her eyes too large, her cheeks too crimson. Even the gold bag she carried was of an amazingly exaggerated size.

And Mr. Brewster found the other man's attitude that day particularly obnoxious. In the first place, he glanced around the room triumphantly. He threw out his meager chest. His glance seemed to say, "I hope you all appreciate what a rare and radiant creature has honored me with her company today? Isn't she incomparable?" And then, turning to the woman, his eyes devoured her with pride. He leaned close to her across the table. His fingers toyed fatuously, possessively, with the enormous gold bag.

For the first time in two years, Mr. Brewster altogether avoided the other man's glance. For some strange reason, he himself felt ashamed. The man he had once admired was now playing the fool so extravagantly, and Mr. Brewster almost felt as if he himself were playing the fool. He did not nod to the other man that day.

After that day, however, the character of the drama changed. Even from Mr. Brewster's disapproving point of view, the drama up to and including that day had contained some of the elements of comedy. But after that day it took on some of the aspects of tragedy.

As the other man had blossomed with the spring, so now he withered long before the spring had ceased its blossoming. It did not, of course, happen all at once. He had his bright days and he had his morose days, and days of every complexion between the two.

But the morose days soon began to crowd out every other variety.

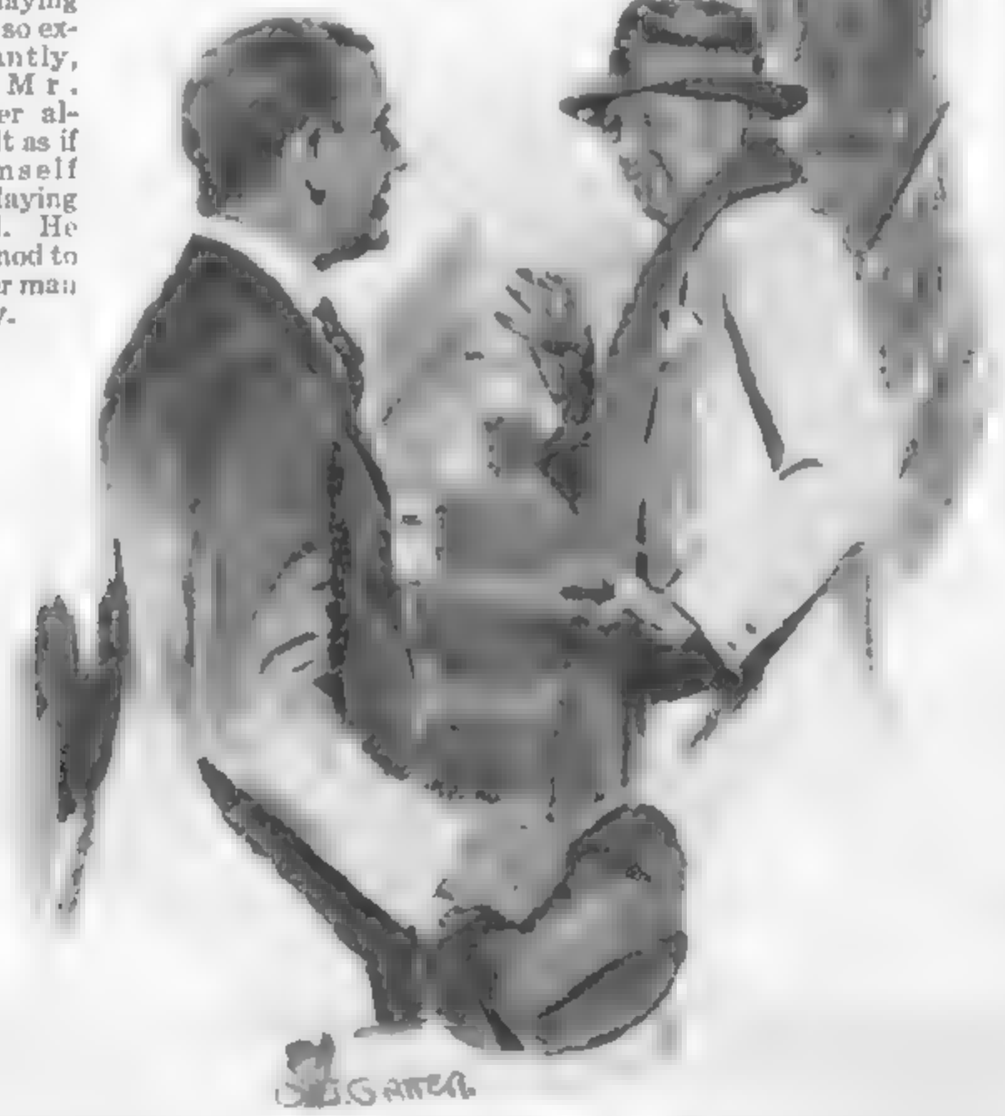
The luxuriant female did not appear again, but each day the other man came in for his solitary lunch. Mr. Brewster, watching him more carefully than ever, saw that even his appetite was failing him. He no longer showed a robust and healthy interest in his food. Gone were the mutton chops, the rare roast beef. Now he toyed with a bit of fish, dawdled over a chicken patty. The checked suit sagged for want of pressing. The bright ties lost their brightness. And his daily nod to Mr. Brewster had become a mixture of hostility, timidity and a subtle defiance. He acted as if he were afraid Mr. Brewster had observed him too closely, knew too much about him and his affairs.

Then, one memorable day, he came in haggard, unshaven. He ordered something, but sat there leaving it untasted. He sat slumped over the table, staring straight ahead of him with unseeing eyes. It was he that day who avoided Mr. Brewster's horrified and anxious gazé.

And after that day the other man disappeared entirely from the old-fashioned dining room of the old-fashioned Madison Avenue Hotel.

Well, Mr. Brewster shrugged his shoulders and reflected that it was no doubt some egregious folly of the other man's that had brought about his ruin. His ruin? Yes, it must be something approximating ruin. Mr. Brewster couldn't imagine a habit of years broken unless there were some good and substantial reason for it.

Mr. Brewster himself, of course, continued to go to the Madison Avenue Hotel every day. But



"I Haven't the Strength Left to Fight You. Go! Please Go and Leave Me!"

"I get more for my dollar when I ask for Topkis"

"YES, sir, the Topkis Union Suit gives me more in every way—than I used to get for much higher prices.

"More quality in the material. More in comfort of fit. More in length of service.

"That's why I always look for the Topkis label when I buy athletic underwear."

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Roomy arm-holes. Long, wide legs that never creep up. Comfortable crotch.

Close, evenly stitched seams. Buttons firmly attached.

No wonder many dealers say the Topkis Men's Union Suit is *worth* more than One Dollar! But no good dealer will ask more.

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Write today for free booklet
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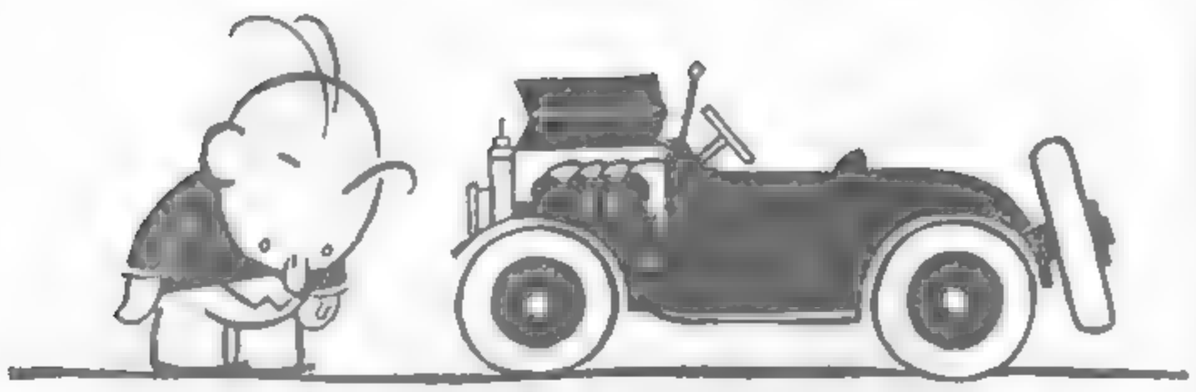
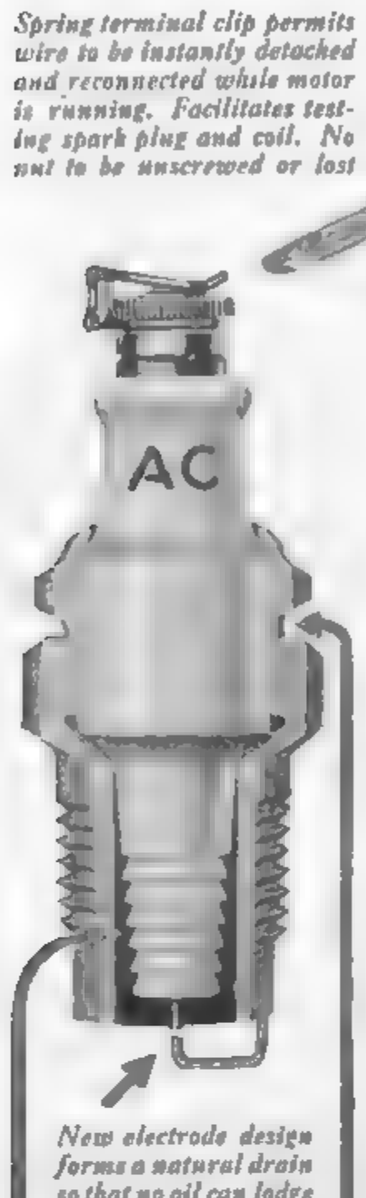


Spring terminal clip permits wire to be instantly detached and reconnected while motor is running. Facilitates testing spark plug and coil. No nut to be unscrewed or lost



New electrode design forms a natural drain so that no oil can lodge in spark gap

Unscrew this bushing and plug comes apart. Notice compact porcelain to withstand hard service

Patented CARBON PROOF porcelain with its high temperature fins attains sufficient heat to burn oil deposits, thus offering effective resistance to carbon

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AC 1075's Are the Plugs You Should Use for the Following Reasons

Ford engines require the best plugs just as much as others because a good spark in each cylinder is a necessity in any engine.

AC's answer to this need is the AC 1075 *Special for Fords.*

AC's are standard equipment on most of the better cars, cars such as Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Cleveland, Dodge Brothers, Dort, Durant, Essex, Hudson, Hupmobile, Jewett, LaFayette, Maxwell, Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland, Paige, R & V Knight, Willys-Knight *and more than three hundred others.*

Race drivers, speed-boat pilots and aviators use AC's—the 1922 500-mile Indianapolis Race, the Gold Cup speed-boat event, the Pulitzer Trophy in aviation, and most other contests were AC-equipped victories.

These experts use AC's because they have found them the best. For the same reason, *you* will find AC 1075 *Specials* for Fords the safest plugs to use.

They may cost a trifle more than ordinary plugs for Fords, but built as they are to end most motor ills—*see illustration*—they are more than worth the difference.

Put in a set of AC 1075's—they will give you improved engine performance and easier starting.

If your Ford dealer cannot supply you, obtain them from any other dealer—change to AC 1075's *now!*

AC 1075
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AC Spark Plug Company
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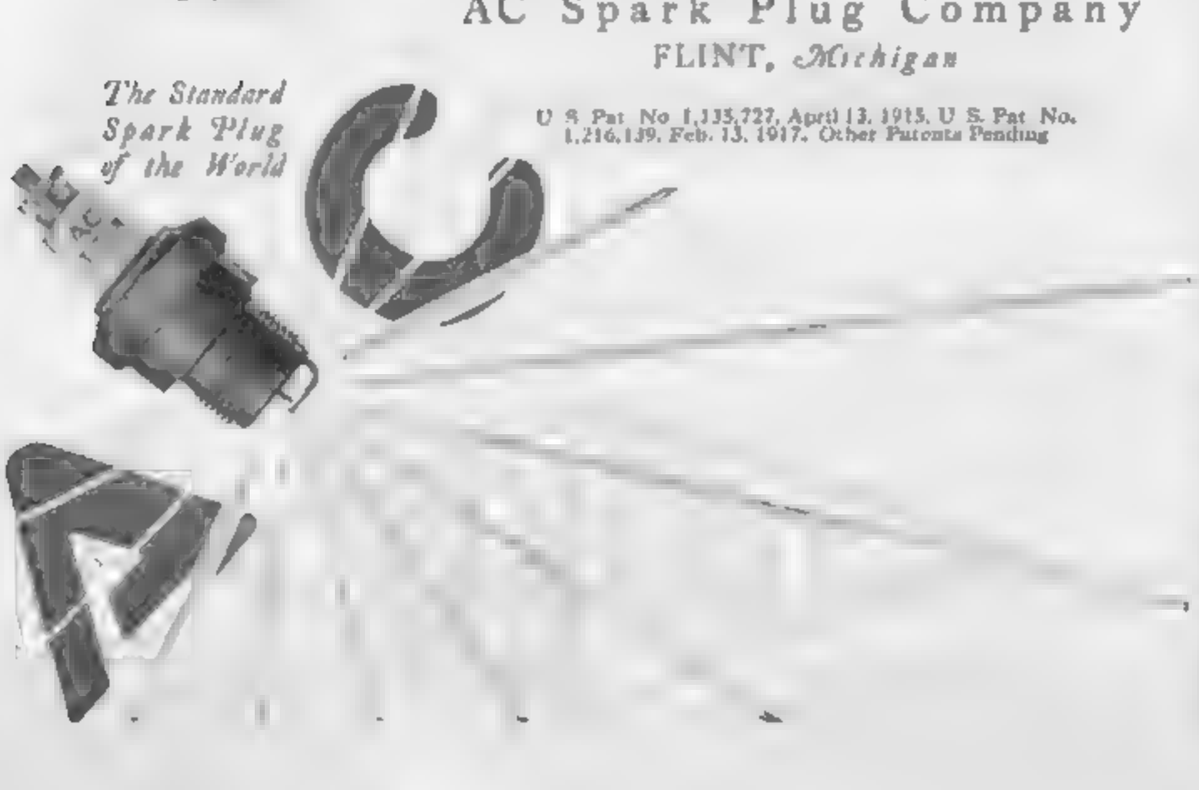
The Standard Spark Plug of the World



the table opposite his own remained unoccupied, or worse still, occupied by strangers; usually chattering strangers, gabblers! The dining room of the old Madison Avenue Hotel no longer seemed what it had been. In a world clamorous with meaningless conversation it was no longer the quiet refuge which it always had been.

And presently Mr. Brewster discovered that he couldn't dismiss the thought of the other man with a shrug of his shoulders. He couldn't dismiss the thought of him at all. In fact at night Mr. Brewster lay in his bed in his small bedroom in his small and exclusive club and he couldn't sleep because of thinking of the other man. It was an obsession. And always he thought of him as he had seen him on that last day, haggard, unshaven, his eyes staring with a lost and hopeless expression.

Finally, one noon, Mr. Brewster was driven to calling the head waiter over to him.

"Do you remember the gentleman who always used to sit alone at that table?"

"Indeed I do, sir!"

"Do you happen to know his name?"

The head waiter scratched his ear.

"Well, it was either Hall or Small—or maybe it was Rall."

"And have you any idea what his business was or where it was?"

The head waiter brightened.

"Yes, sir; there I can give you some definite information. He came from that big linen house down on Fourth Avenue near Thirtieth Street. We get a number of gentlemen from that house. Just a minute, sir."

The head waiter crossed to another table where two men were sitting and came back with a card. On the card was the name, "Heppelwhite, Smith & Co." Mr. Brewster tucked the card in his pocket.

"Thank you," he said brusquely.

He had never before spoken at such length to any head waiter. He felt that the interview had gone quite far enough. And the head waiter, slightly abashed, withdrew. He respected Mr. Brewster. Mr. Brewster, in his quiet, unostentatious way, was always very generous at Christmas.

That afternoon Mr. Brewster visited the office of Heppelwhite, Smith & Co. He presented his card and asked for Mr. Heppelwhite. He knew who Mr. Heppelwhite was. Mr. Heppelwhite knew who he was. He was ushered into Mr. Heppelwhite's private office. Mr. Brewster went directly to the point.

"Have you a man in your employ named Hall or Small or Rall?" he asked.

Mr. Heppelwhite reflected, repeated, "Hall or Small or Rall—I can't think of anyone."

"A man of about my own age," Mr. Brewster suggested.

"I wonder if you can mean Raleigh?"

"Perhaps."

"We did have a man named Raleigh in our employ—until quite recently."

"I'm afraid that's the man I mean," said Mr. Brewster sadly.

"He has applied for a position with you?"

"No, but ——"

"Well, I don't like to discuss it, Mr. Brewster, unless I know why you're inquiring about him."

"Perhaps I was thinking of giving him employment of some sort," said Mr. Brewster gravely. "I—I have known him for a great many years."

Mr. Heppelwhite meanwhile had started to shake his head in a very melancholy manner.

"It's a sad case, Mr. Brewster; very. He was one of our most trusted employes. In fact, our cashier. He had been with us for years and years, and we had the utmost faith in his trustworthiness, and then suddenly ——"

"Suddenly he went crazy!"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Well, I've studied him a great deal."

"I feel it my duty to tell you, Mr. Brewster, that he was short in his accounts; short three thousand dollars."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Brewster.

"That's the way we felt, sir. Just that way! One of our oldest and most trusted employes. We haven't prosecuted for that reason. But we really couldn't keep him in our employ—you understand?"

"I do understand," said Mr. Brewster, and he sighed. After all, there is nothing to be done for a man like that. He rose. "Well, that settles the matter, Mr. Heppelwhite. Thank you."

Yes, that did settle the matter. Again Mr. Brewster shrugged his shoulders. And again he found that he couldn't dismiss the thought of the other man with a shrug of his shoulders. Some strange bond, formed in the many years during which they had sat opposite each other at lunch, seemed to tie him to the other man. Every day when he went to his luncheon at the Madison Avenue Hotel he saw the other man still opposite him, the ghost of the other man, haggard, unshaven. And at night he lay awake because he couldn't get the thought, the image, of the other man out of his mind.

It was perhaps ten days after his interview with Mr. Heppelwhite that he telephoned him.

"I wonder if you could let me have Raleigh's address?" he asked.

"Well, we only have his old address. I don't imagine he's there any more."

"Yes, but will you let me have it, anyway?"

That evening, immediately after dinner, Mr. Brewster hopped into a taxicab and drove to the address which Mr. Heppelwhite had given him. It was a respectable brownstone house in a respectable street just off Fifth Avenue. Mr. Brewster sighed as he realized it was just such a house, just such a street, as he might have chosen for his residence. But he was not surprised when told that Mr. Raleigh no longer lived there.

"Didn't he leave some other address?"

Yes, he had left a forwarding address for his mail. Mr. Brewster copied it with meticulous care in his tiny notebook and returned to the waiting taxicab.

In pursuit of the second address the taxicab left respectable houses and respectable streets far behind. Far over on the West Side, next door to a deaf-and-dumb asylum, overshadowed by it, was the house which corresponded to the second address in Mr. Brewster's notebook. The house had that bare and battered look which old houses fallen upon evil days all seem to possess.

Nevertheless, Mr. Brewster resolutely mounted the worn steps and pulled the damaged brass bell handle.

Yes, Mr. Raleigh lived there, the slattern who opened the door admitted; but he was not at home.

"Is there some place I can wait?" asked Mr. Brewster.

"Well, you might set here in the hall," the slattern said doubtfully, and indicated a chair. "We ain't got no parlor."

She regarded Mr. Brewster truculently, as if he expected her to have a parlor, as if he despised her for not having a parlor.

Mr. Brewster sat on the chair the slattern had indicated and waited patiently. A damp and musty odor pervaded the hall and assailed his sensitive nostrils. He would straighten hopefully as occasionally a key clicked in the lock of the front door and someone entered. Curious people! A girl with heavily rouged cheeks and a hat flopping with feathers. A man with his coat buttoned clear to his chin. Outrageous people! Still Mr. Brewster waited, rigid against the inquiring glances that were thrust at him.

Outside, the engine of the taxicab throbbed its message to the meter.

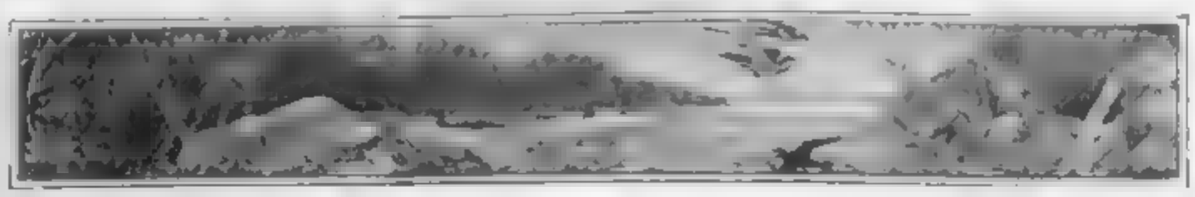
And at last the other man came in. He, too, gave Mr. Brewster an inquiring, distrustful look. He, too, started to go by. And Mr. Brewster was shocked at the appearance of this man who had once been a mirror of his own sedate virtues. His eyes were bloodshot, his coat was stained, his shirt was dirty and frayed, there was rank stubble on his chin. Yet Mr. Brewster stood up, blocked his way, laid his hand on his arm.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked.

The other man gazed at him sullenly.

"Yes. What do you want with me?"

"I don't know what I do want," said Mr. Brewster in perplexity; "but I've got to do something about you."



"You've got to do something about me! Why?"

"Because I've got to stop thinking about you. I've got to get some sleep. What are you doing now—I mean in the way of work?"

"Nothing."

"Have you any money?"

"It's going fast—the few dollars I have left."

"And what about that woman?"

"Oh, her!" exclaimed Raleigh in a tone of agonized contempt.

"She's not with you?" asked Mr. Brewster in quick alarm.

"No! Great grief, no!" And then the other man flared up in febrile, ineffectual rage. "Say, what business is it of yours, anyway? What right have you to come here and question me in this way? You don't know me—not really! I don't owe you anything!"

Mr. Brewster laid his hand once more on the other man's arm.

"Go to your room and get your things together," he said quietly, soothingly, and yet with command. "I'm going to take you home with me."

"The devil you are! I want to be left alone, I tell you! I've been through enough lately without having you come here to tell me what to do. Get out! Get out and leave me alone!"

"Well, I'll tell you something funny," said Mr. Brewster; and to himself it seemed funny, it seemed preposterous, uncanny, inexplicable. "In a way, there's nothing I'd like better than to leave you here alone and never set eyes on you again. But I can't. That's the funny part of it. Get your things together and come with me. The taxi's waiting outside."

The other man's face was all broken up into queer little contortions that might mean anything or nothing. His bloodshot eyes were moist. He leaned his head against the wall and beat against it with feeble blows of his clenched fists.

"Oh, get out!" he muttered in a muffled voice. "Get out! Please! Can't you see I'd rather be left to myself? I haven't the strength left to argue with you."

"Pull yourself together," said Mr. Brewster sternly. "Remember that once you were a pretty decent sort of chap."

"Yes; a fine time to remind me of it!" cried Raleigh. "I tell you I haven't the strength to argue with you. I haven't the strength left to tell you, as you should be told, to get out, to mind your own business. If you only knew what I've been through! That woman! She promised to marry me. But instead she drained me of every cent I possessed—of more than I possessed. I stole for her. Maybe you didn't know that? Maybe you didn't know I stole for her?"

He threw the questions at Mr. Brewster with sudden vindictive intensity.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Brewster stolidly.

"She'd promised to marry me, but then after she'd drained me dry she chucked me. And yet she's so beautiful," he concluded with wistfulness in his voice.

"Oh, I don't know that she's so beautiful," said Mr. Brewster.

"Why, she's considered one of the most beautiful women in New York!" said Raleigh indignantly.

"Well, every one to his taste," said Mr. Brewster.

"Anyway, I've been through hell," the other man went on. "What do I care what happens to me now? I'm through! Done for! All I want is to be left alone. And here you come and won't leave me alone. But I haven't the strength left to fight you. Go! Please go and leave me!"

Mr. Brewster waited until this outburst was over. Then he said again: "Get your things together. Don't let's waste any more time. Get your things together and come with me."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Certainly I mean it! Do you imagine I'd be saying it over and over again if I didn't mean it? I'll tell you this: I'll stay here until you're ready to come with me."

The other man gazed at him wonderingly, and then he turned and went straggling up the stairs.

That night the other man slept in Mr. Brewster's bed in Mr. Brewster's small bedroom in his small and exclusive club. Mr. Brewster occupied the couch in his sitting room. The couch was too short for Mr. Brewster. He tried to lie with his feet tucked up first this way, then that way. It was abominably uncomfortable.

"Well, I can't say that I'm enjoying this experience very much," said Mr. Brewster to himself; "and I don't know why in the world I'm doing what I'm doing for that fellow," he added musingly.

And then he marshaled his thoughts into order so that he might plan just what he should do for the other man. He would pay back the three thousand dollars that Raleigh had stolen if Heppelwhite would promise to take Raleigh back into his employ—not as cashier, of course. Mr. Brewster couldn't ask that; but in some capacity in which Raleigh could earn enough to live decently and have his lunches again, if he wished, at the Madison Avenue Hotel. Surely he must know the linen business pretty thoroughly after spending a lifetime in it. And he had learned his lesson. And he, Brewster, would see to it that Raleigh was properly attired, properly lodged, brought back—in appearance at least—to his former middle-aged respectability. But why he did all this for the other man—the man who really was little more than a stranger—Mr. Brewster did not know. He only knew that he had to do this if he was to get the thought of the other man, the worry of the other man, out of his mind. And then, his plans for the other man completed and despite the abominably uncomfortable couch, Mr. Brewster sank at once into profound slumber.

Every day Mr. Brewster leaves his office between ten minutes past twelve and twenty minutes past and walks down Madison Avenue to the old Madison Avenue Hotel to have his lunch. And every day, too, the other man walks up Madison Avenue on his way to the Madison Avenue Hotel for his lunch.

On the first day after his restoration to the employ of Heppelwhite, Smith & Co. the other man hesitated after he had entered the dining room of the hotel. Mr. Brewster was already at his table. So the other man hesitated, then advanced, then dropped into the vacant chair at Mr. Brewster's own table.

"It doesn't seem as if we were strangers any more," said the other man; "so—so perhaps we ought to have our lunch together. I'm not going to try to thank you for all you've done for me, Brewster. How can I possibly give you adequate thanks?"

"Don't try," said Mr. Brewster gruffly.

The other man didn't try. His thoughts had flooded in another direction.

"If only you knew how that woman treated me!" he exclaimed. "It was outrageous! She'd promised to marry me and then after she'd drained me of every cent I had ——"

He went on and on, a stream of words, a torrent of ejaculations, a river of reiterations. Mr. Brewster writhed inwardly. He suffered. This man, who out of gratitude claimed the right to sit at his table had become the sort of man that Mr. Brewster despised above all others. A gabbler! A gabbler stuffed full and overflowing with his own woes, his own worries, his own preoccupations.

Presently Mr. Brewster could stand it no longer. This had to be nipped in the bud. He held up the torrent with a peremptory gesture.

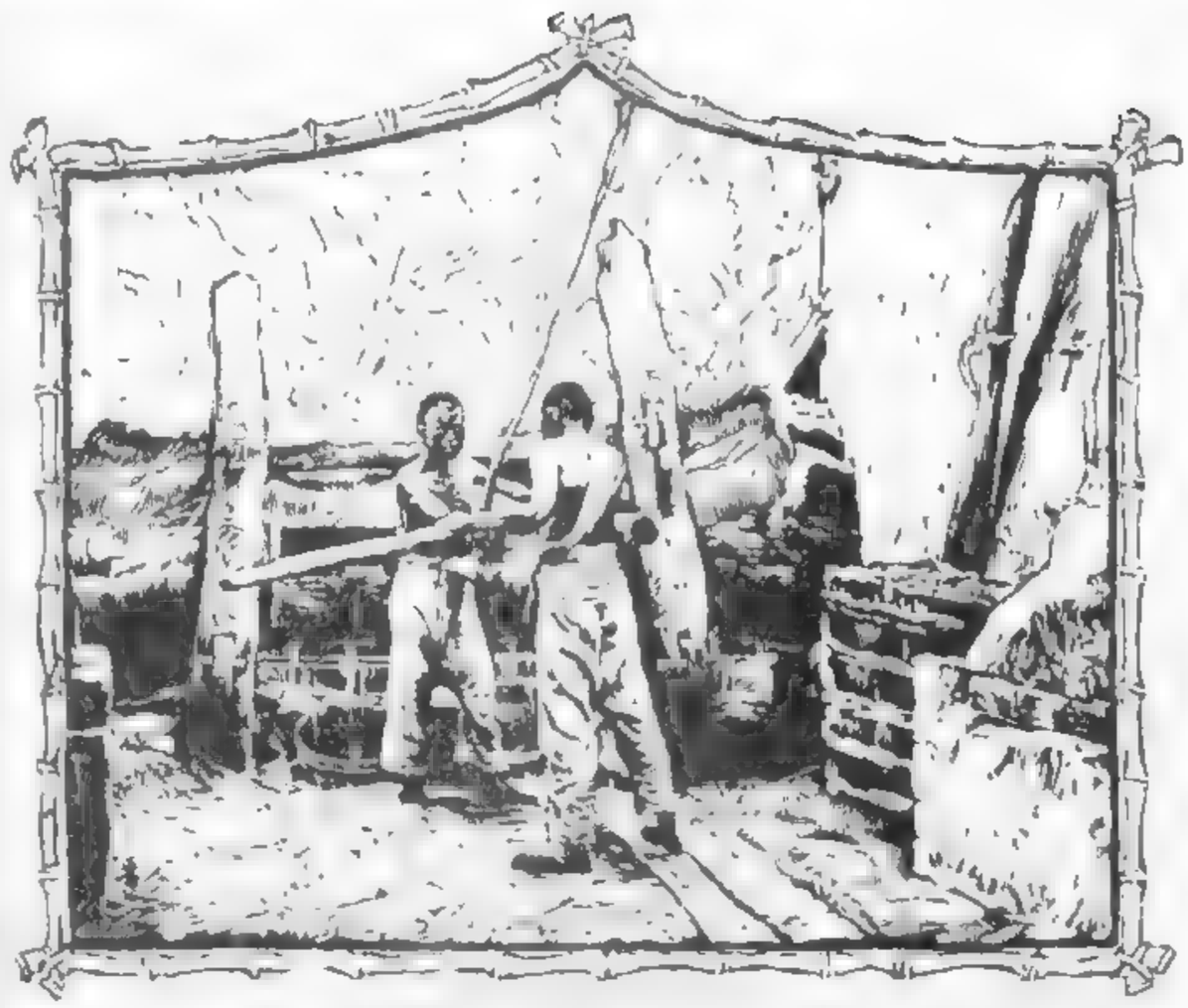
"Look here, Raleigh!" he said. "I'm glad that I've been able to help you. If you ever get into trouble again—although I hope you've learned your lesson and won't—I'll be glad to help you again. But meanwhile I think we might go back to the relationship we had before—before your trouble. It may seem a little hard of me, but I'd prefer it if you sat at your own table and I sat at mine. It may seem a little cruel of me, but that is what I'd prefer. I really would."

The other man flushed.

"If that's the way you feel about it, perhaps I'd better not come here to lunch at all."

"Not come to the Madison Avenue Hotel for lunch!" Mr. Brewster exclaimed. "Oh, that's unthinkable! Why, I'd never have a moment's peace of mind if I thought I'd deprived you of that, Raleigh! Please don't suggest it. No; just forgive my—eccentricity. Let's go back to where we were before."

Now, every day, the two men again face each other from their own tables. Every day Mr. Brewster nods to the other man or returns his nod. But it is never anything more than a nod. Mr. Brewster sees to that.



Primitive press made from huge log, used by Chinese to press Tung Nut kernels and extract the China Wood Oil which through our secret process imparts astonishing waterproof and elastic qualities to Chi-Namel.

Chinese pressing Tung Nuts to extract China Wood Oil *for* Chi-Namel

CHI-NAMEL is a coined word. It is a trade-mark name derived from two words: China, from whence comes the China Wood Oil and "Enamel"—referring to the high lustre of our varnishes and enamels.

Used by the Chinese for untold centuries to waterproof boats, bamboo and other articles exposed to the elements, *China Wood Oil*, treated by our secret process, imparts extraordinary elasticity to Chi-Namel so that it is not affected by heat or cold or by water.

Chi-Namel White and Colored Enamels

Made in a variety of attractive bright colors, will transform unsightly woodwork, chairs, tables and bedroom sets, into objects of beauty that will delight you and save you money.

Chi-Namel may be fearlessly used by the amateur. It is self-leveling, flows freely and dries quickly without showing laps or brush marks.

Chi-Namel Paints, Varnishes and Enamels may be secured at the "Chi-Namel Quality Store". If there is none in your locality, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Waterproof
Heelproof
Hammerproof

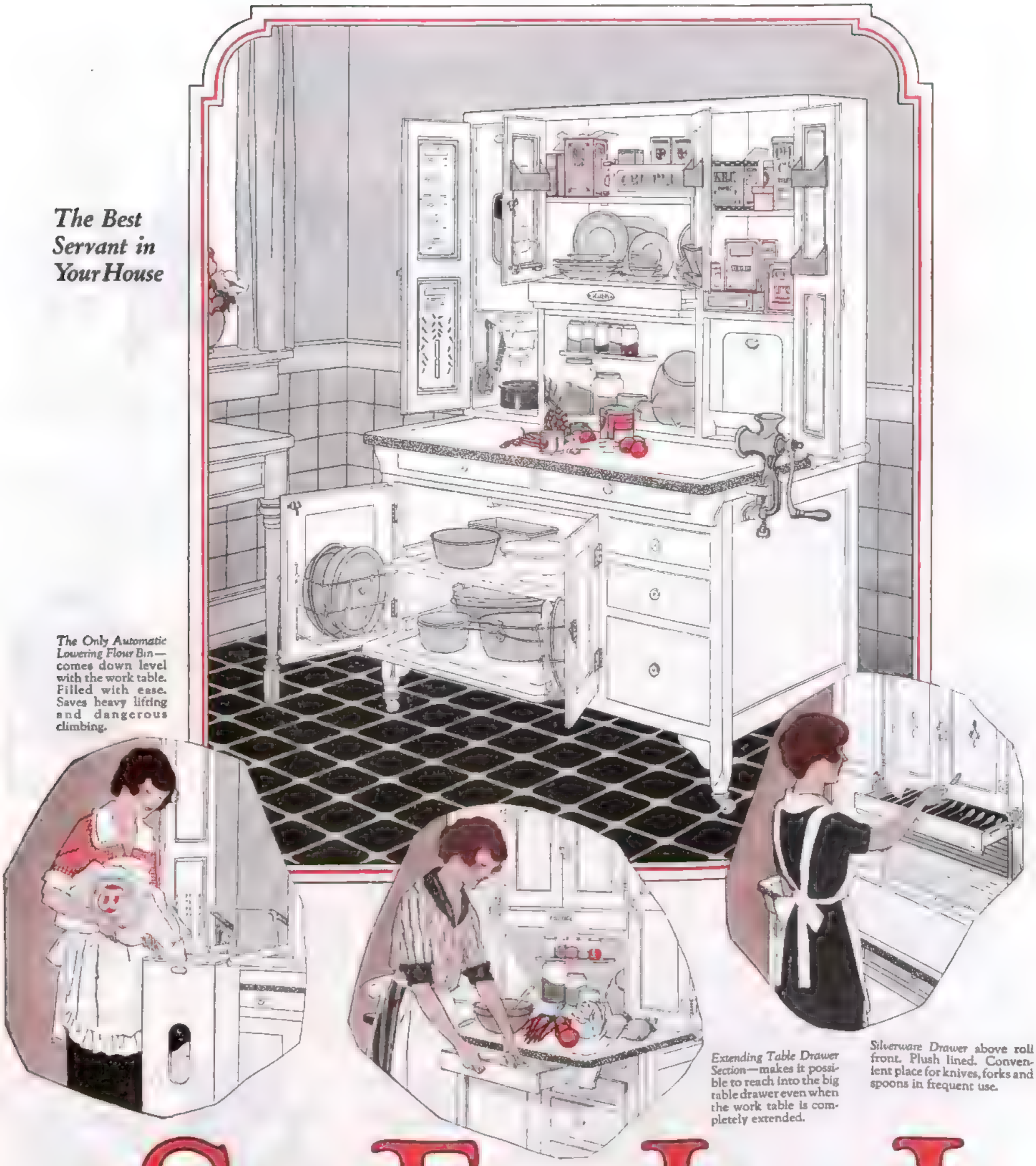
The Ohio Varnish Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Save the Surface and you save all

Chi-Namel

"The Quality *finish for everything in the* Home"

The Best Servant in Your House



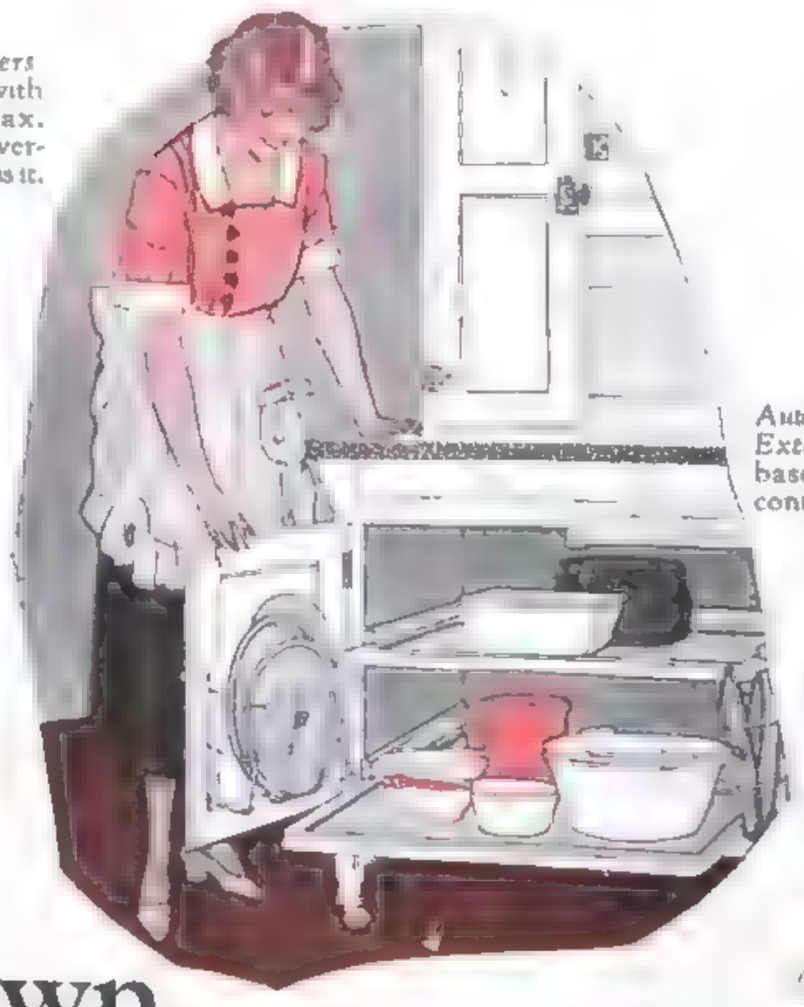
The Only Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—comes down level with the work table. Filled with ease. Saves heavy lifting and dangerous climbing.

Extending Table Drawer Section—makes it possible to reach into the big table drawer even when the work table is completely extended.

Silverware Drawer above roll front. Plush lined. Convenient place for knives, forks and spoons in frequent use.

SELL KITCHEN

Ant-Proof Casters Fill the bowl with common borax. Ants and other vermin will not cross it.



Automatic Base Shelf Extender—brings base shelf and its contents forward.

The Women of Sellers Town

A peaceful town is Sellers Town. Trim homes line its streets and lanes . . . . . with close clipped lawns and flowery hedges.

Happy husbands sally forth each dewy morning to office and factory. Children, chattering like frisky little squirrels at play, romp their merry way to school. Red cheeked babies coo in their tiny cribs.

And the women who live in this ideal place . . . . healthy, clear-eyed, happy . . . . . go about their daily tasks with songs upon their lips.

These are the women of Sellers Town who have found the great secret of happy housekeeping—of happy homes—of happy husbands—happy children; of days that are filled with the gladness of living—in which the aches and pains of so many modern housewives are unknown.

Would you like to know their secret? It is a kitchen—snowy white—shining like a brand new pin; with many modern conveniences, in which work is done easily, speedily, systematically; and in the center, resplendent in its snowy dress, a beautiful Sellers Kitchen Cabinet.

* * * * * * *

A fantastic tale, you say? Assuredly so. But the truth it holds is not far beyond the facts. For it is now known that countless lives are blighted by kitchen work that enslaves—by old-time, laborious methods that take their toll in long hours of irksome work, tired bodies and dull spirits.

Just by installing a Sellers Kitchen Cabinet a wonderful transformation is wrought. Confusion is eliminated. You work in an orderly, methodical way that accomplishes much in little time. The results are at once noticeable.

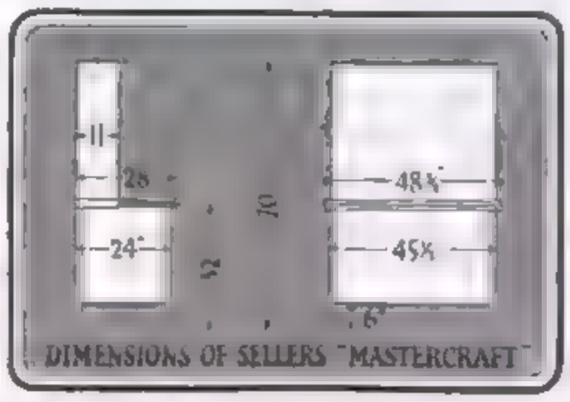
The Sellers is widely preferred because of its many unusual and long needed improvements.

In all, there are Fifteen Famous Features which are combined in no other cabinet in the world. You would not willingly allow a single one to be omitted from your cabinet.

A few of these famous features are illustrated and described on these pages. Read them carefully. Then see the dealer who features the Sellers in your locality. Have him show you the Sellers in white enamel or in the golden oak, oil hand-rubbed finish. Have him demonstrate the many features of this cabinet.

He will tell you that this beautiful cabinet, even with its exclusive conveniences, costs no more than any good cabinet. And, if he is like most Sellers dealers, he will gladly arrange terms to suit your income. If you do not know the Sellers dealer in your locality, please write us for his name.

Sanitary Leg Base Construction. Plenty of room to sweep and dust.



Note the dimensions given in this chart and plan your kitchen accordingly.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS COMPANY, Elwood, Indiana

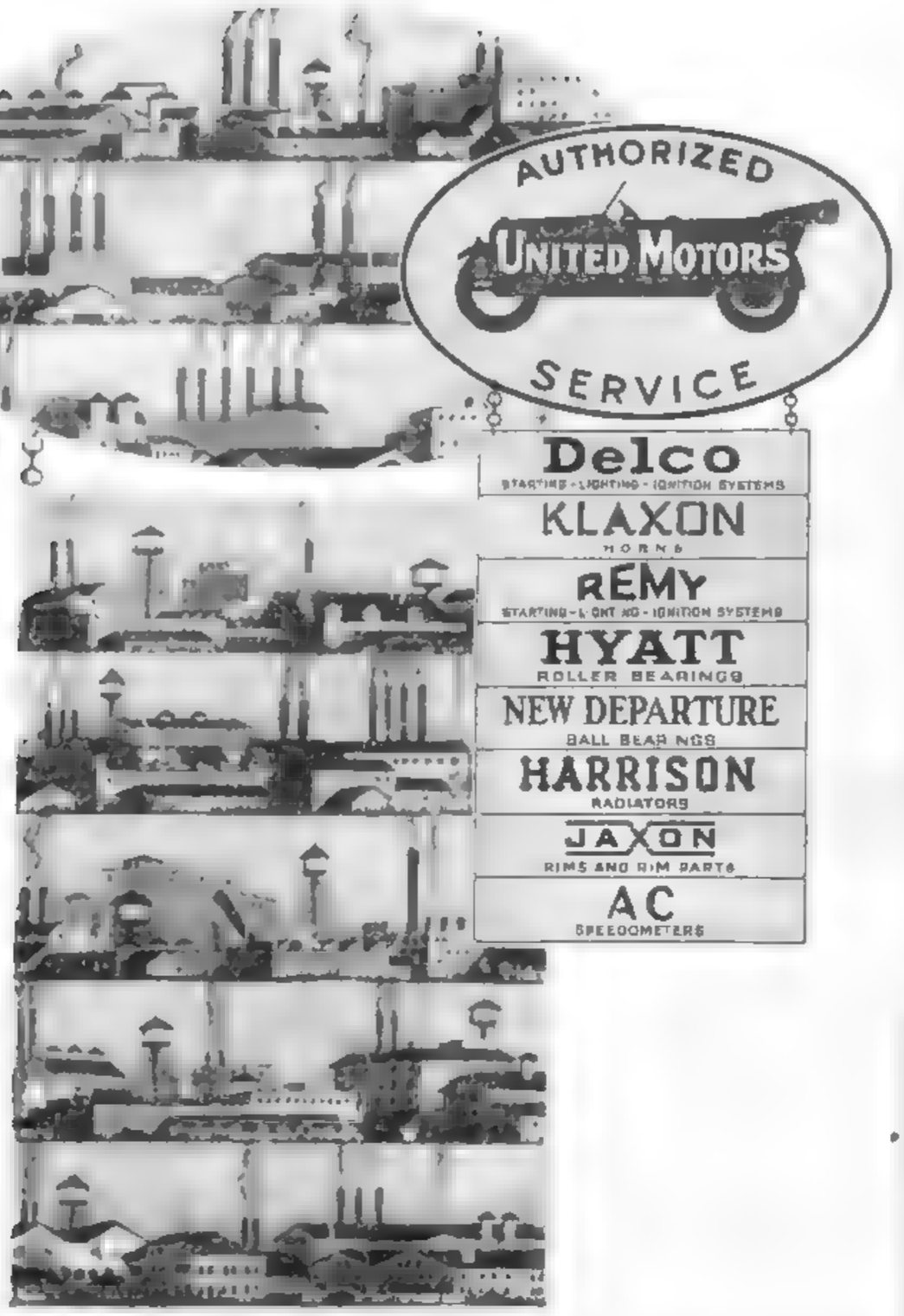
Canadian Branch: Sellers Kitchen Cabinets, Brantford, Canada

Are You Going to Build?

Instruct your architect to include space for a Sellers in your plans. Costs only half as much as building in a cabinet. Occupies the same space as a kitchen table. Free kitchen plans sent upon request.

E R S

CABINETS



Get the Official Service of Eight Great Factories

Behind the service which United Motors provides are the eight manufacturers whose familiar trade names appear below the United Motors oval sign. Behind every representative displaying this oval sign, in combination with one or more of these trade names, is the assurance of United Motors that he is fully qualified to furnish service to you according to the standards of these manufacturers.

Authorized United Motors service stations are located at convenient service points throughout the United States and Canada. Each is fully equipped with special tools and expert workmen to give you genuine factory service.

But United Motors provides even more than convenience of location and skilled workmanship. It guarantees service exactly according to factory standards. It guarantees the use of only genuine factory parts. Your car is virtually serviced by the original equipment manufacturer when you employ authorized United Motors service.

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

General Offices: Detroit, Michigan

INCORPORATED

Branches in Principal Cities

Service Stations Everywhere

TURKEY TALK

(Continued from Page 25)

boys—all de time flyin' o' else settin' down. Dis heah brute walks."

"Ain't seen him do no walkin' to brag about yit." The skeptic called to the Wildcat: "Unadorn dem britches off dat half giraffe an' see kin he walk!"

"Us ain't deprivin' dis Ella loose f'm no raiment! Dese animals is delicate, an' till Ella gits climate-broke whilst he stands round cold dis raiment stays whah at it is."

Although the Wildcat was deliberate in neglecting the suggestion concerning Ella's clothes, it nevertheless inspired him to loosen the hobbles from around the awkward bird's feet so that Ella might enjoy greater freedom in his strides. The idea was a good one as far as results went, because no sooner were the hobbles loosened than the aggravated ostrich showed his mule blood by one well-directed kick that landed on the Wildcat's center of gravity; and then, trotting gracefully through the fringe of spectators, Ella started down the interior of the long pier.

The Wildcat recovered himself, got to his feet and led a platoon of pursuers whose secondary object was to stay as far from Ella's kicking ability as they could without losing front seats at the big ruckus involved in Ella's capture.

At a distant corner of the pier the bird was penned in by fifty excited members of the Wildcat's race, none of whom ventured across an imaginary dead line drawn within twenty feet of the hissing ostrich. Yells of encouragement showered down on the Wildcat's eardrums.

"Leap in an' clomp him roun' both laigs!"

"Don't aim to clomp no mule laigs whilst my brain is right!"

"Git a rope an' noose his neck!"

"Ain't de neck part whut I dreads!"

At the apex of disaster, unnoticed for the time being by the excited crowd, Lily the mascot goat edged her way along until she flanked the enemy whose kick had preceded her master's somersault. Then the shadowed corner of the pier was lightened by a gray streak of galloping goat, and a moment later one feather-bearing Ella lay prone on his side, where his legs had been butted out from under him by the bleating victor of the engagement.

Before Ella could struggle to his feet he was again festooned with the constricting hobbles, and then the hissing bird suffered the chagrin of seeing his four-legged companion showered with the applause that should have greeted his own victory over the Wildcat.

"Yass-suh! Us sez you is right! Enny time Ol' Man Trouble ketches up wid me I leaves it all to Lady Luck an' Lily. Dat mascot is 'ranged me loose f'm grief mo' times dan snake eyes show in a revival-meetin' recess."

"Who dat snake-eye-talkin' boy?"

A newcomer who had joined the edge of the group, towering above his companions, addressed the inquiry to whoever might hear. The Wildcat answered:

"Dat's me! You axes me an' I tells you! Neveh handled none myself much, bein' mos'ly cluttered wid sevens an' 'levens, but Ise seed big niggers plum' freckled wid snake eyes when de bones begin rollin'."

A tone of challenge was in the Wildcat's voice. It got results. A moment later, back of a bulwark of cotton bales in the opposite corner of the pier shed, the Wildcat, with Lily and Ella beside him, fumbled into his pocket after the remains of the expense money that had been provided for his journey. He counted it over quickly and then told the world where at he stood.

"Hund'ed an' some dollahs craves action! Big boy wid de big mouth, see kin you let de gallopers orate dis snake-eye talk whut clogs yo' teeth so heavy."

"Gimme dem dice!" Big Boy grabbed a pair of dice extended to him by one of his companions. From the moist pocket of his overalls he retrieved a ten-dollar bill. "Dere you is, os'rich tender! Shoots ten dollahs fo' de mornin' gun!"

"Fire an' fall back! Big Boy, you is faded!"

The Wildcat dribbled a twenty-dollar bill out of his roll and picked up the ten dollars. Big Boy, warming the cold ivories, shampooed the cubes against his kinky hair for ten seconds and then he launched a leaping nine-spot into action one second ahead of the helping groan that bulged from his deflating chest.

"Nona f'n Bostin! Craves me de Twin Lady fo' Nona! Wham—damn dat woman!"

"Seven, an' dere you is! You claims big an' rolls small. Whut I tell you?" The Wildcat picked up the dice. "Gimme room! I lets de same twenty lay. Shoots de twenty!"

Big Boy dug up a twenty-dollar bill.

"Roll 'em! Kain't be no retreat widout a battle. See is yo' snake eyes mates!"

"Neveh seed no mates. Don't own me no snake eyes. Ain't addin' nuthin' to dis travelin' menagerie 'ceptin' frog-skin money whut de Big Boy donates. Dice, how much is de handsome-size hat? Wham -an' I reads ——"

In a fringe of quick laughter, punctuated by Ella's hissing, the Wildcat read the fatal two-dot message.

Big Boy grunted and picked up one of the twenty-dollar bills.

"Roll 'em, snake charmer! You is a giant wid words!"

The Wildcat slipped a bill out of his package of expense money and breathed upon the cubes a mouthful of bitter words

"Dere's de two snakes. F'm now on de numbehs jumps once an' lands on de bed-rock seven. Sinful serpents, go blind till you sees de sunrise on seven! Three-time babies, you adds seven three ways. Wham! Dawg-gone! Neveh seed bone disease so ragin'!"

"Snow-white 'ceptin' fo' two black specks! You is got de habit!" Big Boy picked up his second twenty dollars and encouraged the Wildcat to further effort along the losing line. "Retain yo' weapons whilst you works fo' me! Ev'ry move you makes is a picture, an' ev'ry picture I sees sez twenty at both ends! Roll 'em!"

"Gimme time!" Wildcat stripped another bank note from his dwindling roll "Dere you is! Shoots de twenty! Lady Luck, stand by me! Somebody choke dat hissin' varmint at my back."

Nobody reached up to choke Ella.

"Wid de las' time seven I gives you yo' chance! Lily an' Ella—six laigs an' a neck makes de prodigal seven! Wham, an' I reads—eight!"

Big Boy grunted.

"You fo'got dat goat's tail, whut makes eight. Roll 'em! Eight is yo' fate!"

"Fatal eight—repeat! Double quartet, sing yo' song! Baby Bones—wham! An' double damn!"

"Dere's yo' seven! Seems like sumpin delayed it. Gimme dem dice!" Big Boy reached for the dice, which the Wildcat passed over to him, and then, smiling with confidence, he gestured grandly at the two twenty-dollar bills before him. "I leaves it lay. Os'rich tender, dig down an' dig up! Shoots de fo'ty!"

The Wildcat looked over his left shoulder at one of his staring companions.

"Choke off dat os'rich befo' he hisses me plum' to de po'house!"

The brunet at the Wildcat's shoulder mumbled his objections.

"Ain't gwine to choke off no hissin' mule!"

The Wildcat was too busy watching the faded forty to hear the objection.

Big Boy massaged the dice to blood heat between his wide palms and without verbal encouragement launched them on their way. Before the dice had stopped he groaned a groan of triumph.

"Whamph! De unsuspected numbeh! E-o-leven! How come us neglected you? An' you so handy to have!" The winner drew down three-fourths of his prize and pouched it. "Leaves de twenty go to seed. Fade de twenty, os'rich cowboy, an' watch it grow!"

The Wildcat laid down his last twenty-dollar bill, and then he scrambled to his feet and clutched the hissing Ella around the neck. He bent Ella's neck over until the hissing was muffled into a gargle.

"Roll 'em quick whilst I has dis hoodoo bird calmed down!"

"I rolls 'em quick!" Without moving his arm Big Boy gave the dice a kick with the ends of his fingers. "Dere you is, quick craver! Live five an' a spruce dooce! Chances is dat os'rich bird is innocent."

The Wildcat released Ella's neck and the big bird immediately renewed the persistent hissing. The loser picked up the ostrich's halter and festooned Lily's hanging head with a quick command.

(Continued on Page 117)

"Here are interior finishes of uniform high quality,"

said the Chemical Engineer

"The quality of the varnishes, stains and enamels brought under the du Pont Oval five years ago, is the result of years of specialized manufacture. I found that my job was to add to that quality a *definite standard of uniformity* for each can of each product. This has been done."

UNTIL du Pont Chemical Engineers established their system of scientific manufacturing control, too much of the responsibility for quality was left to human judgment. With ingredients that varied greatly, the men at the boiling kettles or the mixing machines tried their best to live up to a high standard of quality. Most of the time they succeeded. But sometimes, through no fault of theirs, they failed.

Du Pont Chemical Engineers have safeguarded the possibility of human error with scientific fact. They found that the old established formulas were right. They found that the first thing to do was to scientifically analyze each ingredient and then apply the knowledge gained from that analysis to each succeeding manufacturing step.

When you buy du Pont Paints or Varnishes for industrial or home use, you do so with the definite knowledge that you are buying products which are the result of years of specialized manufacturing experience, now produced under a system of manufacturing control that makes uniform quality a scientific certainty and not a chance or a gamble.

THESE are the four former companies now united under the du Pont Oval. From all their quality products, du Pont Chemical Engineers selected the *one best for each purpose* and thus formed the du Pont paint and varnish line.

Harrison Brothers & Co., one of the first manufacturers of high-grade paints and varnishes in America—founded in 1793.

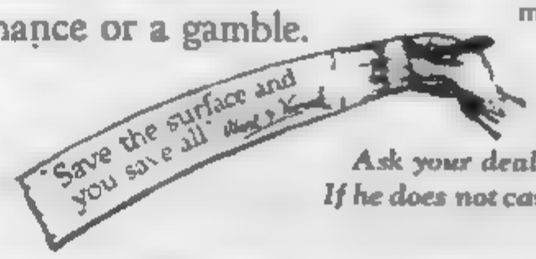
Bridgeport Wood Finishing Company, noted for its quality products since 1876.

Chicago Varnish Company, one of the leading varnish makers since 1867.

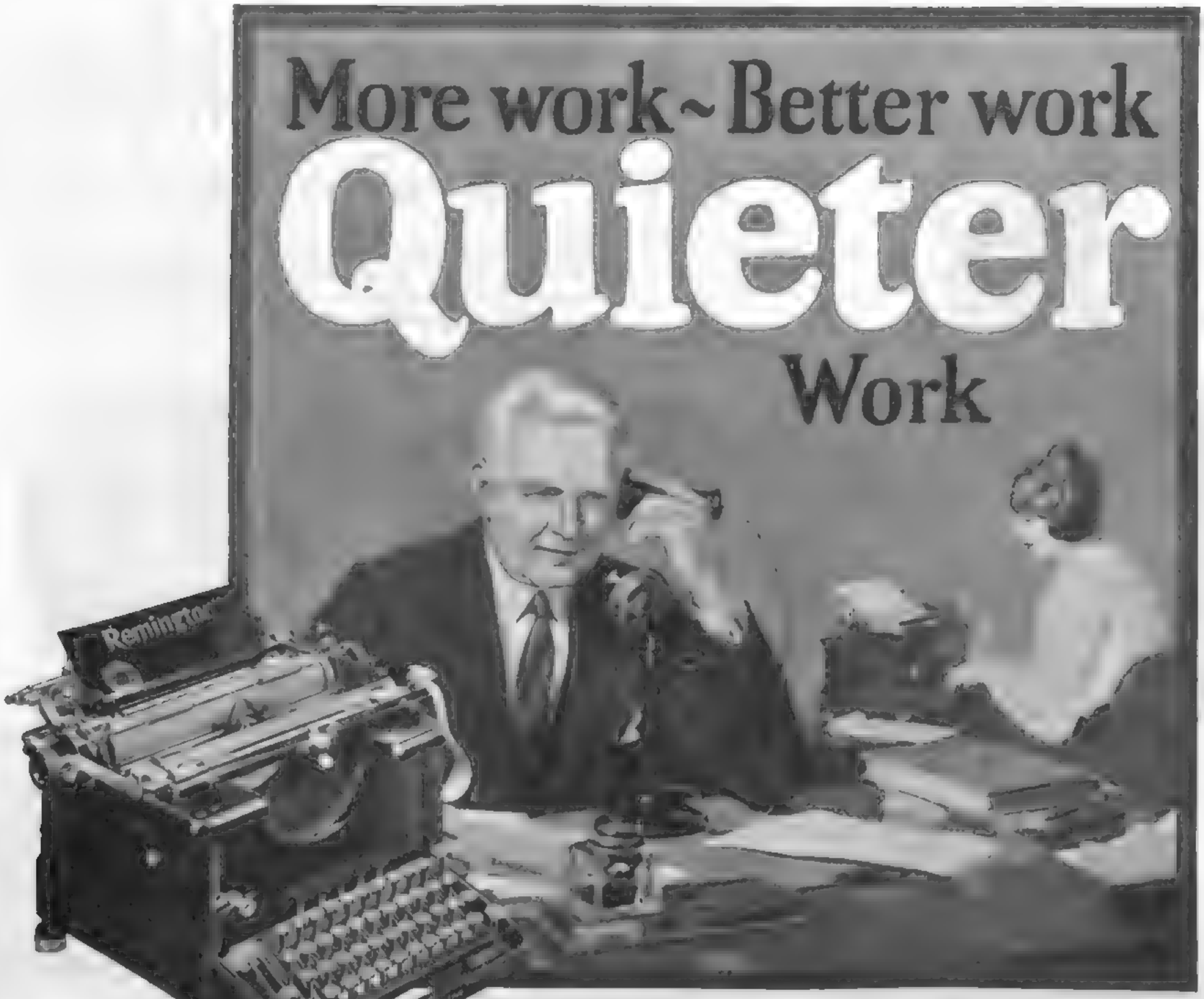
New England Oil, Paint and Varnish Company, a well-known Massachusetts manufacturer. Established 1825.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.

Chicago Varnish Works, Chicago, Ill. — 35th St. & Gray's Ferry Road, Philadelphia, Pa. — Everett Sta., No. 49, Boston, Mass.



Ask your dealer for du Pont Paint and Varnish Products. If he does not carry them yet, write us for name of nearest agent.



Remington Quiet 12

Other Important Items of the Remington Typewriter Line

Improved Remington No. 10—
the Standard Correspondence Machine. Highly satisfactory under all conditions where quiet is not a prime consideration.

Improved Remington No. 11—
with Key Set Decimal Tabulator. For form, tabular and statistical work of every description.

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with vertical and cross adding mechanism. For billing, statement writing and bookkeeping in all its branches.

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with standard keyboard. The universal typewriter for individual or personal use.

Paragon Ribbons and Paragon and Red Seal Carbon Papers—
manufactured by us. The standard line of typewriter supplies.

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More Work—because of the "natural touch", and other time-saving features which make the day's typing swifter and easier.

Better Work—because of improvements in the escapement and printing mechanism which make good work natural and poor work difficult.

Quieter Work—because of refinements of construction which have reduced or eliminated the old familiar typewriter noises.

These are the practical advantages which give more and better typewriter value to every Remington user.

A demonstration of our new Model 12 will convince you. Given gladly at any of our branches, or illustrated folder will be mailed on request.

The Remington Quiet 12 speaks only in a whisper, but will be heard around the world

Remington Typewriter Company

374 Broadway, New York **Branches Everywhere**

(Continued from Page 114)

"Come 'long, goat! Come 'long, Ella! Praise de Lawd, you is built noble fo' walkin' purposes! De white folks sez steamboat, but Lady Luck sez hind laigs. Us is Memphis-bound on foot, wid a long ways to go. Ella, wuz yo' twin wid you I'd couple you wid balin' wire an' ride you ragged."

Ella's twin being A. W. O. L., the Wildcat, dead broke and bowed low under his weight of woe, made his exit with a flourish of words and faced the first mile of the long and weary road to Memphis, Tenn-o-see.

An hour or two after the menagerie started north four gentlemen in Los Angeles took a vacation from their play long enough to realize that now and then life was real and life was earnest, and that when the alcohol evaporated out of one variety of practical jokes it left nothing but a horrible example of what the demon rum could do to a happy home with the aid of an ostrich.

"Maybe Frank can sidetrack that nigger in New Orleans."

"I've wired Frank and the Anchor Line people. They ought to round up that pair today sometime. Told 'em to spare no expense in heading off that ostrich. If that bird ever shows up at my house, and if my wife ever begins asking that nigger questions, I'll have to come out here and change my name and live permanent with you maniacs. That's that!"

At the moment the Wildcat was plodding along, herding his charges overland toward the country, and nearing the outskirts of the town.

On the following day, well away from the city and clear of immediate capture by the local officials of the steamboat line, he began the old-time business of living off the country. Lily and Ella fared nobly; but after two or three days of intermittent rations, the Wildcat realized that what he needed most was either his white folks or a reckless friend who owned a grocery.

"Git 'long, goat! You makes me sick watchin' you thrive yo' stummick full o' grass an' me loaded down wid a cravin' fo' meat vittles. Chances is does dis inside tiger keep clawin' at my vitals I barbecues you an' mourns yo' mem'ry whilst I cannibalizes yo' remains. Git 'long out o' my sight wid dat grass eatin'! Come 'long heah, Ella! You is almos' as bad as dat goat, only worse!"

The Wildcat halted his two-legged charge long enough to adjust the string suspenders that upheld Ella's insulating pants.

"Dawg-gone you, os'rich! Seems like ev'ry time you stoops oveh you bus's a string! Stand up straight, an' bend wid yo' neck! Lawd knows, you has neck 'nuf to eat off de top o' a railroad deepo, let alone de bottom of de ground you stands on."

With Ella's protective raiment properly adjusted, the Wildcat resumed his march, prowling along without further interruption until late in the afternoon; and then, while his two charges grazed their heads off on the bountiful landscape, he foraged around and accumulated an armful of passable sugar cane and five or six yams that had missed the harvest. He roasted the yams; and these, with an unending supply of sugar cane, furnished him his supper.

Up again in the chill of dawn, he hazed his circus into action and to an accompaniment of Ella's hissing the new day's march began.

In the straightaway no speed records were broken with the three-mile gait; but slow as his progress was, the Wildcat overtook a companion along around eleven o'clock in the person of a sawed-off, cinnamon-faced youth who was covering lots of zigzag territory in a vain attempt to excite a walking turkey to greater speed.

When the Wildcat overtook the cinnamon-faced youth he greeted him: "How is you, an' whah at is you bound 'ceptin' sideways?"

"Middlin'. . . . Whut dat varmint?"

The Wildcat scowled.

"Neveh seed such a ignorant nigger. Dis varmint is de same as whut you is trailin' on yo' string. Raised him f'm de egg."

"Whut does you feed him on?"

The Wildcat invented his replies as he went along.

"Feeds him on dis California turkey seed. Sumpin like oats; but you sees whut it does."

"Sho do! Is he got his growth?" The sawed-off nigger looked up at the seven-foot ostrich.

"Boy! Got his growth? Dis varmint is still in de cradle! I is had turkeys git so big eatin' dis California turkey seed dey kain't drive 'em along de street 'count de trolley wires elecktroketchin' dey necks."

"Sho is!"

The sawed-off, cinnamon-faced youth rolled his eyes in testimony of his belief in the Wildcat's statement.

"You knows el'phants?" The Wildcat fired the question at his companion.

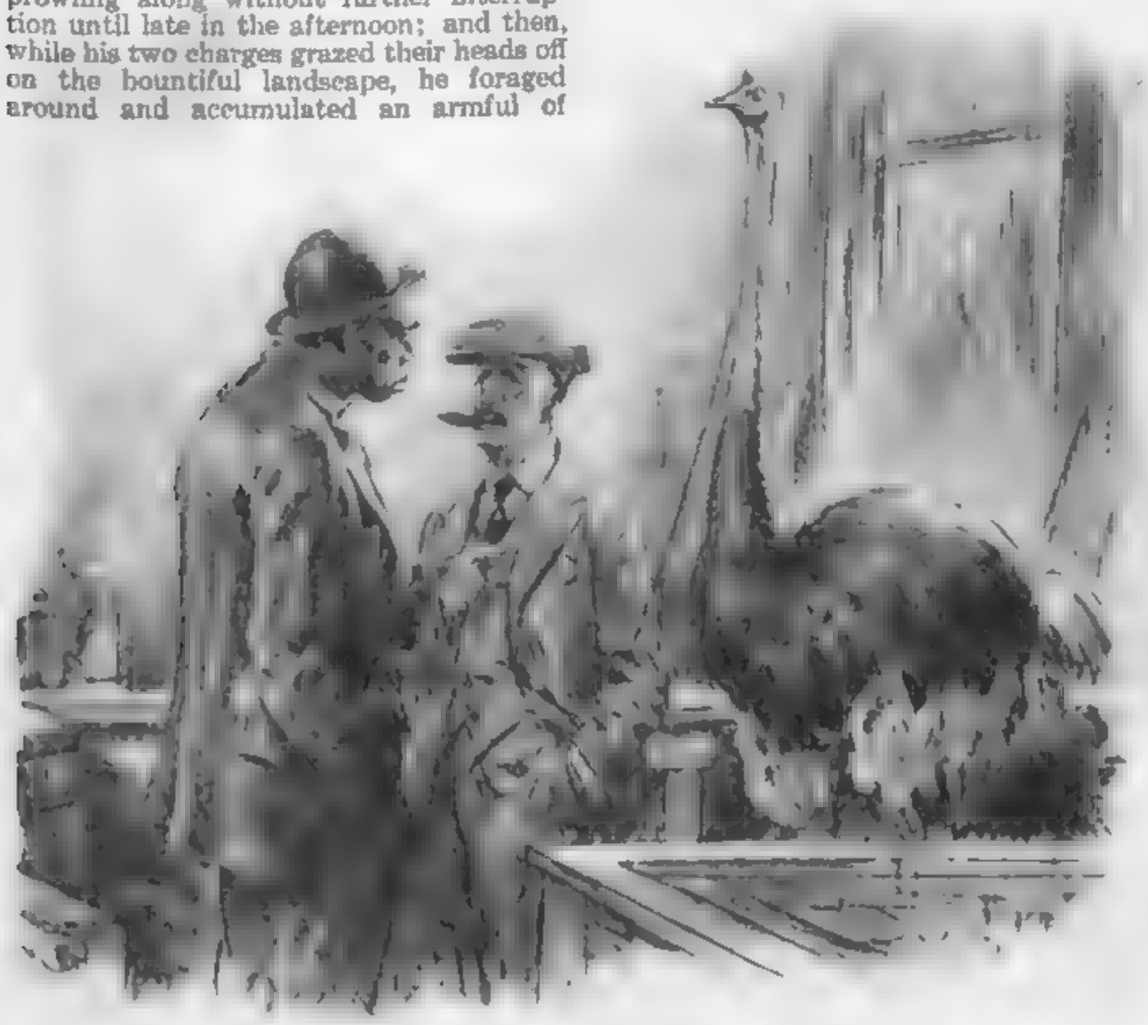
"Ise seed some."

"Boy, you sez you knows el'phants. . . . In California, whah at Ise roamed an' raged, dey has el'phants bigger dan enny you eveh knowed. Feeds 'em on California el'phant seed. Whut I means, dey gits big! No matteh how big dey gits, does a ol' el'phant git sick, all dey does is drive him to de stable an' send fo' one of dese full-growed California turkeys. De turkey carries de sick el'phant back to de el'phant vet'rinary."

"'Spect he does; but whut I kain't see is how does he pick him up?"

"Huh! You aho is plain farm nigger. Dese California turkeys wrops dey neck roun' de ol' el'phant two o' three times an' lifts him plum' off de ground. Dat's de way, field hand. When dey ain't workin' on el'phants, de railroad uses dese turkeys in train wrecks fo' liftin' cars back on de track; out whah I comes f'm, dat is."

(Continued on Page 120)



"When Us Beds Him Down Us Shelters His Regalia. Sho' is Adorned Wid Feathehs Like a Joopreem Leadin' Knight, 'Captin' de Sword!"

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Custom Made Clothes

Tailored to Your Individual Measure

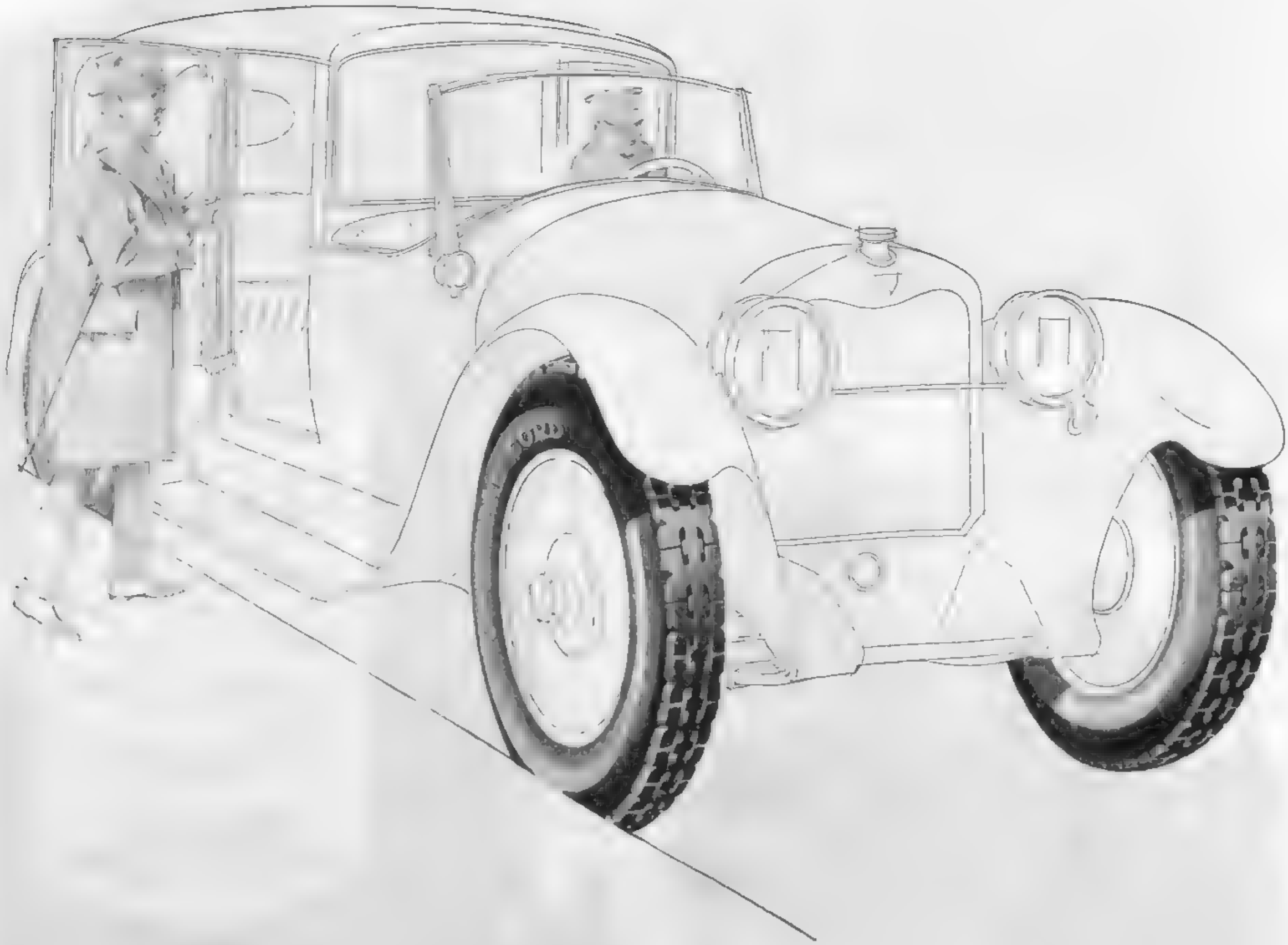
Appoint Kahn as your tailor. Your clothes will fit perfectly, be authoritative in style and have that custom-individuality which distinguishes them from the mediocre —and you will save money.

If you are not acquainted with your local Kahn representative, write us for a note of introduction

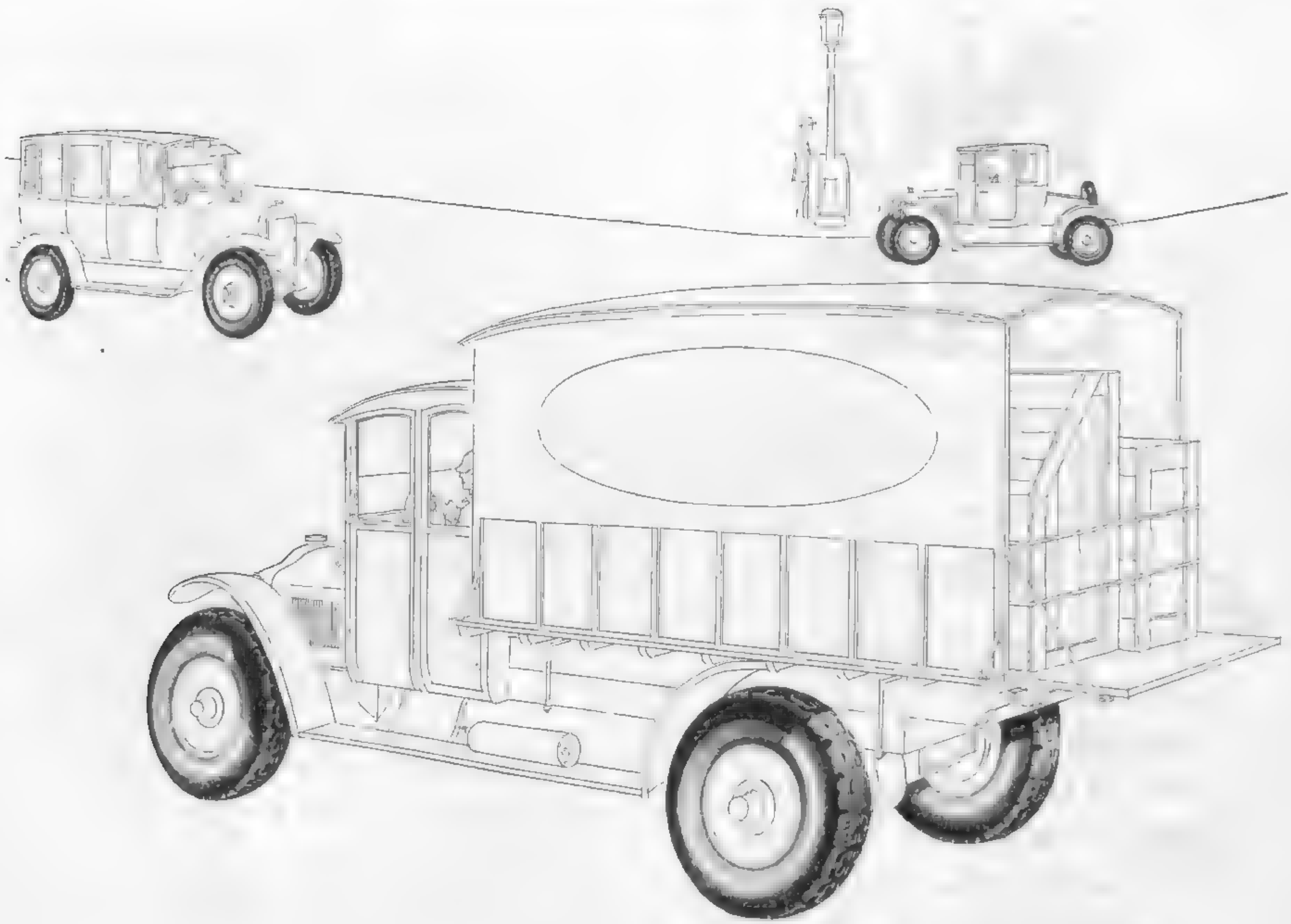
KAHN TAILORING CO. OF INDIANAPOLIS

THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends



BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE



SOME almost unbelievable successes are being recorded by the General Tire. Not only in sales, great as they are, but in the shattering of mileage records which were generally supposed to have about reached their limit. To advertise a greater service than car owners *now* expect is daring, but more than justified in the eyes of anyone who is using the General Cord.

You probably know General's reputation for comfort—its ability to travel on unusually low air loads—but have you realized that all this comfort—all this extra cushioning for yourself and your car—is combined with such remarkable economy?

GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO.

No Sir·

You can not sell me anything but Gabriel Snubbers—

Why?

Because 37 cars are standard-equipped and the manufacturers of 34 others put holes in frame for them.

Sold by legitimate dealers

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If it's a Snubber —it's a "GABRIEL"

(Continued from Page 117)

The Wildcat felt his last statement would hold his companion for a while, and it did. It held the cinnamon-faced boy until the silence got monotonous; and then, "Whah at is you headed wid yo' li'l' turkey?" the Wildcat asked.

"Ise headin' fo' de fair at Black Bayou."

"How come fair?"

"Follerin' de revival. All de niggers in good standin' whut ain't backslid is congregatin' fo' de fair whut de Reverent Twilly Creed is organizin'. De wimmin folks shows off pies an' cakes; an' de men folks, 'ceptin' share farmers, shows off whut dey is raised. Dey is hawg prizes an' han'some-chillun prizes an' prizes fo' de layin'est hens. Slick-mule prizes, turkey prizes, an' speedy dawgs."

"Whut dat turkey-prize thing you sez?"

"I sez turkey prize. Whut I means is, champeen turkey gits fust prize."

"Dat's me!"

A look of dejection spread across the cinnamon-colored countenance of the Wildcat's companion. He jerked on the string that led to the right leg of the little turkey he was driving.

"Gobbler, whoa back! Lemme talk dis oveh."

"Whut ails you?" The Wildcat looked at the halted one.

"Nuthin' ails me 'ceptin' Ise carryin' spare freight wid dis li'l' turkey does you aim to enteh dat California giant."

The Wildcat's decision was instantaneous.

"Aims to, boy! Not only aims to, but is!"

And then a mood of sympathy for the defeated one came to him.

"Come 'long an' race yo' gobbler," he advised. "Chances is you picks off second prize. Ev'rybody kain't have de fust prize."

The Wildcat's words pacified his companion, and presently they were near the region where the fair was in progress. On the way, with his companion enlisted to his plan, the Wildcat outlined a scheme calculated to eliminate the possibility of a hitch in his prize-capturing program.

"Dis is how us does, Shorty: You claims yo' friend, Vitus Marsden, is comin' wid his turkey. Dat's me. You paya down de dollah fo' me, which I gives you afteh de prize is won. I hides at de swamp edge whilst you 'ranges ev'rything, an' when you comes back an' tells me to haul out de champeen I haul dis Ella turkey into de public view. Afteh dat all I does is feel de prize money bulgin' in my hip pocket."

Shorty agreed to function to the prize-raiding plot. While the Wildcat and Ella and Lily lay in the cypress country on the edge of Black Bayou, the prize craver's agent entered the name of the unknown Vitus Marsden in the list of contestants for the turkey championship.

"Who dis Vitus Marsden? Neveh knowed about him farmin' in dese parts?"

Shorty told the world who Vitus Marsden was.

"Light-built spindlin' boy whut raises some turkey gobblers fo' market."

At the eleventh hour of the turkey-judging contest, down the pathway between the exhibit tents, threading their way through a milling mob of pop-eyed negroes, the Wildcat led the light-stepping Ella.

"Lawd, whut dat varmint in dem human britches!"

"Out de way, niggers! Leave dis turkey walk through! Git dem chillun to one side befo' dis Ella turkey picks himself a chile. Stand back dere, woman, befo' dat boy you is leadin' gits to be a orphum!"

At the entrance to the turkey tent the Wildcat reached aloft and swung on Ella's neck. He bent the ostrich's neck low enough to get Ella's hissing head under the portal of the canvas entrance, and then, hauling heavy on the halter, his prize winner faced the judges.

"I is Vitus Marsden," he announced, "betteh known as de Wilecat. I raises turkeys some, an' heah is whut I interdooces to ketch de turkey prize at dis heah fair."

The judges leaned back and looked up at the Wildcat's turkey. The Reverend Twilly Creed, chairman of the board of judges, nodded dejectedly at his two official companions and reached for his pocketbook.

"Eighty-five, ninety, ninety-five, one hund'ed. Dere you is, Vitus Marsden! You wins by a neck an' by sev'ral otheh segments of turkey anatomy. Unclothe dat champeen an' leave us gaze at him in de flesh!"

The Wildcat removed the hunting coat from about Ella's chest and with his pocket knife he slit the string suspenders that held up Ella's pants. The champion stood forth in all his majesty, while from about him lifted a chorus of wonderment and amazement. The Wildcat bulged with his hundred-dollar prize.

"California turkey seed is whut I feeds him on!"

"Whah at dis seed? Is you got enny fo' sale?"

The Wildcat deliberately avoided an opportunity for reaping himself some tainted money.

"Ain't got a speck. All what I had I used raisin' dis champeen turkey."

For an hour the Wildcat enjoyed the limelight and gorged himself the while on adulation, ginger cookies, goobers and soda pop. Fed up finally, he returned to the tent where Ella, the hobbled champion, stood looking down upon the milling crowd of gabbling humanity and gobbling turkeys. The Wildcat sought the Reverend Twilly Creed.

"Rev'runt an' judge, I guess dat's all. Me an' dis champeen Ella got to git movin'. Too bad dey ain't no goat contes' so us could git de meanness prize wid dis champeen Lily goat."

Lily, standing between the reverend judge and the Wildcat, bleated softly in recognition of her name and devoted herself to nibbling a mouthful of the Wildcat's coat sleeve.

"Whut you mean, gittin' back dat champeen turkey? Ain't you learned de rules? All dese varmints, animals, cakes an' pies—ev'rythin' 'ceptin' de entries in de fat-chillun contest—becomes de property of de judges fo' deprayin' expense an' prize money."

About him the Wildcat saw a circle of gleaming eyeballs lighting with pleasure at observing his discomfiture. He surrendered.

"Rev'runt, take de turkey! Me an' Lily is glad dey wuz no goat contest." He picked up Lily's leading string. "Come 'long heah, goat!"

With Lily at his heels, the winner in the turkey contest faded into the gathering darkness of the late afternoon.

"Come 'long, goat! Whut's one mo' o' less ol' Ella turkey, ennyhow?"

At the entrance to the fair grounds the Wildcat was halted by a dusty motorcycle rider. The rider asked the Wildcat three questions and handed him a folded yellow paper. The Wildcat looked at the paper and the writing on it.

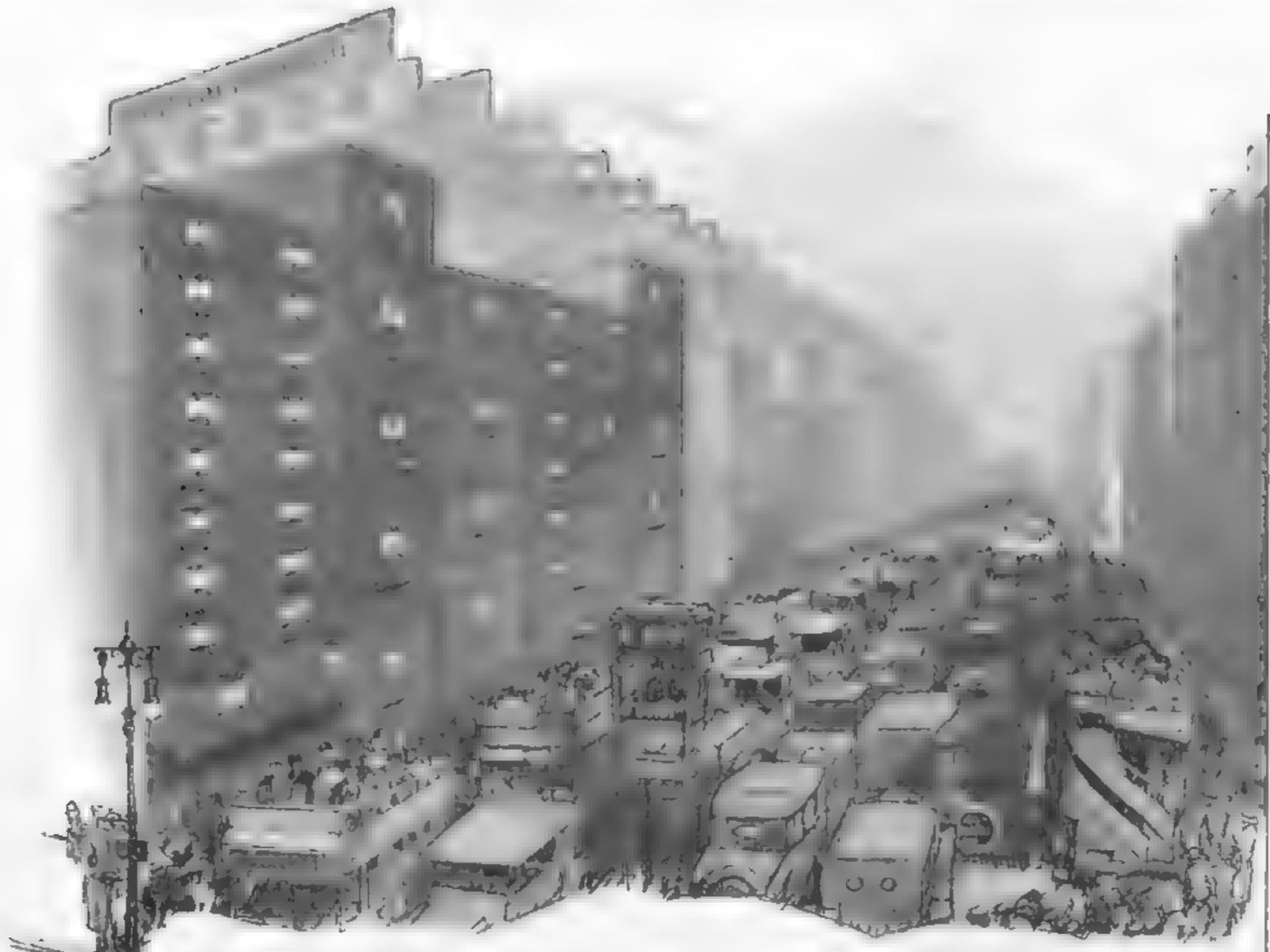
"Boy, us ain't neveh learned to read. Whut dis heah papeh say?"

The rider translated the message for the Wildcat:

Vitus Marsden, en route Southern Pacific or Anchor Line packet: Keep ostrich or sell him. Stay away from my place with him. Ostrich too savage to have around home.

The Wildcat jerked on Lily's rope.

"Huh! Dat ol' papeh don't say nuthin' us ain't done. Come 'long, goat. Us is done 'zackly whut de white folks craves. Double-time dem laigs, Lily, till us finds whah at us kin git action on dis prize money. My stummick craves meat vittles."



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2. Incorrect type of guides: Suppose your city installed frail sign posts with inscriptions that quickly faded or became illegible! In many files and records, guides become dogeared, torn, useless. Inscriptions become illegible. Traffic in the files slows up and is misdirected.

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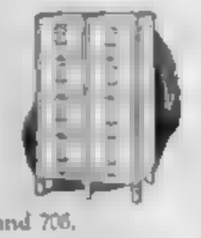

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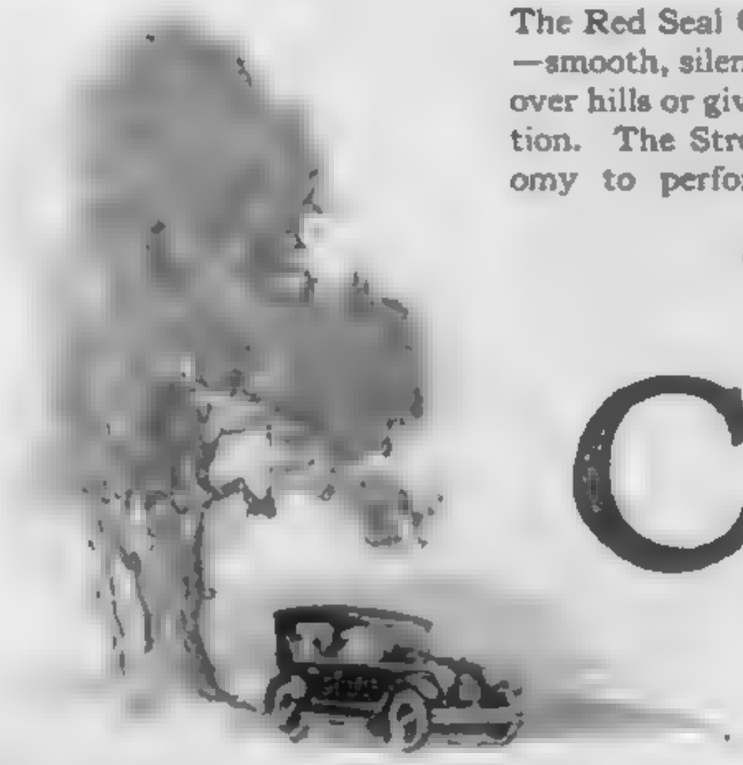

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PIONEERING BEYOND THE RIM

(Continued from Page 23)

Of course there is much scientific research going on at all times that may seem to be of but little practical value in a purely material sense. It took time on the part of investigators to determine that a cod has several millions of eggs, and that if all these eventually became codfish they would choke the seven seas. It required effort to figure out that if all the descendants of a single green fly survived and multiplied until the end of one summer they would weigh five times as much as the total human population of the United States. Nor was it a small task to discover that an oyster may have 60,000,000 eggs, and if its progeny survived and multiplied, its great-great-grandchildren would number sixty-six with thirty-three noughts after it, while the resulting oyster shells would form a heap eight times the size of the earth.

But all such facts add to our total of biological knowledge and make it easier to control life. The theory of organic evolution is founded on laws that are not wholly understood, and much of our needed information must come from studies in the animal kingdom. This leads on to eugenics and the problem of racial domination. For instance, the birth rate of the foreign population of the United States coming largely from Eastern and Southern Europe is so much greater than that of the Anglo-Saxon stock that within a single century the latter will be but a fraction of the whole. Though it may seem to be a long jump from oyster eggs to biochemical theories as they affect life control and the never-ending human struggle for existence, the fact remains that all research which supplies new knowledge will sooner or later be found useful and profitable.

Though the period of open hostility to science has largely passed, there remains an army of people who from sheer mental inertia are antagonistic to progress and believe that the world is big enough and people lazy enough to swallow up science without changing our present fixed habits or relinquishing today's wasteful practices. Fortunately we have among us intelligent leaders who understand that before we can make headway in establishing life on a higher spiritual and social plane we must soften the rigors of life and make it easier for humanity to satisfy the primal needs of the body. The increase in the population of Europe proceeded at a very low rate until the dawn of the nineteenth century, which ushered in the machine age. The substitution of mechanical means for manual labor brought more prosperity to the rank and file of workers, and the result was a slackening of restraint and an increased birth rate.

Professor Soddy's Speculations

It is only through science that we can ameliorate human ills and build our future life on a solid foundation. Average people are not likely to experience any great spiritual growth so long as they are cursed with the lack of the bare necessities of a decent existence. Therefore, when research finally discloses the secret of releasing atomic energy the world's people will be freed from the need of constant toil, and our morals will have a better opportunity to improve, for there will be less of the animalizing influence of want. Science will tend to equalize the distribution of wealth and the good things of life. Civilization's handicap today is the condition of extreme poverty on the one hand and of aggregations of unearned wealth on the other.

The dream of all great scientists is to harness Nature's mysterious forces of untamed energy, and to employ them to free our physical bodies from every form of grinding toil. One celebrated investigator looks forward to the day when the race of men, instead of sitting down to dinner, will attach themselves to something akin to an electric-lamp socket, and draw thence from the public mains the supply of pure physical energy required for the day's work, without any necessity of absorbing at the same time the useless husks—the material wrappings in which this energy is done up—that constitute our present food. The average person will immediately remark that such a thought is only the vague imagining of a Utopian visionary, but this is not the case, for the idea is one presented by Frederick Soddy, possibly the foremost living authority on the transmutation of the elements, and renowned professor of chemistry at Oxford.

Professor Soddy not only foresees an amazing future for our race but he goes a step further and suggests that a similar and even more marvelous development may have happened once or oftener in the history of man on earth. He says that it is scientifically possible that by means of controlled radioactivity the higher intelligences of a long-forgotten civilization not only communicated with other planets than ours but actually flew from the earth to some more hospitable and kindlier sphere, leaving behind them only the brutish animal forms from which the human race of today has been evolved. He suggests that nothing but the most sublime egotism of present man prevents us from recognizing the possibility that the rapid advance we have made in science in the recent short period of recorded history may not have occurred before, perhaps many times during the vastly longer period of earth history of which we have no record. The command we have attained over Nature may have been greatly exceeded in ages past.

Achievements of Research Men

Such views not only broaden our horizon but they tend to restrain materially our skepticism and spur us on to greater and greater undertakings. But I want to confine myself more to the present than to the future; so let us return to actualities and consider the importance of recent industrial advances made possible by research. When the war commenced and we were shut off from many markets in Europe, and from practically all those in Germany, the need for certain materials here in America became most urgent. Never before had we realized how dependent we were on Europe, notwithstanding our own enormous supplies of raw materials. One vital need was for dyestuffs, and the story of how our chemists successfully met this situation has been told time and again. We were short of laboratory porcelain and optical glass, but through unceasing experimentation we have developed industries that are able to supply our needs without recourse to importation. We had been getting the metal magnesium largely from Germany; so we had to get busy and develop a process of production in order that we might not be hampered in the manufacture of munitions.

We needed huge quantities of explosives, and some of the processes used were rather crude. In one big plant it took two hours to separate nitroglycerin from waste nitrating acid. Research was carried on, the time reduced from two hours to a few minutes, and the result was an enormous saving in the cost of manufacture. When the German potash salts were cut off other salts equally good were obtained immediately from the deposits of nitrate in Chile. There was a shortage in the supply of sheet lead, and without lead it was impossible to go ahead with the construction of sulphuric-acid plants. Research solved the problem, and now we can build such plants without using a pound of lead. Several ingredients of smokeless powder had always been obtained from Germany, and here again science came to the rescue, and in a short time we were producing thousands of pounds per day of the necessary materials. Research developed a new method of manufacturing guncotton, and the consequent saving was equivalent to 45,000,000 pounds of nitric acid a year. This development was of great importance, because we had always been getting our nitric acid from the saltpeter of Chile, and now we can use this material, which is so essential as a fertilizer, to aid in the production of larger crops.

It has been only a comparatively short time since we commenced to manufacture cement, and yet the use of concrete made of cement, with water and an aggregate, is increasing in an amazing way. The infant cement industry grew so fast that the manufacturers had very little time to give to a scientific study of their product, and the result was a succession of failures in many construction jobs where concrete was used. Then the cement people decided to go in for research, and almost immediately the new knowledge developed served to put the industry on a basis of stability that did not exist before. Experiments were carried on to show what quality of concrete is most economical in certain lines of construction.

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Tests were established so that anyone might determine the suitability of available aggregates. Rules were formulated for proportioning, mixing and placing the material. Experiments were completed to show the effect of changes in the proportions of materials, and of exposure to wear and weather. For years people who mixed concrete assumed that the only materials of importance were the cement, sand and pebbles or crushed stone. A short time ago the research workers obtained revolutionary results by proportioning the water in the concrete mixes. Now we know that the amount of water used is nearly as important as the solid materials, and today the cement industry is of a single mind with respect to the value of coöperative research on a national scale.

Hardly a day passes now but some new scientific discovery is announced that makes life just a little bit easier. There are the metals tellurium and selenium, often spoken of as the useless elements. In fact, tellurium has not only been useless but to the metallurgist it has been a costly nuisance, since it interferes with the recovery of gold and silver from certain ores and presents many difficulties in the electrolytic refining of copper, lead and silver. About the only human who loved tellurium was the sturdy prospector, for generally where he found this metal he might expect to find rich deposits of gold and silver. Selenium, the sister element of tellurium, until recently was likewise just as useless. Shortly before the war ended, certain gases were produced, containing selenium and tellurium, but the value of these gases in warfare was not actually determined.

The Growing Use of Tungsten

At present selenium is coming more and more into use in the glass industry for making yellow-tinted glasses, and the red signal glass used by the railways. It can also be employed as a decolorizing agent in the making of ordinary glass, and if it could be produced on a large scale and sold at a low cost it might displace manganese in this field. Tellurium makes a good crystal detector in radiotelephony, but the superiority of the vacuum tube has left it pretty much out of the running. Now we find that both tellurium and selenium, when added in small amounts to gasoline, will prevent knocking. If gasoline containing tellurium were to be used generally throughout the country it would be possible to increase the compression of the motor, and as a result the gear ratio of our motor cars might be changed so as to save from one-third to one-half of the fuel now used. To supply this demand would require at least 25,000 tons of tellurium, while at present our output is less than 100 tons annually. A compound of lead mixed with gasoline will give the same result, but whether any of these metals can be used safely to effect this great fuel saving is a matter of doubt, for first our scientists must overcome the danger to life from the increase in the poison content of the exhaust gases. Already the large quantity of carbon monoxide discharged into the air by our millions of motor cars has become a real menace to health in thickly populated communities; so here again the prospect of making tellurium and selenium render service to man may once more fail of immediate realization.

But tungsten was also a useless metal for a hundred and thirty years, when finally it was conquered; and thereby hangs one of the greatest romances of science. The use of ductile tungsten to revolutionize electric lighting is a story that has been often told, but not many people know that this same metal kept the automobile industry alive during the war; that it has helped tremendously to increase the value of the X-ray machine to mankind, and that with it the pliotron was built, so that wireless telephony could be developed to a useful and dependable point. It was ductile tungsten that made possible the invention of the current rectifier with which owners of automobiles can now charge their storage batteries in their own garages by simply plugging into a light socket. Tungsten phonograph needles have proved their superiority over steel needles, and if there should be another war tungsten bullets would likely be used to pierce the heavy armor of battleplanes. In the manufacture of tool steel, tungsten is now indispensable, and within a decade its production has increased throughout the world from 1000 tons to 40,000 tons. About 60 per cent of this production is controlled by Americans. The unmeasured benefits now derived from the use of tungsten were made possible by a single man, who refused to stop his experimenting even after the world's greatest metallurgists had written the word "impossible" across this page of research.

A few years ago argon, the laziest of all elements in the air, was looked upon as a perfectly useless gas because of its extreme inertness. But scientists began to investigate, and finally succeeded in capitalizing the very quality that stamped argon as being wholly worthless. This element refuses to serve as a conductor of heat, so the lighting people commenced to fill their incandescent lamps with argon, instead of merely making them vacuous. As a result it is now possible to increase the temperature of lamp filaments and thereby increase lamp efficiency far beyond the point that was the previous maximum. The argon-filled lamp produces a glow that never flickers, and as a result it has established its supremacy over the magnetite arc light.

All over the country, and particularly in the agricultural industry, the galvanized sheets and wire commonly used have shown rapid depreciation. Not much research was required to show that the reason for the short life of these materials was the thinness of the coating of zinc used to protect these materials. The investigators who worked on this problem reported that there was no excuse for the manufacture of galvanized roofing or siding having an average life of only about three years, when for a small fraction of one cent per square foot additional cost, sheeting and roofing can be made that will last many times as long. A great deal of galvanized iron, which is iron coated with zinc to protect it from rust, now fails prematurely because the iron has not been galvanized with a zinc coating of the necessary weight. Many manufacturers have attempted to reduce their own expenses by skimping in the use of zinc. Others have reduced the weight of the coating in order that the sheets or wire might be bent easily without the flaking of the zinc coat. Careful research is bringing out all the facts in the case, and all users of galvanized materials are being taught to know that at least two ounces of zinc coating per square foot is necessary to protect iron. The barbed-wire fences of farmers should last a dozen years, whereas many of them have lost their coating and are covered with rust in two or three years. Knowledge of this kind is worth money to the nation.

Rare Metals Made Useful

The results of research in steel manufacture have not been much talked about, but the scientific advances that have been made in recent years in this field have been no less than revolutionary. The automobile and the airplane are outgrowths of steel research. We could not manufacture automobiles for four times their present cost if it were not for the discoveries made by two or three men in alloying nickel, chromium, vanadium and other metals with ordinary steel. In fact, if we were compelled still to use plain carbon steel none of our motor cars could now be produced in their present designs. Many automobile and machine parts that were formerly made of brass and bronze are now made of steel. This has become possible through the development of metal pressing and forging, and of rust-proofing processes. It used to be that the common answer to the frequent question, "Why did the steel fail?" was, "I do not know." Now we have learned to use the microscope and the pyrometer, and tests for fatigue, shock, dilation, conductivity and repetitive impact are easily and intelligently made. Of course, there is much we have yet to learn about steel, and it certainly is a reflection on our country that although we are the foremost steel-producing nation in the world, and Japan is one of the smallest, yet the Japanese have their Imperial Institute of Iron and Steel Research, and neither this country nor Great Britain can boast a similar organization.

The research in radium and the X ray is being carried forward constantly, much to the benefit of humanity at large. Although the price of radium averages in the neighborhood of $100,000 a gram, and a gram is only about one five-hundredth part of a pound, the use of radium has been extended into dozens of different fields. The layman is likely to wonder how radium can be used to illuminate the hands of watches and clocks when the cost of the material is so high. The fact is that it requires only a

microgram of radium, mixed with zinc-sulphide crystals, so to cover the hands of a number of watches that they will be luminous for years, and a microgram is but a milltonth part of a gram.

As for the X ray, it is a doubtful question, purely from a practical viewpoint, as to which was the more important discovery—the X ray itself or the condensation pump that enables the manufacturer to produce a high vacuum in the power tubes used. So efficient is the present condensation pump that it will reduce the pressure in a closed vessel or tube to one millionth of an atmosphere in two seconds. What this means will be better understood when I explain that if we removed a billion molecules of air a second from the vessel in question it would take about a million years to accomplish the same result.

Most of us who talk of atmospheric pressure in terms of molecules have a very vague understanding of what is really meant. For instance, if each molecule of air were enlarged to the size of a fine grain of sea sand, or one hundredth of an inch in diameter, the sand, corresponding to the contents of a cubic inch of air at atmospheric pressure, would be sufficient to make a beach extending from New York to San Francisco, 1000 feet wide and over ten feet deep. Therefore, it really means something when we say that the modern form of condensation pump can produce a degree of vacuum equal to one ten-billionth of an atmosphere. It was this development that largely made it possible to carry on research that resulted in the construction of portable X-ray outfits.

The marvelous advances recently made in science have necessitated the perfection of methods for measuring or photographing sound, time and electricity. With the aid of the oscillograph it is possible to measure the difference in time of explosion between the two ends of a stick of dynamite, the speed of a bullet between points a foot apart, or the vibrations of the human voice as it passes through a telephone. Not only is all this possible but such measurements can be shown plainly in the form of photographs. The noises of an automobile gear can now be photographed, which is invaluable in studies of the shapes of gear teeth. Hardly have we gained an understanding of electric waves before we are able to record graphic representations of them. With our wonder instruments we can now measure such speedy actions as consume no more time than the ten-thousandth of a second.

Studies of Carbon Trouble

Undoubtedly one of the most fruitful fields of research is that relating to the more efficient operation of gas engines. All motorists are bothered at times by accumulations of carbon in the combustion chamber and on the valves. Bits of carbon get broken off and scratch and wear away the sides of the cylinders. These carbon deposits generally are caused by the decomposition of the oil used, owing to heat and pressure. Research has few opportunities to render service that is greater than that which would result from the elimination of carbon troubles. Already we know that the more volatile an oil the less chance there is of carbon deposits. Of course, the more volatile oils necessitate a larger consumption, but this is less expensive than to clean out carbon deposits. Other investigations have shown that carbon trouble is frequently due to the use of too much oil. When more oil is used than can get out of the cylinder in the short time allowed, decomposition takes place. Filtered oils have less tendency to carbonize than non-filtered ones, and often the use of high-viscosity oils reduces the amount of carbon deposited. Also, some oils form a hard carbon, while others leave a flaky deposit that is easy to remove. Carbon also results from incomplete combustion and a number of other causes that have not yet been completely analyzed. The fact is that gas-engine research is only in its rudimentary stages, and let no one doubt but that this line of investigation will net returns to the nation the value of which will total tens of millions of dollars.

Then there is that type of research that is making it easy to determine the quality of goods offered for sale so the prospective buyer is not compelled to make his purchases in the dark. For instance, we now have testing furnaces less than twenty-two inches high in which it is possible quickly to test fire brick, ashes, mortar and other common materials. Often an executive buys brick which it is claimed will withstand a temperature of 3000 degrees. Frequently such brick fails when the boilers are pushed, and the engineer in charge is at a loss to understand the reason why. Such trouble may be avoided by testing materials before purchasing them. This can be done by putting one of the bricks or whatever material is to be tested into the little furnace just mentioned, and then running the heat up to whatever point the investigation demands. In one form of testing furnace the common plan is to use one or more cones, which are set in the crucible of the furnace alongside the material to be tested. Each particular cone is numbered and has been so constructed that it will melt down at a certain temperature which is known beforehand. There is a small hole in the top of the furnace through which the observer can watch the operation. When the brick or other material commences to soften under the high heat of the furnace the investigator notes which one of the cones is beginning to bend over, and then by observing the number of the cone it is readily evident what degree of heat causes the material to fail. A temperature of 3000 degrees can be obtained in these little testing furnaces in less than thirty minutes. Devices of this kind will furnish consumers with definite information as to whether or not the coal they propose buying will form clinkers at any specific heat.

Baby-Saving in New Zealand

It is not possible here to do more than merely touch the edge of the great subject of scientific research. The practical results of our technical investigations in recent years make a formidable list, running all the way from air-cooled types of motors to new chemical processes for treating wood which will bring about changes in the character of the wood in twenty-four hours that heretofore have taken place only after years of drying. Nor is it proper to think of research as of use only in the laboratory. Down in New Zealand they have carried on investigations with regard to infant mortality so successfully that the rate in New Zealand is lower than anywhere else in the world. Here in the United States we lose eighty-seven infants to every forty-five that die in New Zealand, and this better showing in the latter country is due to the collection and dissemination of useful knowledge concerning mothercraft, and not to climatic conditions, better housing or a higher intellectual level. It is a rare paper in New Zealand that does not have a column on Our Babies.

Not long ago the tanners of the United States decided to go in for research, and although this work has hardly more than started, results have already been obtained that will bring about a saving of 2 per cent in this industry through adding to the life and durability of the average hide. Among other things, it has been discovered that a thicker and better leather can be made if the length of time elapsing between the animal's death and the salting or brining of its hide is materially reduced. The bacteria that destroy the hide are sustained by the blood that remains on it; so if this blood is removed immediately and the brine is speedily diffused into the hide the deleterious effect of the destructive bacteria is greatly lessened. One discovery of this kind each year would pay the annual cost of national research a thousand times over.

A big rolling-mill company noted the urgent need for high-grade steel for electrical requirements, and immediately set about solving the problem. Conscientious endeavor resulted in sheet steel of such perfection that this company's product is now used for electrical equipment throughout the land. The value of this one development alone is estimated to be $10,000,000 annually. Having solved this first problem, the same company set their men to work on the production of a rust-resisting sheet metal. After months of unremitting experimentation a rust-resisting iron was developed, which is now being produced with greater uniformity year after year.

Only a few years ago conditions in our paper industry were what might be called chaotic. Seven national associations of printers and buyers of printing supplies got together and decided that paper production must be established on a more orderly basis. Research was undertaken, and it revealed that the industry was cursed with

(Continued on Page 129)

PATTON'S
Sun-Proof
Paint

The Sun can play havoc with your house

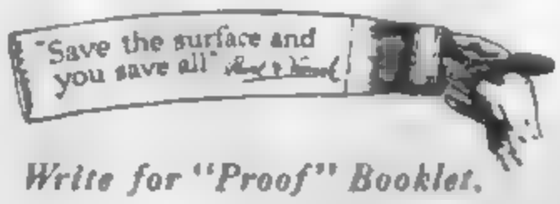
ITS blistering heat will quickly end the protection offered by paint that is not the best. And once the paint goes, decay and deterioration set in.

It will pay you to protect your property with Patton's Sun-Proof Paint. For years this durable, wear-resisting paint has been proving its extreme hardihood in the daily battle with the elements.

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint covers the surface—*literally seals it*—with a hardy, moisture-proof film. Its unusual elasticity enables it to cope with extreme heat and cold without blistering, cracking or peeling. It lasts indefinitely and covers an unusually large surface per gallon—two real reasons why it is so economical.

Assure yourself real satisfaction by insisting on Patton's Sun-Proof Paint. It is one of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's famous products—each known for high quality and perfect service. If you need glass, paint or varnish, you can find just what you want among the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's products. Handled by quality dealers everywhere.

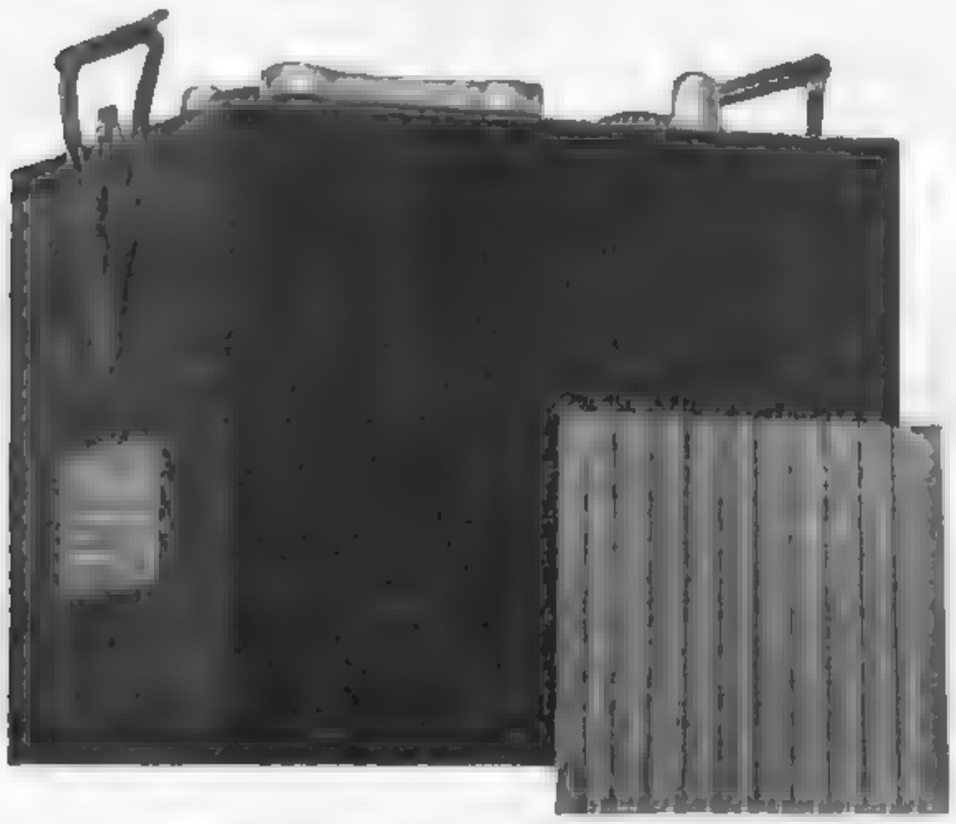
A good brush is as necessary as good paint.



Write for "Proof" Booklet.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
GLASS - Manufacturers - PAINT
Paint and Varnish Factories
Milwaukee, Wis. - Newark, N.J.

As Good a Wood-Insulated Battery as can be Built



Willard Wood-Insulated Batteries

The high quality and reasonable prices of Willard Wood-Insulated Batteries appeal to many car owners who realize that no one can afford a battery with less than this sturdy, dependable value built into it, and the name and reputation of Willard back of it.

Willard Wood-Insulated Batteries have an old and enviable reputation. They are and always have been as good as we can make them—but Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are still better.

For the statement at the head of this page we have the authority of both the car builders and the motorists of America, expressed in terms of actual use.

Willard Batteries with wood insulation for many years led all others as original equipment on motor cars and in sales to car owners for renewals. They held that position until Willard developed the still better Willard Battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation.

Wood-Insulated Willards are still used in large numbers and better built than ever. They are as good as *wood-insulated* batteries can be made. Only Willard experience and resources could produce such a battery at such reasonable prices.

There is one thing, however, that makes the battery shown at the right a still better Willard—and a still better "buy" for any motorist—Threaded Rubber Insulation.

Whatever the make of your car Willard has a battery of the right size and price for your needs.

Willard

The Same Good Battery + T. R. I.

Insulation is one of the most important things in a battery—if it's not durable enough to stand up against acid and electricity it wears out long before the rest of the battery and has to be replaced at a cost of $10 or more.

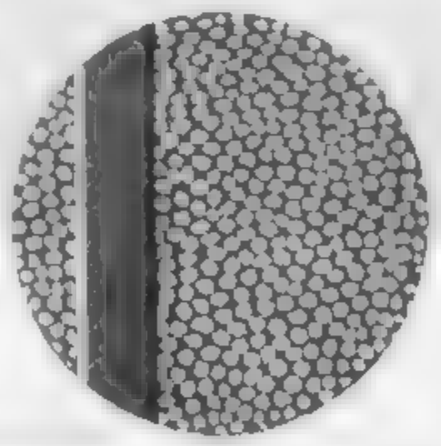
It must also be porous to let the acid pass through it—thus permitting the chemical action which generates the current. The more uniform that porosity through every part of the insulation, the more energy you get from your plates.

Rubber is the most *durable* insulation known, and Threaded Rubber has the characteristics that result in high voltage to spin your motor on a cold morning.

Threaded Rubber Insulation makes the price slightly higher; but the convincing demonstration of its qualities has led 135 car and truck builders to supply it as original equipment, hundreds of thousands of motorists to buy a second one because of the uninterrupted good service of the first, and thousands of others to buy it whenever they need a new battery.

The New and Better Kind of Battery

Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are being purchased by constantly increasing thousands of car owners for replacement. They do that, not only for greater assurance against repairs, but for greater resistance to the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and greater vim and punch to start their engines.



Section of Threaded Rubber Insulator (enlarged) to show the tiny threads (196,000 to the inch) with which it is pierced. The hard rubber gives perfect durability and insulation; the threads permit uniform chemical action between the plates—hence a sustained high voltage throughout the battery's life. The hard rubber ribs furnish the most effective protection against the wearing action of the plates on the insulation

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Ask your Willard dealer about Willard "A" and "B" Radio Batteries—they increase efficiency and reduce noises.

Batteries

Get In and Take a Ride!

YES, that little tap of your foot started the engine, but it's not surprising you didn't know it,—it runs so silently, so free from vibration. Now let the Auburn variable ratio steering gear take you easily out of the tight parking place and into the traffic. A touch of the hand and you're in high. ¶ Then, the open road looms ahead and the car rushes to meet it like a hound from the leash. Forty, fifty, sixty, seventy miles she goes but there is no strain, no effort, no evidence of speed except the figures on the speedometer and the trees slipping by. ¶ At last you're back at your door and you step out rested, exhilarated and with a full realization of Auburn performance and comfort that makes its owners love the Auburn as a friend.

The complete line of Auburn Sixes

"Six Supreme" Models { Touring Car, Sport (fully equipped), Brougham, Sedan

6-43 Models { Touring Car, Touring-Sedan

For prices and literature, see your Auburn dealer or write the factory for complete information

Dealers: A few exceptional dealers in good territories will find in the Auburn complete line of sixes, an unusual opportunity

Auburn Automobile Company, Auburn, Indiana

"ONCE AN OWNER AUBURN IT'S A FRIEND"

(Continued from Page 125)

competition of a most destructive kind. Thousands of brands of paper were being put upon the market, although the majority of them represented identically the same grades of paper. Manufacturers were engaged in a wild scramble to create new kinds of paper having distinctive features. No cognizance was taken of the conditions under which the paper had to be used. Many printing presses could use only papers of a certain size economically, and all other sizes to them were wasteful.

A real program of scientific investigation was entered upon, and as a result standardization in the paper industry is now largely an accomplished fact. Three years ago the largest fine paper-making company in the world was producing fifty brands of bond paper alone; today its line embraces only nine grades. Formerly this same company produced hundreds of sizes, weights, colors and finishes; now these items have all been simplified and reduced to the essentialities. At present each grade of paper is made on the particular machine that will permit of the utmost economy and efficiency in production. Formerly this company's production was distributed through 500 merchants, and no single merchant could possibly carry the full line. Today only fifty merchants are utilized, and each house stocks every item in the line. Three years ago the company could not advertise successfully, because the hundreds of brands could not be registered upon the consciousness of the prospect. No single item could be widely advertised without protest from the merchants who did not handle this brand, and as a result the paper industry was probably the least-advertised big business in the country. After less than three years of housecleaning the paper industry now stands forth as one of the best examples of the value of applied research and standardization.

Business research that has nothing to do with chemistry or physics is being carried on with great success in various industries. One of the most interesting developments in the conduct of our large retail dry-goods stores during the last few years has been the success met with by coöperative efforts on the part of noncompeting stores to eliminate unnecessary expenditures and to reduce expenses. For instance, several grades of tissue paper are used in stores in preparing merchandise for delivery to customers. A manila paper costs only forty-five cents a ream, while the cost of other grades of wrapping paper is greater, up to the fine, grass-bleached tissue, which costs two dollars a ream and is made especially for use to wrap up jewelry on account of its tarnish-preventing qualities. Employes often used these high-grade papers, until they were taught the proper practice, and now the amount saved daily in some stores is an item very much worth while.

Saving by Standardizing

Research showed that it is far cheaper merely to slip merchandise that has been sold into a small paper bag, and hand it to a customer, than to wrap up the article and tie the parcel with a string, or use sticker tape. It is essential to get the smallest bag that will answer the purpose. Another large saving has resulted from the standardization of pasteboard boxes. In some stores a hundred different sizes were used, while now only twenty-five sizes are needed. Research showed how it is possible to fold merchandise so that smaller boxes will serve the purpose. Other savings have come from using a lighter wrapping paper; from substituting cotton twine for hempen; from reclaiming containers and using them over again, and from using part-time workers on a weekly schedule totaling only twenty-four hours. Recently one store salvaged enough excelsior to supply its own needs and leave several dozen bales available for sale. Another store puts all its used sales checks and other discarded paper forms through a shredder and uses the slit paper instead of other material for packing.

Patient research has been extremely beneficial to the people engaged in developing a satisfactory coöperative method for marketing cotton. It has produced facts on ventilation that demonstrate to managers that 15 per cent less work will be accomplished by a group working at a temperature of 70 degrees than when this same group works in a temperature of 66 degrees. If the heat of the shop or factory goes up to 86 degrees, then the group will do 37 per cent less work than they did at 66 degrees. All such information is not only valuable but vital to success in business today. The up-to-date executive lays out his research under five heads: First is the research to improve his everyday methods; second, research aimed at a specific commercial object; third, pure-science research, which has no immediate industrial object in view; fourth, research applied to public service, or investigations designed to study the needs of the consumer, and to analyze the fields of use of a manufactured product; fifth, there is research in standardization of procedures and products.

In all this it is well to keep in mind that one can seldom if ever forecast the possibilities of untiring scientific investigation. Very often luck plays a part.

Sometimes the investigator is fooled, and sometimes his efforts are directed in the right channel, but luck is against him. Gregor Mendel, the Austrian monk, who has been called the father of the laws of heredity, was successful in his experiments of crossing tall peas with dwarf ones and then watching the offspring in its subsequent generations of propagation. The hybrids were all tall in the first generation, but in subsequent generations one-quarter of the plants bred true as tall peas, one-quarter as dwarf peas, and half developed variations or were uncertain. These experiments led to the formation of a series of laws, and then Mendel decided to check his deductions among other plants, and he happened to choose the hawkweed, of the dandelion family. Unfortunately, the hawkweed is self-fertilizing, and as a result this plant refuted practically all his theories. It was only one chance in a thousand that Mendel selected the hawkweed for his checking-up experiment, and on almost any other flower he would undoubtedly have succeeded. His failure discouraged him, and caused him so to lose confidence in his work that the public did not get the Mendelian doctrine until 1900—thirty-five years after the first experiments were completed.

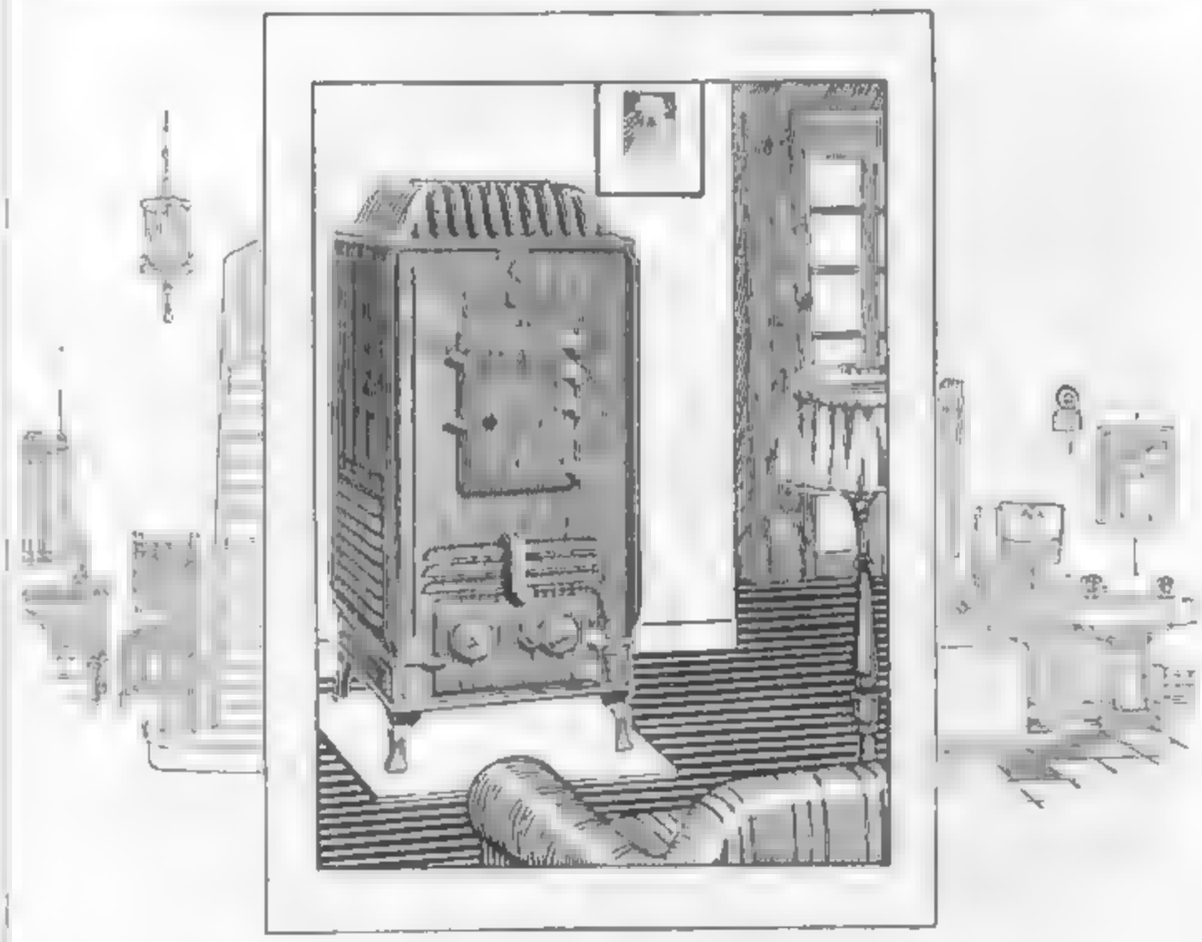
Misfortune Capitalized

The sooner we all recognize the earning power of research, the sooner we shall get on a highway leading to a state of prosperity that will be far more satisfactory and permanent than any we have ever yet enjoyed. One manufacturer was wasting $100,000 a year on raw materials purchased without regard to moisture content. Now he has learned the importance of the accurate control of moisture. On one railroad the boiler tubes of switch engines had an average life of seven months. It cost $1200 to replace a set of tubes. Research has extended the life of the tubes to thirty-one months, and the company has 1600 locomotives. A large gas company uses 3500 barrels of gas oil a day. The management recently spent $350,000 in developing a cracking process all their own. As a result they now get a 27 per cent yield of gasoline out of each barrel of oil. The remaining oil is 7 per cent better for their purpose than it was before the gasoline was removed. As a result of this research the company is saving $1.24 on each barrel of oil, or $4340 daily. Here is a scientific achievement that pays 100 per cent interest every eighty days.

The opportunities for new research lie all about us. Sometimes it is possible to capitalize even our misfortunes. In the early days of the kerosene lamp one of the great annoyances was the many explosions due to the gasoline content that remained in the oil. Finally one inquisitive fellow, who noticed the peculiar force with which one of his neighbors was blown through the window and out into the street, due to the explosion of a lamp, came to the conclusion that if gasoline wanted to explode so badly it should be given an opportunity to do so profitably and constructively in some form of engine. As a result we now have automobiles, motorboats and other similar forms of machinery that are now the products of the nation's great automotive industry

A great many people are coming to believe that it is safer and better to judge the future of a corporation or an industry by its fixed attitude toward research than by its working capital, its past earning power or its fixed assets. Scientific investigation is the only wise and economical way to stop waste and indefinitely postpone the exhaustion of our natural resources.

Furnace Comfort for Small Homes



Ask the Doctor

About this healthful new way of heating

DOCTORS all will tell you that warm, moist air heating is the most healthful. And they will tell you, too, that living in a house with some rooms overheated and others chilled is a peril to the family health.

Now we offer the comfort and safety of healthful warm-air heat for small homes, with or *without* basements. No cold rooms upstairs or down.

It is called the Estate Heatrola and the 78-year-old Estate Stove Company makes and guarantees it.

Works like a furnace

The Heatrola is a practical and efficient warm-air heating device. Installed in one of the living rooms, it keeps the whole house warm. Yet it is as easily moved as a stove, so if you rent you can take it with you when you move. Burns any sort of fuel.

It does the work of a furnace, and looks like a handsome mahogany phonograph. You can dust it off with a cloth, just as you do your furniture. No black iron to clean or nickel to polish. No fireplaces.

Where to see one

Leading hardware and furniture stores and heating contractors have the Heatrola on display. We urge you to get the facts. Thousands are now in use. It marks a new era in heating.

The coupon below brings interesting information postpaid. Mail it.

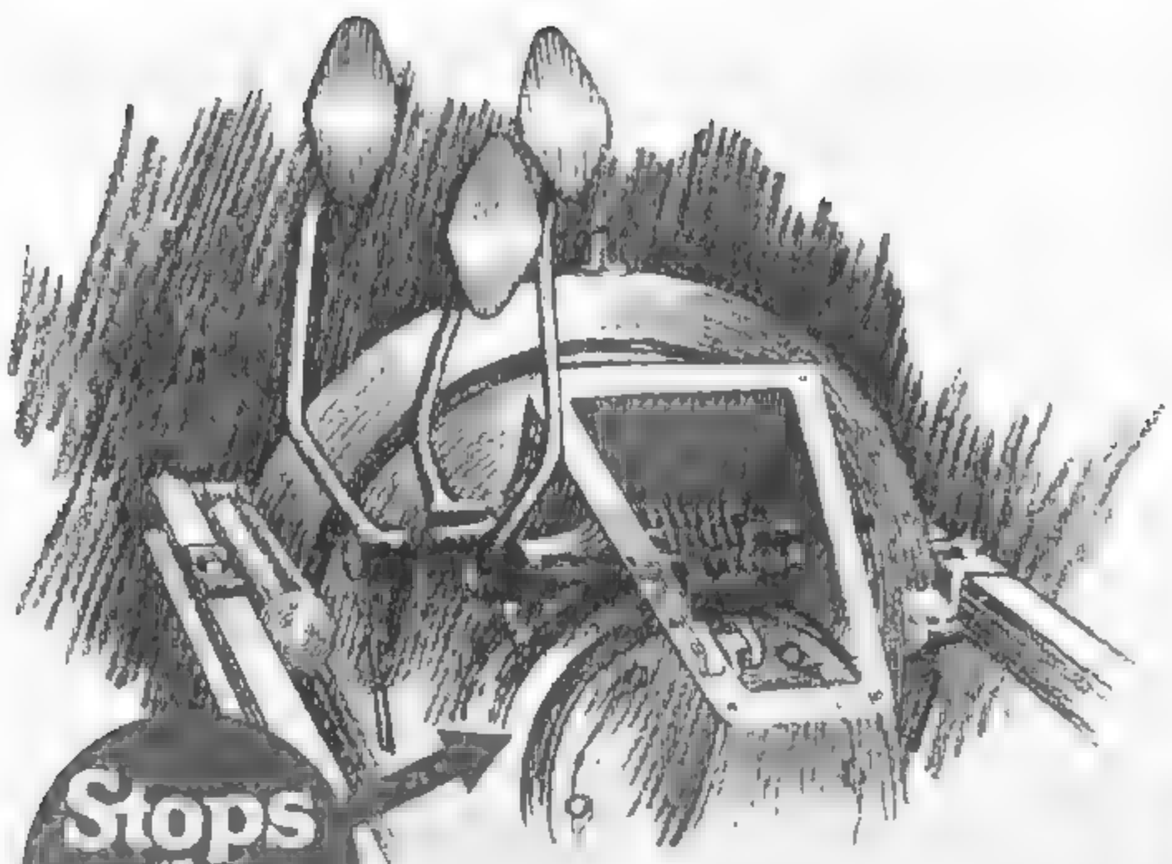
Estate HEATROLA

MADE BY THE ESTATE STOVE CO., HAMILTON, OHIO—
BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATE STOVES,
RANGES AND FURNACES

If you prefer a basement furnace

—check the coupon for booklet and full information about Estate Sanitary Warm-Air Furnaces, in pipe and pipeless models. All cast-iron construction; five-year guaranteed fire-pot; ball-bearing grate; new-type grate shaker; swinging vapor tank; many other fine features.

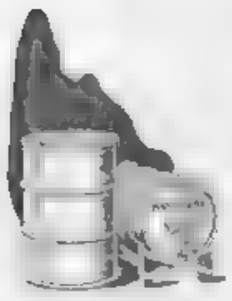
FREE BOOK (144A) MAIL THIS
THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Hamilton, Ohio
(Pacific Coast Office: Furniture Exchange, San Francisco)
Send me information on different heating systems checked below, and name of nearest dealer. Check ( )
1. ☐ ESTATE HEATROLA
2. ☐ Estate Warm-Air Furnace—Pipe Model.
3. ☐ Estate Warm Air Furnace—Pipeless Model
Name_____
Street or R. F. D._____
City and State_____
How many rooms in your house?_____



Soften Your Bands with Havoline F

If your Ford jars and chatters when you start or stop, it is because the transmission and brake bands are glazed. This does not necessarily mean that you need new bands, but that an oil to soften them is required.

Havoline F, a special grade of Havoline Oil, has been refined particularly to solve the unusual lubrication problems of the Ford engine and transmission. It seals the pistons perfectly, insuring full power from every stroke. It burns clean in the combustion chamber, reducing carbon deposit to a minimum. It maintains its body under the terrific heat of your motor. And in addition to giving complete lubrication, it softens the hard, glazed surfaces of old transmission bands so that they take hold firmly without grabbing or chattering.



You may buy Havoline Oil in 55-gallon drums or 30-gallon half-drums. Each drum has a handy faucet for drawing the oil. They are air-tight and weather-proof.

Look for the dealer who displays the blue Havoline sign with the red bullseye. He will supply you with Havoline F in any quantity that you wish. Have him drain your crank case and fill it with Havoline F—the oil for Fords. In less than half a mile your Ford will start and stop smoothly, without chattering or jerking.

A folder "Havoline F for Fords" will be sent you on request.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Incorporated
NEW YORK

Branches in 158 Cities
Producers and refiners of petroleum products

In Canada: 631 Bank of Hamilton Building, Toronto

HAVOLINE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Oils and Greases

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

(Continued from Page 11)

"And the vote, Miss McKellar; the vote," said Miss Gunk, rather chidingly Jerry thought.

"This meeting," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "is, of course, informal ."

"But of overwhelming importance," said Miss Gunk. "The real work of forming the party must be done here, afterwards to be ratified by a mass meeting of the women of your city. But"—and here she became very Machiavellian, indeed—"the thing must be organized. The program must be perfected and the machinery well oiled to insure no untoward happening when the public is admitted."

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt will, of course, be the president, or whatever you call it, of this new party," said Mrs. Burtis, hastening to be first to rally around the leader. Mrs. Burtis was rarely second at this task, for her business in life was to nominate her friend for offices, to gurgle with admiration at her utterances and to take whatever profit was to be derived therefrom socially. Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt accepted this as election.

"Ladies," she said impressively, "I thank you for this new evidence of your confidence. It is a responsibility. It weighs upon me. I feel my responsibilities. We have before us a work of purification, a labor of uplift. Among other things, I believe the pernicious habit of dieting to reduce may be made a political question, as—er—liquor has been made such, and the use of drugs. I believe—from my heart I believe—that nothing has done so much to undermine the womanhood ——" She reached for a large chocolate from the box at her elbow, cleared her throat, poised the chocolate before her lips and ended, "but we must proceed with the business of the day."

"We must be practical," said Mrs. Burtis.

"Who," asked Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "are to be invited to join this party?"

"All the women of your town," said Miss Gunk impressively. "All women are women."

She said this with the air of one who has made and offers to the world gratis a revolutionary scientific fact.

"I assume," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "that we who are here today assembled will be, if I may say so, the brains, the intelligence, the—ah—directing force. The others—these women who are merely women—will be the followers."

"Leadership," said Miss Gunk, "is indispensable."

"The contacts," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "will be so wearing, so—er—difficult to sustain."

"You must be protected from them," said Mrs. Burtis. "Someone must stand between you and the—ah—the less desirable members of the party."

"A private secretary," suggested Mrs. Lentils.

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt beamed broadly, for she dearly loved an entourage.

"Someone young," she said. "I love youth about me."

All eyes turned upon Jerry expectantly. Jerry coughed.

"It is an honor—a distinction," said Mrs. Burtis.

"It has all the earmarks of a nasty job," said Jerry.

"My dear!" Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt became expostulatory. She liked the idea of Jerry McKellar for a private secretary. "It will be intriguing. You will—er—give out my views to reporters. You will be in my confidence. You will—ah—as it were, be in the very heart of affairs."

Jerry calculated briefly. It was a characteristic of hers that she could do a great deal of accurate calculation in an extraordinarily brief space. For a girl who looked as if she spent as much time doing her hair as Jerry did, she expended a considerable amount of labor doing her brain. And because she was so small and so busy, and had such a quantity of marvelously wavy yellow hair, the world was given to misjudging her. She saw the possibilities in the job that obviously was being foisted upon her innocence—and she had an ax to grind.

"Shoot the piece," she said.

"I beg your pardon—you were saying ——"

"I shall be delighted to be near Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt," Jerry said in her best girlish manner.

"Then," said the new head of the Woman's Party, "everything is settled and I propose we have refreshments. I believe in eating. Women should not deny themselves. Dieting, as I have frequently remarked, is an unmixed evil. Flesh—a reasonable amount of flesh—adds dignity to the carriage."

"I'm afraid," said Miss Gunk, "that we are not thoroughly organized yet."

"Then," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "let's eat and organize at the same time."

"You—the elements represented by the ladies present—must control the meeting to be called. The organization must be in the hands of women fitted by experience, intelligence and position to direct it into the channels through which it should run. What opposition do you apprehend?"

"None," said Mrs. Burtis.

"Nevertheless, we must organize," said Miss Gunk. "We must lay before the meeting a comprehensive plan of organization and a program. This local chapter of the Woman's Party must dedicate itself to the freedom of women and be open to all women who will put that cause before the interests of any political party. Not alone must we organize along the lines of a political party, into precinct, ward and city committees whose business it shall be to get out the vote, but we must propagate councils of women among the different professional and economic groups to work for woman's advancement in those particular fields. We must specifically organize actresses, architects, farmers, doctors, business women, nursemaids, domestic servants, teachers—er—those whose profession is—er—society, and so forth, and so forth."

"Heavens!" said Mrs. Lentils. "Shall we have to fraternize with actresses and nursemaids?"

"No," said Jerry with the most innocent of expressions in her big blue eyes; "the private secretary will do that, won't she?"

"How many women will have votes in town?" Jerry asked.

"A pertinent question," said Miss Gunk. "I have the figures. At the last election the total vote—male—was four thousand six hundred and seventy-three. The majority of the victorious party was two hundred and eighty-six. There must be an equal number of women—approximately five thousand."

"But can we get them all?"

"Impossible—utterly impossible! Many women cannot be made to see the overwhelming importance to themselves of the vote; many are weak-spirited and will vote as their husbands direct. Possibly—only possibly—we can interest a quarter of them. But that is something."

Again Jerry was calculating. A majority of two hundred and eighty-six votes had differentiated the strength of the old parties. With even five hundred women to vote solidly one could do something. With some of these women politics was merely a new interest, something to do. Jerry was utilitarian. If she was going into it she wanted something to happen—and she had an ax to grind, as has been said. Then, though it was *not* apparent to those present, she led forth for exhibition the line she intended to take—a line of diplomacy, which, had they perceived its true inwardness, might have given them to pause.

"As Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt says," Jerry observed, "the first thing is to control the meeting and see to it that the control of the new party remains in our hands."

Now the good lady had made no such efficient speech, nor had she thought of such a thing. Alone and unaided she would not have thought of it. She never thought of many things outside of diet, but she accepted the authorship without question.

"Exactly," she said.

"And," said Jerry, "we must carry out her suggestion to get out to that meeting every club woman we can lay hands on. We've got to have enough votes to carry through what we want."

"Precisely," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt.

"But who will oppose?" asked Mrs. Burtis.

"I don't know," said Jerry; "but you can always depend on somebody to try to spill your beans."

"How true!" said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt.

And true it was, Alderman Tomlet volunteering as bean-spiller in chief. "Lizzie," he said to his wife, "you hain't lived with

(Continued on Page 133)

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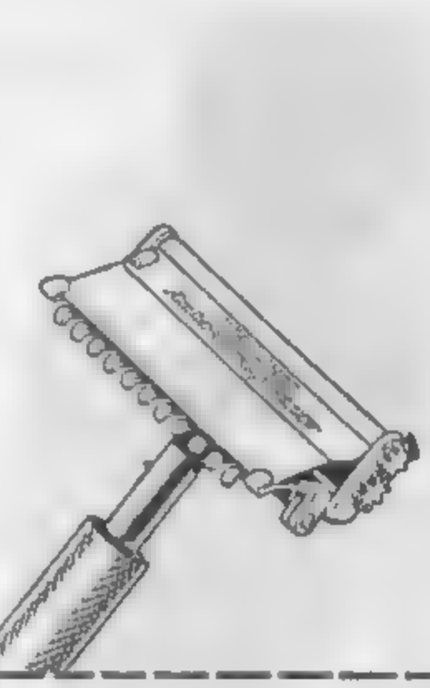

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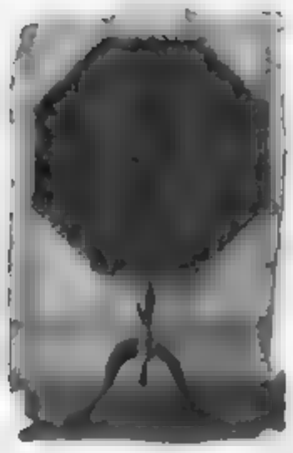

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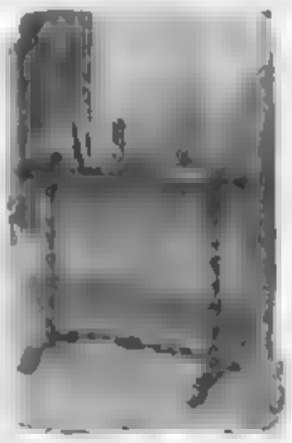

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(Continued from Page 130)

me twenty-odd years without gittin' some politics rubbed off on you."

"I've et 'em and slep' 'em," she rejoined tartly.

"And now the time's come," he said, "when you got to work at 'em."

"Alderman Tomlet——" she said, for she always gave him his full title when in an argumentative mood.

"It's this Woman's Party business," he said. "I want you should kind of take holt of it. I can use it in my business. Anyhow, whether I can or not, it's layin' around loose, and I might's well give it a whirl. Won't cost anythin'."

"That woman with the double-barreled name up on the Heights'll run it, like she runs everythin' else in town," said Lizzie; "and her with not a cent more'n we got, nor any better automobiles nor no more servants."

"She aims to," said the alderman. "But this woman's vote thing ain't a bridge club. Now, I tell you what you do: You just grab hold of it and I'll show you how to run it and I'll buy you a ring with a pint of diamonds in it."

"I wouldn't do it for no reason but to spite that fat woman," said Lizzie acidly.

"Pick your own reason," the alderman said philosophically, "so long as you git results. . . . Now, you can't come out into the open, bein' whose wife you are; but hain't you got some nit-wit friend you can shove to the front—somebody with a kind of a false front that you can set up? It hain't a stove that gives the heat, you know. It's the coal you stick inside it. Your job's bein' the coal."

"There's Emma Green. She's got everything but brains."

"She'll do," said the alderman. "Now get busy. They're holdin' a meetin' to organize a week from today. The highbrows and the silk-stockin's'll be out in a bunch to back the Lattimer-Pratt woman. It's up to you to leave 'em danglin' in the air. Git out the vote. That's the first and all the rest of the rules in politics. Git out the vote!"

That a political campaign—even an élite campaign such as Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt contemplated—cannot be carried on privately with any success was demonstrated in Corinth during the ensuing days. Mrs. Burtis learned with chagrin and alarm that another candidate was in the field. She heard it first through her laundress, whose husband was one of those political appointees whose first duty is to vote and whose secondary duty is to go about with a stiff brush making the toilet of the town's asphalt pavements. This lady gave notice that she could not appear for service on the day of the meeting because her husband had told her she must go and vote for a Mrs. Emma Green. This was doubly shocking, as she informed the aristocratic Mrs. Lentils.

"If we must bandy votes with charwomen ——" Mrs. Lentils said, elevating her patrician nose.

"In politics," said Miss Gunk severely, "there are no social distinctions. The vote of your laundress may not be so well considered; it may not be cast for the same lofty ideals as your own, Mrs. Lentils; but, if I may say so, it takes up exactly as much room in the ballot box."

"If I may say so," observed Jerry McKellar, "we'd better step on the gas or the morning-after papers will read that Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt also ran."

"You don't imply—not actually," gasped Mrs. Burtis, "that there is a chance of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's defeat—at the hands of such people!"

"I mean," said Jerry, "that at the present moment of writing we are nine down and eight to play."

"You're very positive," said Mrs. Lentils coldly. "How do you reach such a—such an unthinkable conclusion?"

"The point is," said Jerry, "that if we don't want our faces smeared in the mud we've got to get out and shake some mighty diligent feet. We're in this thing now and we've got to stick till the bell rings. We've got to set off the alarm clock under every woman and every kind of woman who'll vote with us. The thing to do is to get busy. Impress it on every club woman that not only must she be on the job but that she's got to load her cook and her nursemaid into the family limousine and raise their wages if necessary to make them vote right."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Lentils. "I had no idea I was getting myself into such a mess!"

"Well, you're in it and if you don't want a lot of rude, uncouth persons giving you the merry laugh, you've got to make up your mind to stamp around right lively. And that's that. As Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt said a moment ago, if we're going to be Eskimos we've got to learn to eat blubber."

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's pudgy hand stopped halfway to the candy box, and she started. She had no recollection of making such an observation; but it had a rather snappy, epigrammatic sound, so she mothered it.

"Exactly," she said.

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt does put things so succinctly," cooed Mrs. Burtis.

"Our candidate," said Jerry, "has laid out work for each of us to do."

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt failed to recollect just when she had gone into the matter so exhaustively and practically as her directions, uttered by her private secretary, seemed to indicate. But doubtless she had. One cannot remember the details of every moment of conversation. At any rate, the plan of campaign brought precious encomiums to her ears, and certain encomiums were uttered after the meeting adjourned that were encomiums only by implication. Mrs. Lentils discreetly whispered one of them.

"I wonder," she said, "if she's been taking up this Coué thing."

"I assure you," said Mrs. Burtis aspishly, "that she has always restrained a most remarkable astuteness."

"She certainly," rejoined Mrs. Lentils, "has always showed great self-restraint in that respect."

Jerry's certainty of the dubious chances of their candidate was hers, so to speak, at secondhand. She had it from no less an authority than Marshall Tree, who, by virtue of his official position as assistant prosecuting attorney, was all but omniscient in political matters.

He knew, because he had studied politics from the unenviable position of one to whom preferment in his party is refused to his ambition, for Marshall was ambitious in his high-minded and youthful way. His own appointment had been a sort of sop thrown by Alderman Tomlet in an hour of stress, and Marshall was made well aware that his career was to pay for the irritation his presence caused. Marshall was by nature a reformer. He was a handsome young man, and Jerry loved to have him about for virile decorative purposes, spending much time and thought keeping from his face a certain superior, rather patronizing smile.

On this evening he arrived wearing it ostentatiously—he advertised it. It demanded to be asked questions about itself.

"Well," Jerry said shortly, "whose canary have you eaten? You're all over feathers."

"The Woman's Party!" he said, and he said it the way a person speaks when he has been telling a killing story and arrives at the nub of it.

"Yes, yes," said Jerry discouragingly; "and what about the Woman's Party, Brother Bones?"

"I told you," he said patiently, "that women have not the mental capacity to play the political game."

"Yes; that almost decided me to let it alone. But have you any other proof?"

"Talk about my eating the canary! Alderman Tomlet has eaten your Woman's Party; and there won't be any feathers showing, either."

Now Jerry was interested. Alderman Tomlet was the man who had called her a flapper. He was the real reason why she had shown such an interest in Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's project—the hope that she might find some way to even things up with him. And now he was meddling.

"Exactly what do you mean?" she demanded.

"Why, you don't think professional politicians will let a lot of women fool around, aimless, with a big bunch of regular market-value votes, do you? The city hall's laughing itself sick at Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and the way she's fixed things up just to suit Tomlet."

"Read another page," said Jerry. "Or is the answer in the back of the book?"

"The answer," said Marshall, "is that Emma Green, who is Mrs. Tomlet's Man Friday, is a candidate against your Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt. Of course she's a straw man. Mrs. Tomlet will run the party and the alderman'll tell her how to do it."

"But she isn't elected."

"The whole city machine's behind her. Every man in the organization has orders to get his wife's vote to your organization meeting. A couple of highbrow women's clubs can't beat that."

"U'm!" said Jerry; and then by methods of her own she extracted from Marshall such information as she needed and tucked it neatly away in the pigeonholes of a remarkably retentive memory—the sort of memory that continuously feeds facts into the hopper of the reasoning device where they may be worked over from raw material to finished fabric. As for Marshall, the longer he sat and regarded Jerry's extraordinarily appealing loveliness the less he yearned to talk of things political.

"Jerry," he suggested, "let's lay off this stuff and talk about us."

"What about us?"

"The same old thing," he said a bit hopelessly. "Can't you make up your mind to marry me?"

"Oh, that!" said Jerry with a twinkle in her eye. "Now, I can't say. You look like a regular husband, Marsh; but most of the time you talk as if fifty years with you would be hard to live. When you can lift your conversation to the level of your profile I may consider it." She paused briefly, considering him. "But," she said, "as a reward for this evening's dark deeds I rather think we'll have to elect you prosecuting attorney one of these days."

"Only over Alderman Tomlet's grave," said Marshall with a grin.

"That," said Jerry, "was the illuminating idea—over his political grave."

Throughout the next week Corinth seethed and rocked and rumbled in the throes of such a political earthquake as it had never before experienced. The Lattimer-Pratt party set out grimly to save its face; Lizzie Tomlet, instructed and abetted by her husband, labored along more stereotyped but highly efficient political lines. Jerry McKellar continued to feed raw facts into the hopper of her thinking machine—with results.

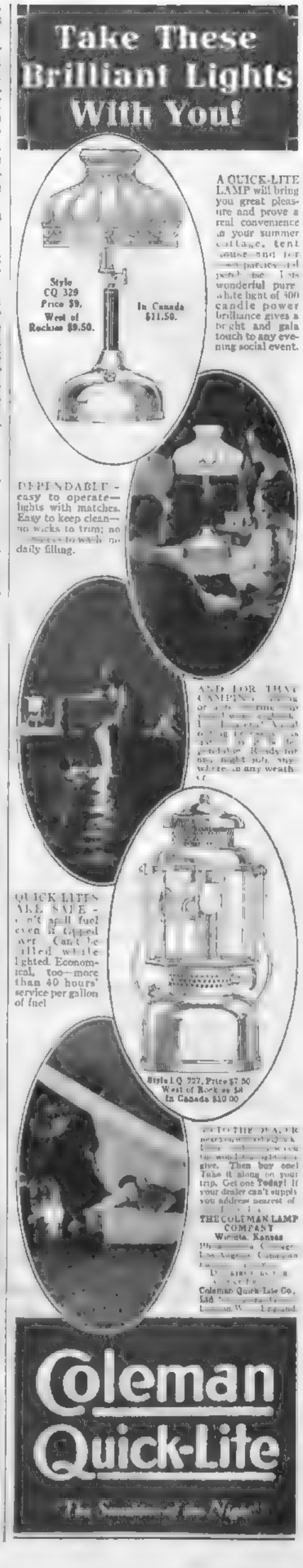
One result was a call upon Mrs. Padriac O'Toole, whose nephew was Mr. McKellar's chauffeur. Mr. O'Toole formerly had been proprietor of a thriving saloon on the West Side and even now was believed to have some lucrative connection with the vending of spirituous liquors. In addition to this he was acknowledged boss of Corinth's minority party—the Democrats. When Jerry left the O'Toole residence that party had decided to place a candidate of its own in the field to oppose both Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and Mrs. Emma Green.

The next step in the prosecution of this idea was a talk with Violet Black's father's gardener, whose brother was secretary of the local Federation of Labor. She approached her objective circuitously, but before she was through the gardener awoke to the realization that the Woman's Party would be a serious menace to the aims of Labor if Labor did not take steps; also that if Labor could come into control of this new thing there would be overwhelming advantages. Consequently at the Tuesday-night meeting of the federation the matter was taken up with noisy thoroughness, to the end that next day a Labor candidate appeared in the field. These matters Jerry accomplished single-handed and without consultation. Had her principals been aware of her activities they would have regarded them with grave suspicion. The following day both Socialists and Prohibitionists announced their candidates, so that, in all, six ladies were striving for the highest office in the gift of the new Woman's Party.

Then Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt gave out an interview of which she was wholly unaware, but which read so well in print that she was able to remember perfectly when she outlined it to her secretary. The interview read:

It fills me with high hope of far-reaching results to see how various interests and parties have joined in the Woman's Party movement. It is right they should do so. The very worthy objects of Labor, the splendid idealism of our Socialists, the unselfish labor for humanity of our Prohibitionists and the untiring struggle against a corrupt political dictatorship of our local Democratic Party deserve recognition and representation. I welcome these to our convention, hoping all will work together for the overthrow of that power which has so long strangled Corinth and which, for mercenary ends, is seeking to control this new force for civic virtue—the women's vote.

The armory in which the meeting was held was filled to overflowing before the hour of call. Jerry viewed the packed auditorium with satisfaction. She had been among the first to arrive, that she might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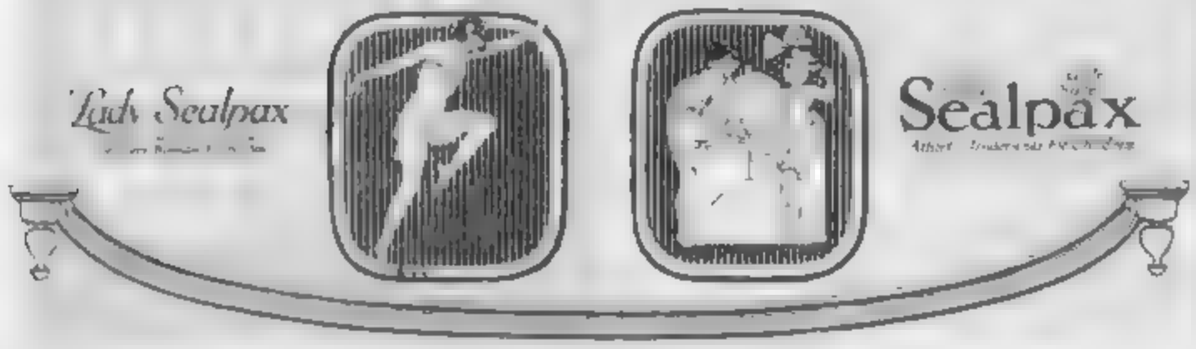

study the grouping of the crowd as it entered. At the right, surrounding Mrs. Emma Green and Mrs. Tomlet, gathered what seemed the largest single following. Opposite sat Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, in the midst of Corinth's socially elect. If one could judge, the Labor Party ranked third in numbers, with the three other parties making decidedly respectable showings. The meeting opened under tension; the temporary chairwoman was made permanent. Directly following, a member of the Socialist group moved that the meeting adopt majority rule, explaining that any officer elected should represent, not a strong minority but an actual majority of the women present. Jerry smiled her prettiest as this rule was adopted.

Then Jerry threw her bombshell. It had required labor and diplomacy on her part to construct the bomb, but its explosion rocked the building. In the interests of harmony, for the good of the party, Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt withdrew as a candidate!

Alderman Tomlet, from his place in the gallery, frowned and swallowed uncomfortably. It was a move he suspected. It looked as if somebody had a plan, but he could not penetrate it. The nominations proceeded; then the initial vote. It was a slow business until the tellers announced the result:

Mrs. Green	226
Mrs. Bemb (Labor)	123
Mrs. O'Toole (Democrat)	121
Mrs. Brinski (Socialist)	42
Mrs. Welkin (Prohibition)	27
Blank ballots	25

This showed a total vote cast of 564; necessary to elect 283. Mrs. Emma Green was 57 votes short of a majority.

Now Jerry, under cover of pretended directions from Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, began manipulating her vote. That lady had come into the convention with 127 votes. On the first ballot Jerry had distributed them, holding a reserve of 25 who voted blank. On the next ballot the Democratic candidate leaped to 151, the Labor to 143, and Socialist and Prohibition dropped to negligibility, having 44 votes to divide between them. Alderman Tomlet was to be seen mopping his brow. This was an unexpected development. If the Democrats, always dangerous, seized this new political weapon, he would be in for trying days.

"Now," said Jerry to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "we'll give the alderman a taste of jazz."

"But," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, "I—I haven't the least idea what's going on. I—I'm positively bewildered"

"And you," said Jerry, "aren't the only one. Watch!"

The third ballot made the alderman twist in his chair. Never had he seen convention or meeting act in so haphazard, eccentric, footless a manner. Labor jumped to 227 votes, one ahead of Mrs. Green. Democrat dropped to 82.

Now the leaders of the Labor Party were seen to busy themselves with the Socialists and Prohibitionists. If they could form a coalition with these small groups the election would be almost within reach; but on the next ballot Jerry threw her entire voting strength to the Prohibitionists, bringing their total to 137 and dropping Labor back to 80.

By this time the convention was becoming briskly, enthusiastically unladylike. It grew shrill, recognizing itself to be in an insane sort of deadlock; recognizing as well that somebody was thimblerigging with upwards of 100 votes. At this point Jerry signaled Marshall Tree, who sat in a corner of the gallery watching with fatherly toleration the grotesque efforts of women to get ahead with matters political. He descended.

"Marsh," she said, "I'm going to do you a favor—a political favor. I'm going to impress you on Alderman Tomlet's mind."

"And how?"

"You are going up to him and sit on his knee, and you're going to say, says you, 'Alderman,' you says, 'which would you rather—agree on a compromise candidate or see this meeting go to the Democrats on the next ballot?'"

"But can you?"

"I can't," said Jerry, "but he doesn't know it. But there's one little thing I can do, and that's prevent anybody from being elected at all till doomsday."

"I see; but what does this favor do for me?"

"It sets you up in business. It places you as the young bright-eyes who knows something about the wild sweet ways of the woman vote. Now skedaddle!"

Marshall climbed the stairs and squeezed in beside Tomlet.

"Alderman," he said, "it looks bad."

"It looks," said the alderman, "like a convention of graduates from a bughouse met to elect a head keeper."

"Which would you rather," Marshall asked—"see the Democrats grab it, or agree on a compromise candidate—on some name not before the convention?"

"Are you talking, or is that just wind?"

"I'm talking."

"Can you deliver?"

"On a silver platter."

"I'd see this fat fat-headed Lattimer-Pratt woman running things before I'll let it drop into O'Toole's lap."

"Which," said Marshall, "is exactly the thing I was coming to."

"Eh?"

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt is the compromise candidate."

"Uh-huh," said the alderman after a pause. "Somehow I didn't think the' was a pill under any of them shells. Young feller, did you rig this meetin'?"

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt did it," said Marshall, believing in his heart the words he spoke.

"That there woman?" demanded the alderman, pointing with his thumb. "That there container for caramels?" He waggled his heavy head. "You can't never tell. Say, I guess her 'n' me's got more in common than a hunderd and ninety pounds of weight. She wins. I know when I'm licked, and I'd ruther take my chances of throwin' in with her than to have O'Toole runnin' this machine. I'm goin' down to speak to my wife."

The alderman spoke to his wife. Immediately thereafter Mrs. Emma Green arose to her feet, red-faced and somewhat disheveled.

"Ladies of the convention," she said, "it is apparent this convention cannot reach a harmonious common ground under the leadership of any of the candidates under consideration. Therefore I wish to present the name of a compromise candidate not affiliated with any of the factions here represented, a woman about whom we can all rally. I offer the name of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed that lady, stricken with astonishment.

"I promised you," Jerry said, "if you'd be good."

Mrs. Bemb, the Labor candidate, sprang to her feet.

"I second that nomination and move that the election be made unanimous by acclamation."

Presently the clamor subsided, the chairwoman put the motion and a shrill volume of ayes pierced the roof of the hall.

"Contrary?" said the chairwoman.

There was no dissenting voice.

That evening Alderman Tomlet made known his sentiments. "Lizzie," he said to his wife, "if I'd 'a' married me a woman like this Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, I could have got to wave these here United States around my head like they was a bedquilt. That woman's got brains."

Mr. Marshall Tree also said his tribute.

"Jerry," he said, "I'm glad you are to be associated with Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt. She's a remarkably able woman—unique, I should say; the ideal wife for a politician. Study her methods."

As for Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt herself, she waved aside congratulations lightly.

"It was nothing," she said; "not worth alluding to. Perfectly simple. All one requires is a knowledge of one's opponents—and a trifling plan." But as she rested her head on the pillow that night she rolled it to and fro uneasily. "Now," she said to herself, "how d'you suppose those women came to elect me, after I'd withdrawn and everything? I suppose they—er—really admire me."

And Jerry. She winked at her reflection in the mirror.

"Call me a flapper, will he? Alderman, you don't know the half of it. . . . What was it Marshall said? U'm—women are not adaptable to the intricacies of politics. Men have evolved to a higher mental plane." Then she lifted a glass of water. "Here's to you, Alderman Tomlet, and to our better acquaintance. The next time we play I think I'll give you about two strokes on each nine."

From which it will be seen that Jerry McKellar was not humble in her day of triumph.

Why Your Oil Stove Should Have Patented Kerogas Burners

"You're a man," a woman said to one of our representatives recently; "so of course you'd never guess the *biggest* reason why a woman who knows anything about oil stoves always insists upon your 'Patented Kerogas Burner.'"

"Why, it's the money it saves," asserted the representative. "The Patented Kerogas Burner automatically mixes one part kerosene with *400 parts of air* and delivers a powerful double flame—a *gas flame*, mind you—directly against the cooking vessel."

"Yes, it's surprisingly inexpensive," agreed the woman.

"—Cleanly, too," continued the representative. "No smoke, no soot, no waste, no odor."

"Very important," commented the woman, "but there's a bigger reason yet."

"Why, convenience, of course," pursued the representative. "Just a turn of that little hand wheel, and you get exactly the kind of heat you want—when you want it—where you want it—in just the way you want it. And that means better cooking."

"And *quicker* cooking," exclaimed the woman. "Dinner on time, *with less time in the kitchen*. In the dictionary of the woman-who-cooks-the-meals—time is the biggest word of all."

* * *

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the "flame within a flame" of the Patented Kerogas Burner. Observe for yourself its intense heat—under perfect control. Compare it with the flame produced by other burners. You will be astonished at the difference

Then—when you *finally* select your stove—*look for the word KEROGAS on the burner. It tells the world that the stove which carries it is a good stove.*

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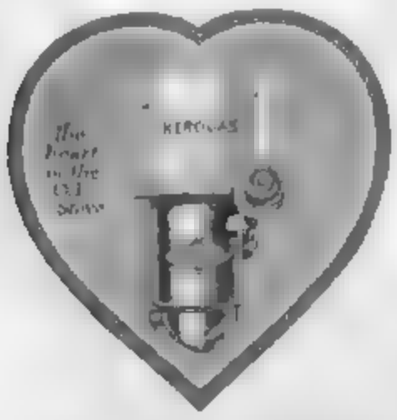

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At last! a real tire lock

A Johnson Spare Tire Lock will give you a lifetime of real protection. It is built of heavy aircraft cable which cannot be cut because it is completely covered, or armored, with hardened steel sleeves or rings. Being interlocked, and revolving freely, they turn from under every blow. Smashing or cutting them is a practical impossibility.

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A Johnson Spare Tire Lock is an indestructible cable—an indestructible lock—and a reduction in insurance—all combined in one rust-proof, dust-proof, rattle-proof unit that will last a lifetime.

Wires, chains, cables or steel strips can all be cut or smashed off. A good blow from a small sledge hammer will break open an ordinary padlock. But the Johnson Spare Tire Lock is made for its job. It makes stealing "spares" so difficult that any thief will work on some easier car. It also has the approval of the insurance companies, saving 5% on your theft premiums in most localities.

Made in all lengths of cable to fit any car or tire, the Johnson Spare Tire Lock is now handled by automobile supply dealers, garages and repairmen. ***Beat the thief***—order a Johnson Spare Tire Lock today with the certainty that you have the best protection you can buy. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

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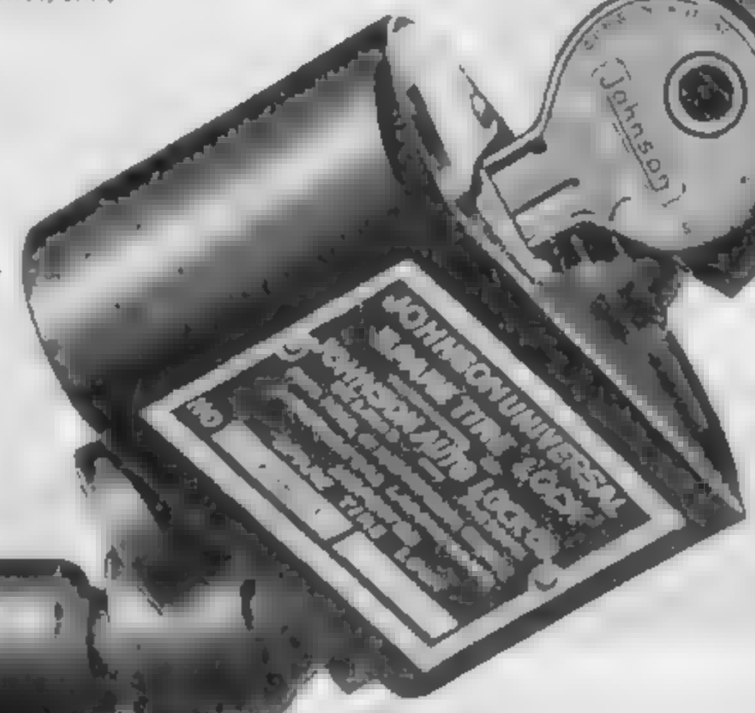

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30

(Rena Divorska was born in Russia in 1893. Coming to the United States in 1892 she obtained a position as model in a department store, and since then has been an insurance broker, a notion salesman, a batik manufacturer, a postman and a teacher of art appreciation in the grammar schools. She is now opening tea rooms in Greenwich Village as fast as the sheriff closes them.)

The Drab Room

BY EULALIA POLTERTHWAITE WATSON

To the woman sitting on the edge of the bed the night seemed endless. The clock on the mantel ticked, for all the world like a clock ticking. Through the window three stars blinked. They looked like stars. A solitary bullfrog, like a bullfrog, croaked in the neighboring marsh. A dog barked like a dog, a chicken crowed like a chicken, the grass pushed itself a thousandth of a millimeter nearer heaven. Grass does, even when you mow it, the woman thought.

The woman on the bed looked at the sick man in the bed. The woman on the bed got off the bed. The bed creaked as she rose. The woman, formerly on the bed, but now off the bed, went to the mantelpiece and took from it a clinical thermometer, the man on the bed following her with his eyes.

The effort was too much for him. With a convulsive movement he turned over in bed and went to sleep.

The woman, returning to his side, prepared to take his temperature. "Open," she said, but when the man's lips remained closed she saw what had happened. Slowly her grip on the fragile glass tube tightened. Then with a passionate gesture she thrust it between her own lips. Avidly her tongue closed over it.

When they pried it out the next morning it registered 98.6 degrees.

(Eulalia Polterthwaite Smith-Watson, or Eulalia Polterthwaite Watson, to use the shortened form which she prefers, was born in New York in 1882 and has lived on a New England farm all her life. Since her marriage to Smith K. Smith in 1921 she has written three novels dealing with New England life.)

Joss

BY ELSIE DODD

"You are the ten-thousand-kilowatt light of my feeble existence," said Bing Bong to his wife, bowing ceremoniously.

"Much obliged," said Chuen Gumm, his wife, returning a bow as ceremonious as his own. She had been to an American college and read The Book of Etiquette, so her husband's formality did not embarrass her as it might have.

Then she jumped into the pool. "Beloved, you are as the fragrance of eight thousand three hundred and thirty-seven daffodils," she breathed as the waters closed over her forever.

She would show that jealous mother-in-law of hers that she could be as devoted as the next one.

The man fell on his knees before the tomb of his ancestors.

The moon hung low.

(Elsie Dodd was born in Davenport, Iowa, and is the wife of a missionary in T'in-P'an Alley, Shanghai. She is the author of Chinese Chintzes, Sampan Sonnets, A Scuttle of Pomegranates and Other Poems, and other volumes of poems.)

—*Baron Ireland.*

Cuberwocky

'TWAS Cubist, and the vortling planes
Did spire and springle in the gloam;
All fordishly the cycles psyche,
And the brome wraiths shout chrome!

Beware the academic, son,
Nor is Impressionism good;
Shun beauty's line, and never have
Your meaning understood.

So shall you join the gandermatch
With other geese, my artish boy,
And though you may not mart your wares,
Yet, cubic in your joy!

But I, who write these lines, am glad
I do not see the world like that,

Laddie Boy—"Where Do We Go From Here? I Don't Care as Long as It's Where Senators Cease From Troubling and Congress is at Rest

No other glass is quite good enough

In overhauling a used car equipped with ordinary sheet glass, replace the sheet glass with plate glass. Any car deserves plate glass in windows, windshield and curtain windows, for plate glass makes a vast improvement in the car's appearance.

Plate glass is smart-looking. Like a neatly tailored top, or nickeled trimmings, it is a mark of distinction. It is the touch of quality that sets a car apart from the crowd.

Clear as the open air itself, plate glass in the windshield allows perfect driving vision. It gives a distinct view of the road ahead, without confusion, repetition or distortion. Plate glass in the side windows gives a clear view of the landscape without the waving and dancing common in ordinary sheet glass.

Plate glass is the ideal glass in closed cars. It slides easily and noiselessly in doors and windows, fits closely without rattling like sheet glass, and is not as easily shattered.

When your car goes to the garage for repairs, see that broken panes are replaced with plate glass. When your house is built, see that plate glass is specified. The satisfaction of having the best is worth far more than the slight additional cost.

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Less than 5 a day	80.00
Less than 1 each working hour	128.00
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For if I did I'd never know
My breakfast from my hat.

'Twas Cubist, and the vortling planes
Did spire and springle in the gloam;
All fordishly the cycles psyche,
And the brome wraiths shout chrome!
—Kent Sargent.

Sports and the Distinguished Foreigner

I TOOK the distinguished foreigner to the ball game.

"You Americans, you are so sportive!" said he. "It is entirely wonderful! You gather yourselves to see a group of your co-citizens struggle themselves for the honor and glory of your city. It is Greek, it is as of the Golden Age! Yonder stalwart baseball man, by example; Pindar might sing of him, how he generously vows himself to sport, to bring to his dear city the caress of fame and to himself a crown of bay and laurel!"

"That is Bunhill. We bought him from Cincinnati for twenty-five thousand dollars. But he hasn't paid for himself. We are going to sell him."

"Ah, of course, it is understood. He will be sold down the river for the picking of cotton. But see! How that one smites the ball! How he is repaid by the plaudits of the populace!"

"He also gets five hundred dollars for a home run."

"Ah, truly. But as I was saying, your tradition of sport is the so great builder of national character. At whom does one now throw so many of bottles?"

"That's the umpire. The dirty yegg just called Grooble out on third."

"Was he not, in fact, out on third?"

"What, Grooble? Of course not! The umpire is a crook and blind in one eye!"

"Ah. There was so much dust that one could not see from here, and as the umpire was standing very near from him —— However, I was saying that it is the great benefit of sport that it so trains and develops the skill, the quickness, the health of the nation entire. In this amphitheater there are how many souls?"

"About twenty thousand."

"And inspired by this spectacle they will all depart to play at the baseball, to build vigor, power, the manly body!"

"Yes, it's a wonderful thing. And now, as we have an hour or so before dinner, we might drop in at the club and play a little billiards. But it's going to be an awful job getting on the street car."

"Let us walk, my dear, let us walk!"

"Good heavens, no! It's nearly a mile! You can't walk. There's a taxi. You can't walk. Nearly a mile. Get in, get in! Good heavens, walk downtown? Nearly a mile!"

In the evening I took the distinguished foreigner to a snappy ten-round prize fight. He talked a good deal about the uplifting influence of sport. I did not pay much attention, as I had ten dollars up on Shifty Lazarus; I lost it because, as I afterward learned, the snake had sold out for two thousand. *—Morris Bishop.*

Journalistic Jingles

The Divorce Story

FAMOUS DIVA WINS DECREE: CHARGED HER SPOUSE WITH CRUELTY

BEFORE Supreme Court Justice Morse
Louisa Schmalz, grand-opera singer,
Today obtained her fifth divorce—
The goat this time was Hermann Klinger.

A fashionable crowd at hand—
Attendants found it hard to handle;
And as the diva took the stand,
All ears were strained to catch the scandal.

"Now tell the jury," counsel said,
"As best, of course, as you remember,
Just what has happened since you wed
This here defendant last September."

"He flirted with the parlor maid,
And she with him, the shameless trollop!
And when I fired the saucy jade,
He handed me a knock-out wallop!"

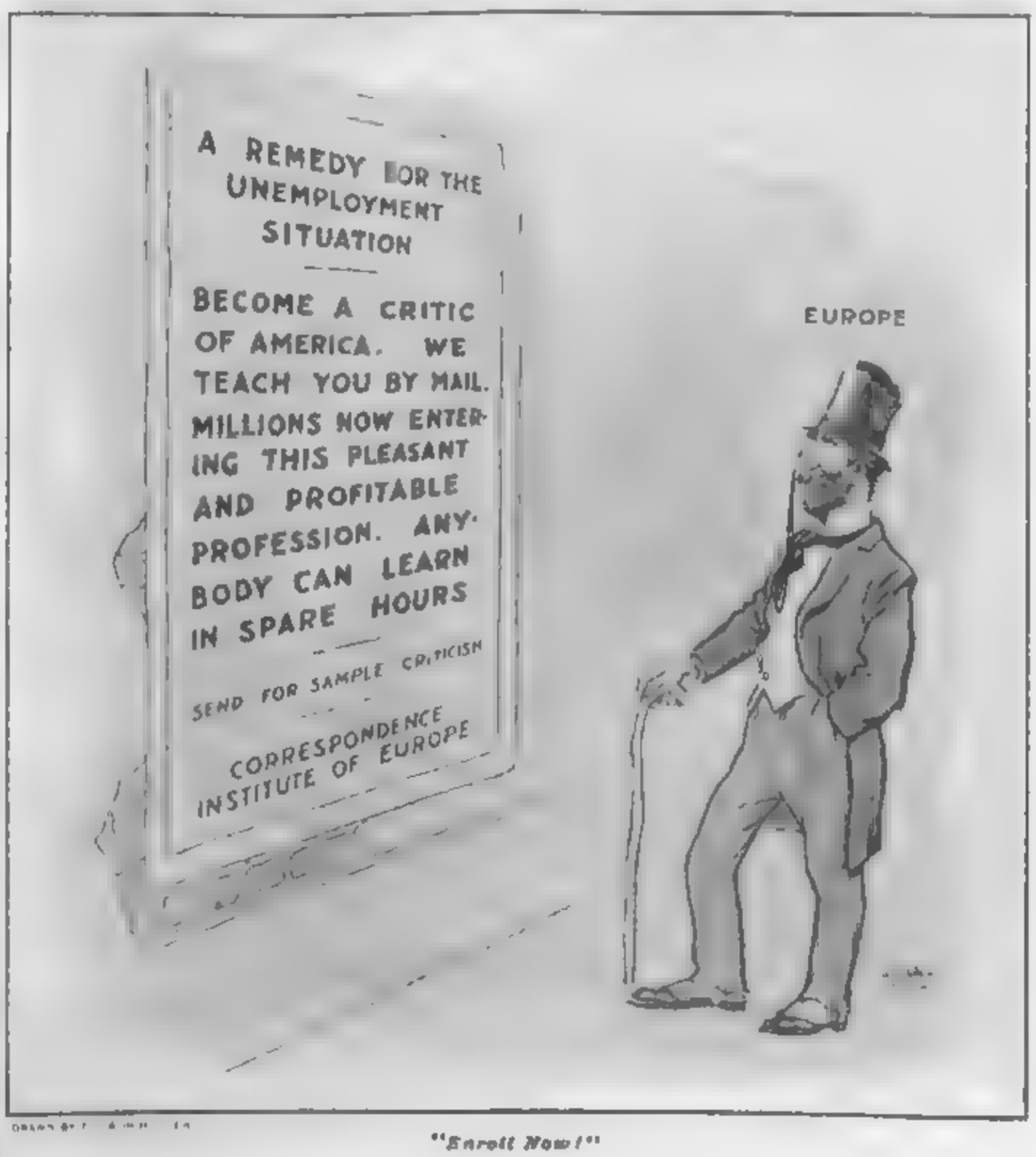
Right here the singer rose to flay
The man she said all grief had brought her.
She would have fainted dead away
If her attorney hadn't caught her.

The witness later held her ground
While under cross-examination.
In guarded tones she got around
Each heated counteraccusation.

Q.—Didn't you crown him with a vase?
A. No, sir!—with the percolator!
Q.—Didn't you call him weasel face?
A.—No, sir!—cross-eyed alligator!

The jurors, out three hours, came
Back only when a none too faint tiff
Had broken up their poker game,
And found a verdict for the plaintiff.

The court room clapped and cried with glee,
And Madame Schmalz herself went giddy,
For she was granted custody
Of both the Pekingese and kiddie!
—Max Lief.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It is quicker than changing tubes. It is far better than "sticking on" patches because *heat-vulcanized* repairs stick in spite of the heat and friction of driving.

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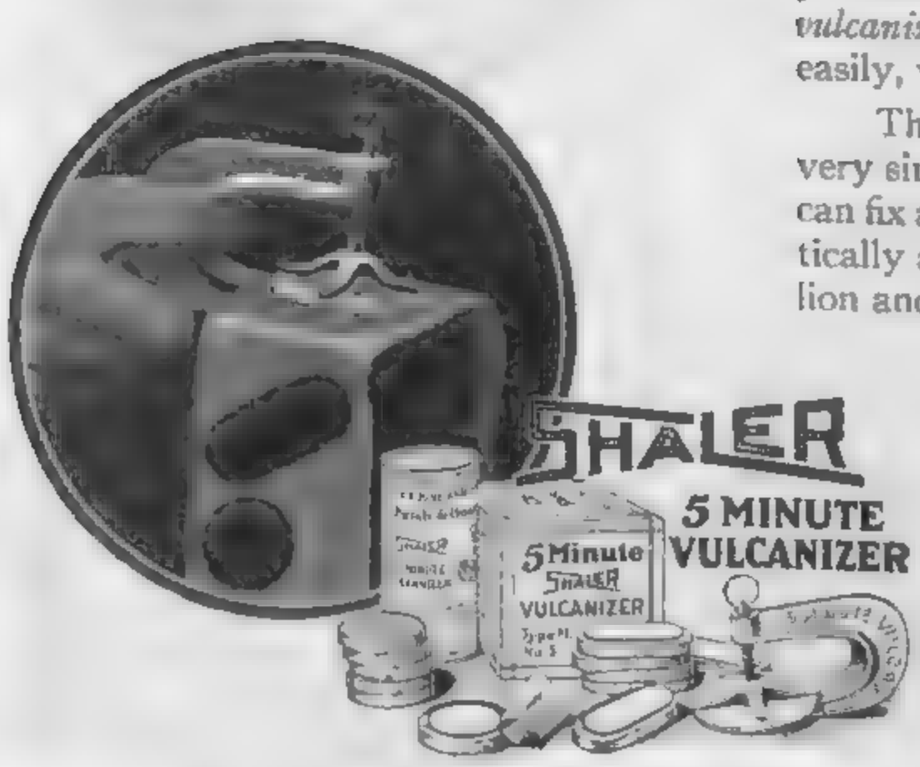

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ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?

(Continued from Page 5)

"And does he complain of that?" she asked. "Isn't it natural for a girl to spend her Sundays with her mother; or does he expect while he's away you and I ——"

"No, no, mother. He doesn't complain. Father isn't a complainer."

"Lita! You hurt my feelings very much, criticizing me like that."

"Dearest mums, I didn't criticize you."

"You did! You said I was always complaining."

"No, dear, I only said that father did not."

This was so true that Mrs. Hazlitt could not deny it, and so with great quickness she shifted her ground.

"Isn't it something new," she said, "for you to feel it necessary to defend your father at every sentence?"

"I wasn't exactly defending him. I only ——"

"My dear, you don't need to apologize for defending your father—very laudable, I'm sure. I feel deeply sorry for him myself—over forty, without a natural human tie. Only I do not feel called on to give up one of my few opportunities of being with you in order to suit his caprices."

"Is it exactly a ——"

"It is exactly that. Rather late in the day for him to begin to discover the responsibilities of parenthood. Is he to have all the rewards?"

It did not seem a promising beginning; and Lita, in whom her mother's rapidly reflected changes of idea always set up a sort of baffled confusion, sighed. Her mother caught instantly that long-drawn-in breath and went through a complete change of mood—as rapid as her mental changes.

"Oh, well, of course, you must lunch with him. I suppose that is what he wants, isn't it?"

Lita simply adored her mother when she was suddenly kind and reasonable like this. It was, the girl knew, a striking triumph of the maternal instinct over the hardly less fundamental human instinct to stick up for one's rights.

"Oh, mums, you are awfully good," she said.

This was not the right thing to say; perhaps nothing would have been.

"Don't thank me," her mother answered sharply, "as if I were doing you a favor. I didn't suppose you were so crazy to leave me. Oh, I know; and, after all, we have all the rest of our lives to spend together. Be sure to get back in time to walk to the train with me."

Lita promised to be back immediately after luncheon was over, and she added that she did really feel it was better to go to her father, as he had said he had something he wished to discuss with her.

At this, Mrs. Hazlitt, who, strictly against the rules of the school, had been sitting on Lita's bed, sprang up, and the girl at once began to smooth the bed. She was always destroying evidence of Mrs. Hazlitt's illegal conduct after one of her visits.

"Lita," exclaimed her mother, quite unconscious of any reproof in her daughter's action, "he's going to be married again! Oh! I suppose I should not have said that, but what else could he want to discuss? I do hope he is."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Lita, astonished to find how disagreeable the idea was to her.

"But don't you see how it would get him out of our way? He could hardly expect you to see much of a new bride, particularly the kind —— Women pursue him so; they think that manner of his covers such a lot; they learn different. . . . No, Lita, not that hat—like Tweedledee in the saucepan. If you come down to me next Sunday I'll get you one that matches the foulard."

Suddenly they began to talk about clothes, and spoke of nothing else until it was time for Lita to go.

She thought as she ran across the green that she of all people ought to understand why her parents couldn't get on. Sometimes her mother made her feel as if she were clinging to a slippery hillside while an avalanche passed over her; and sometimes her father made her feel as if she were trying to roll a gigantic stone up that same hill. But then, on the other hand, sometimes her mother made her feel gay and stimulated, and her father gave her calm and serenity. And, after all, she hadn't chosen them; and they had chosen each other.

Her father was already waiting for her in his little car, a runabout body on a powerful foreign chassis. Everything that Mr. Hazlitt had was good of its kind and well kept up. He was sitting in the driver's seat, reading the sporting sheet of a morning paper, his knees crossed and one elbow over the back of the seat. He looked young and smart. Other cars were waiting—closed cars full of heavy bald parents. Lita felt a glow of pride. To go out with her father was like going out with a dangerous young man. Fortunately the diversity of tastes between her parents extended to their places of lodging. Her mother always stayed at an old-fashioned inn near the school grounds, whereas her father, who motored the forty miles from New York, and so never spent the night, preferred to eat at the hotel in the nearest town.

She got in beside him and they drove for some time in silence. Then he said, and she saw he had been thinking it over for some time:

"Lita, I want to speak to you about interrupting. It's a habit a great many women allow themselves to form. It's not only rude, but it's extremely irritating—alienating, indeed." He went on to assert that such a habit might even wreck her married life. A man, he said, who was interrupted every time he opened his mouth might get so that he never spoke at all; never told his wife things she ought to know.

Lita glanced at him sympathetically. Did the poor dear suppose she did not know just what he meant? She had suffered herself. Her mother often accused her of concealing things which she had tried repeatedly to tell; only her mother, with her mind running like a hound on some other idea, did not even hear. And yet on the other hand she had felt sympathetic when, not long before, her mother had delivered a short lecture on the treachery of silence; she had said—and quite truly—that a silence could be just as much of a lie as a spoken word. She wondered if she were a weak nature, agreeing with everyone who spoke to her.

At the hotel she found her father had ordered a special luncheon for her delight, composed of all the things he liked best himself. The regular hotel dinner, with its immense opportunities for choice, would have been a treat to Lita after the monotony of school fare; but she enjoyed the prestige that the special order gave them in the eyes of the dragoonlike head waitress, who never left their table. That was one of the amusing things about going out with her father. He had a quiet assumption of importance which made everyone think him important.

They had been at table several minutes before he spoke. He said, "If you take so much sauce you lose the flavor of the fish."

"I like the flavor of the sauce best," said Lita, and he smiled, a little sadly, as if he were at a loss to understand how his child could be such an utter barbarian.

Conscious that she had not quite so much time as he thought she had, she hurried to the point and asked him what it was he wanted to discuss. He seemed to be thinking deeply, which alarmed her; then he reached out and added a dash of pepper to his fish.

"Oh," he said, "I find I must go to Italy on business next summer. I wonder if you could arrange it with your mother so that you could go with me."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Lita. "I was afraid you were going to tell me you were going to be married again."

He looked up with a swift dark glance. "Who put that idea into your head?" he asked.

"No one; it just occurred to me."

Where opposing affections exist, a lady, as much as a gentleman, is obliged to lie.

"That was your mother's idea," said her father, and gave a short, bitter laugh, as if human depravity could hardly go lower than to have made such a suggestion.

Well, Lita thought, perhaps her mother ought not to have said it, and yet, why not? Her father had remarried once. It made her feel old and cold, always to be obliged to weigh criticisms and complaints, to decide which of the two people she loved best in the world was right and which was wrong, every other minute. How she envied girls who could accept their parents as a unit!

Seeing her father's mind still occupied with his wrongs, she turned the conversation back to Italy. Of course, she would adore going—at least she would if her mother would agree to it.

"Of course, we could not go otherwise," said her father, and there was somehow in his tone the suggestion that he and his poor child were in the grip of an irrational and arbitrary power. After a moment he added, "And we'd stop in Paris on our way back and get you a lot of things." He smiled—he had a delightful, merry smile, quite at variance to his habitual blankness. "I don't suppose that idea is exactly repugnant to you?"

It wasn't, though Lita knew it was practically bribery. She adored shopping with her father. His method was simple. He went to the best shop and asked for their best things. If he liked them he bought them. If he didn't like them he went to the next-best shop. There was no haggling, no last-minute doubts whether, since the expense was so great, she really needed to get the things after all. Her father in Paris! It was a delirious thought.

"I should enjoy Paris with you, Pat," she said. He smiled with a faint suggestion that others had felt the same way. "If only mother approves."

"I don't see that there is anything to disapprove of, even for your mother, in a man's taking his daughter to Paris."

"What I mean is if she is really cordial about it. I could not go if she weren't cordial."

"Then," said her father, "we may as well give it up at once. For, of course, your mother won't be cordial. She won't want you to go. She never wants you out of her sight if she can help it."

"Father, mother isn't a bit selfish like that."

"I never said she was. It is natural she should want you to be with her. Please get it into your head, Lita, that I should never under any circumstances criticize your mother—least of all to you."

Lita looked at him reflectively. If he had been Aurelia she would have said "Bunk, my dear, and you know it." That was the way she and Aurelia carried on their relation—in the open. Candor cleared the air; but older people, Lita had found, did not really want the air cleared. They could not stand criticism; perhaps that was why they were always insisting that they did not criticize, when as a matter of fact they never did anything else.

Luncheon pursued its delicious but somewhat leisurely way. Mr. Hazlitt lit a cigar and sent the coffee back to be heated. It was a pleasant moment. Lita was conscious that he was treating her more as an equal companion than ever before. She was enjoying herself, and yet in the back of her mind was a distressing awareness that time was passing and she ought to be getting back to school to her mother.

"The truth is," her father was saying, "that as one gets older one loses the power, or perhaps the wish, to make new friends; and one clings to the old ties. I hope you will arrange eventually, when you are twenty-one, to spend at least half the year with me. I shall be in a position then to make some long expeditions—China and Patagonia, and I should like you to go with me."

Lita's imagination took fire, but she said loyally, "But how about mother, Pat? I suppose she's lonely too."

Mr. Hazlitt laughed shortly.

"Your mother," he said, "unless she has changed very much, probably does not spend one waking hour in the twenty-four alone. I doubt if she ever loses the power of making new friends—quite indiscriminately. And, after all, I am only asking for half your time."

"But, father, suppose I should marry?"

Her father looked at her with startled eyes, as if she had suggested something unnatural and wrong.

"Marry!" he said. "I hope you have no such idea in your head."

She had not. Indeed her immunity from the crushes which occupied so much of the time and attention of her schoolmates occasioned her some concern. She feared her nature was a cold one. She disclaimed the idea of marriage, except as she had observed it in common.

"People do, you know," she said.

"A good many would be wiser if they didn't," said her father. "I am particularly opposed to young marriages."

He and her mother had married when they were young.

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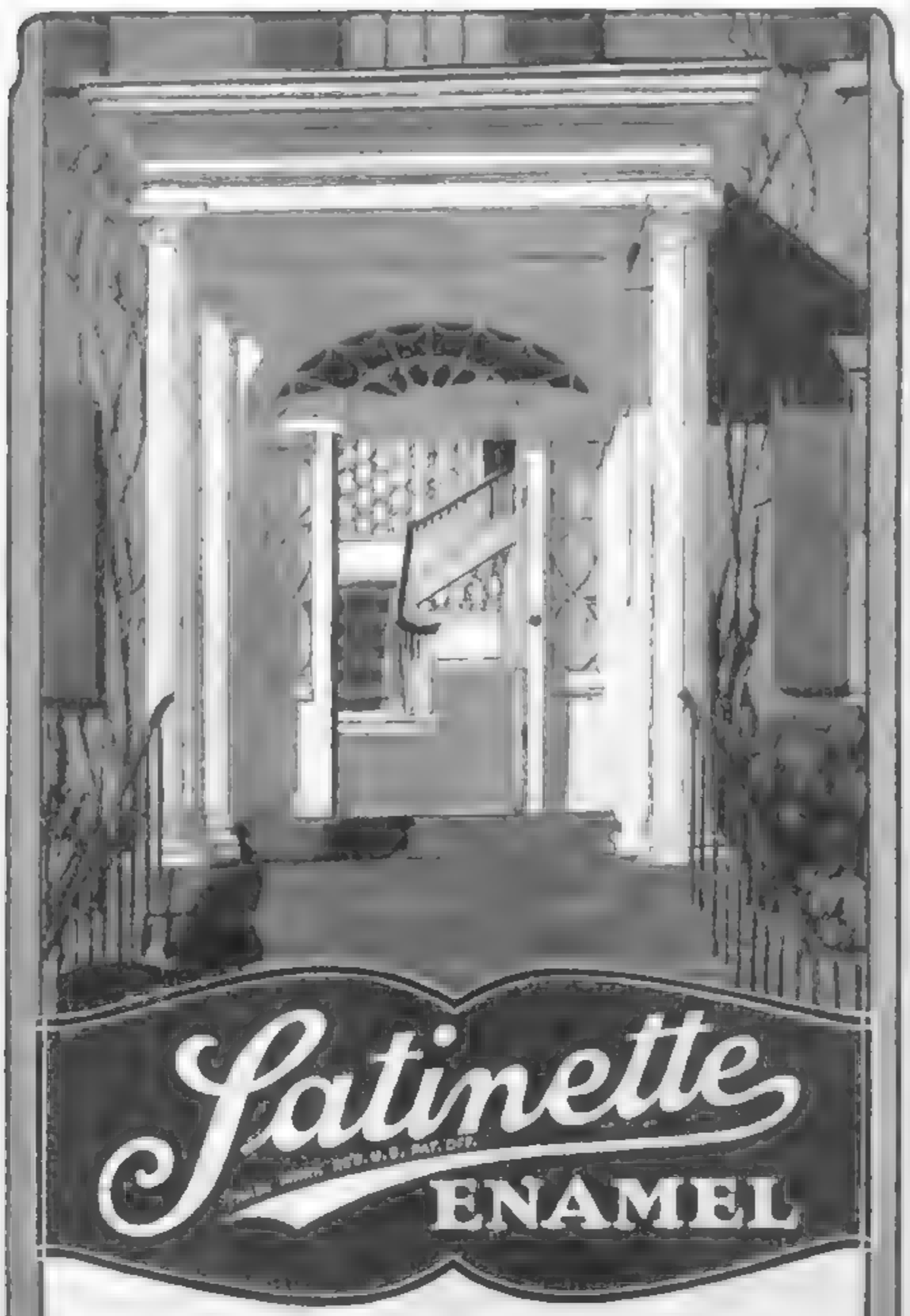

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Presently she was obliged to tell him that she must go. He did not gainsay her decision, but she saw he took it as meaning that she had not really enjoyed herself. Yet when she tried to say she had—that she was sorry to leave him—it kept sounding as if she were saying it was a bore to go back and walk to the station with her mother. If only she could be loyal to one parent without being disloyal to the other!

She was a little bit late at the school. Her mother was just starting without her.

"Oh, I understand," she said, without listening to Lita's explanation. "Very natural. You were enjoying yourself; you don't need to explain."

Lita saw she was hurt but had determined to be nice about it.

They started on their walk. First they crossed the athletic fields; then their way would lie through the school woods, and then across stony fields, and then they would come out on the macadam road to the station—about three miles across country.

The Italian trip, which had seemed so simple and pleasant when her father mentioned it, now began to take on the appearance of a dark conspiracy. Lita thought that she would far rather give it up than mention it, only she had promised her father that she would speak of it that afternoon so that he might have plenty of time to make his arrangements. He was very particular about special cabins on a special boat. Oh, dear, with her mother's feelings already a little hurt, it wasn't going to be easy! Mrs. Hazlitt herself started conversation.

"And so you had a delightful lunch?" she said, trying to be nice, but also trying to find out what it was her child's father had wanted to discuss, for she was curious by nature.

"Yes, very nice. Pat's going to Italy next summer on business."

"Really?" said her mother, without special interest. "Some people's business does take them to the nicest places."

Lita suddenly wondered how it would work if she forced these insinuations of her parents to their logical conclusions.

"Don't you believe father really has business in Italy?" she inquired mildly.

"Of course he has if he says so. What funny things you say, Lita! Your father is one of the most accurate people I ever knew—if he makes an assertion. Well, if he goes to Italy that will leave us entirely free. I thought perhaps it would amuse you if I took a house at Southampton this summer. Of course, when I was young Newport was the place; but now I'm told the young people prefer ——"

"But, mother," said Lita, and she felt just the way she did before she dived into cold water, "he wants to take me with him."

Mrs. Hazlitt merely laughed.

"A likely idea!" she said.

"And I told him I would ask you how you felt about it."

Her mother stopped short and looked at her. Then she said, and each syllable dropped lower and lower like pebbles falling down a well, "In fact—you want—to go."

It was hard to be truthful.

"Well, yes, in a way, I should like to go; at least I thought so when Pat spoke of it." She thought she ought to go as far as this, but even this moderate statement was fatal.

"You shall not go!" said her mother, her eyes beginning to enlarge as they did in moments of emotion until they seemed to fill her whole face. "I won't hear of it—or go—go if you want to. I never want anyone to stay with me as a duty."

"Mother dear, I don't care. I don't really want to go; it was just an idea."

"Do at least be honest about it. Of course you want to go, or you would not have promised to try to work me round to agreeing to it—conspiring together. No, of course I don't mean that. Nothing could be more natural at your age than to snatch at any pleasure that comes. I don't blame you—a child—but him—trying to steal you ——"

Her nostrils began to tremble on her quick intaken breaths.

"Father did not mean ——"

"Of course you don't think so; but you don't know him as well as I do," said her mother. "I suppose you've utterly forgotten how little he cared for you when you were a child; but now that all the care and responsibility is over ——"

She simply could not go on.

Lita, a little constrained by this display of emotion, said, smiling, "It's nice to know I'm no care, mother." But as an effort at the light touch it was not a success.

Mrs. Hazlitt did not even hear her. She went on: "Now he's ready to charm you and tempt you away so as to leave me alone again. Oh, never love anyone, Lita, when you grow up! It's all pain. Be like your father; take what you want and go on your own horrible way, leaving destruction behind you." She covered her face with her hands, not because she was crying, but to hide the chattering of her teeth; and then as a new idea swept over her she dropped them again and continued: "It's all my own fault. I've been too absurdly honorable. I've brought you up to respect and admire him, when all the weapons were in my hands and I might just as well have taught you to despise him as he deserves. I wish I had. Oh, how I wish I had! I've never said a word against your father, have I, Lita?"

"Never—never, dearest," said Lita. She thought to herself, "They are making me a liar between them, but I couldn't say anything else to her just now."

She was not a prig, but she could hardly help feeling that sense of superiority—of being in control of the situation—that the calm are so apt to experience in the presence of turgid emotions.

Mrs. Hazlitt suddenly turned back to her.

"But you don't really want to go with him?" she said as hopefully as if a minute before she had not considered the contrary as proved.

"No, mother, I don't."

"These silent people! Fortunately I know him like a book. He's probably been plotting this for months. I see what he's up to. He wants to get things so that by the time that you're twenty-one you'll be willing to spend some of your time with him; but you wouldn't do that, would you?"

"Nothing could ever come between you and me, mother. That's the solid comfort of a mo——"

"You don't answer what I say; you are keeping back some of your thoughts, just like your father. Oh, I couldn't bear it if you grew like him! No one is ever so candid as I am. What is in your mind?"

"Nothing, mother. It crossed my mind that I might marry some day."

"Marry!" Her mother's tone, given the difference of sex and temperament, was identical with her father's; as if marriage were a crime other people's daughters might commit, but not her lovely child. "What in heaven's name are you talking about, Lita?"

"Well, mother, you were mar——"

"And do you quote my case? Marriage! No, not until you are twenty-five at least. Don't mention the word to me!"

At least there was one subject on which her parents were in hearty agreement—the first, as far as she could remember, that she had ever found. They did not want her to marry. But, she reflected, as she joggled home alone on the back seat of the school flivver, was it entirely interest in her welfare that made them opposed? Wasn't it rather that they needed her to fill the gap in their lives that their own separation had made? This, she thought, was the real objection to divorce—that it made parents too emotionally dependent on their children. Suppose she died. She considered the possibility steadily. Why, yes, if she died they would probably come together in their grief.

She saw a little picture of herself in the infirmary, with her parents standing hand in hand at the foot of the bed. And yet one really could not commit suicide in order to reconcile one's parents.

Well, Italy was now out of the question; Italy was canned. She must write to her father immediately that she could not go, and she must do it so as not to make her mother seem selfish, and so as not to hurt her father's feelings. Some letter, she thought. She saw herself walking the deck of an enormous steamer, hanging on his arm, ordering meals in amusing restaurants, the Paris shops gleaming with hats and jewels and beaded bags and fans, all for her. Of course it was natural that she wanted to go. . . . .

The car stopped at the door of the main school building, and she sprang out, free at last to give her attention to Aurelia. Strangely enough, though she did not love her friend so much as she did her parents, she worried more about her, as one equal about another.

(Continued on Page 145)

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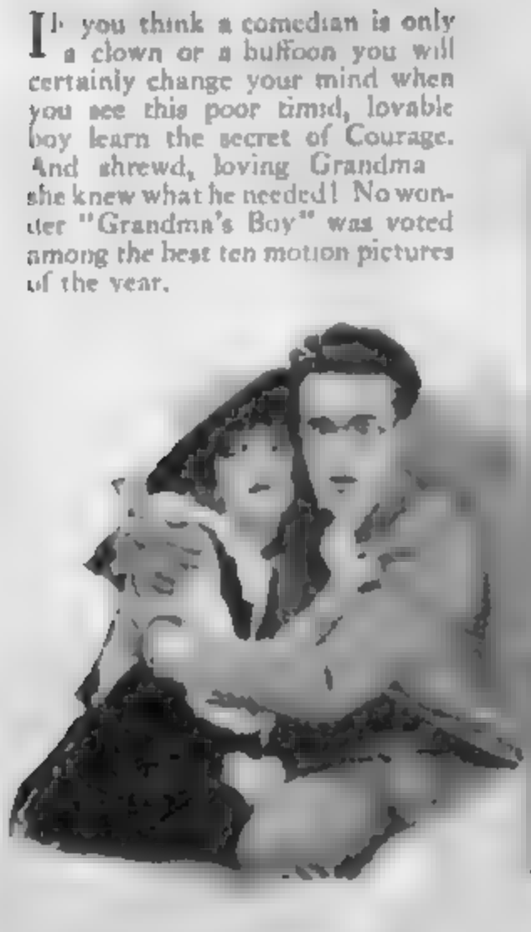
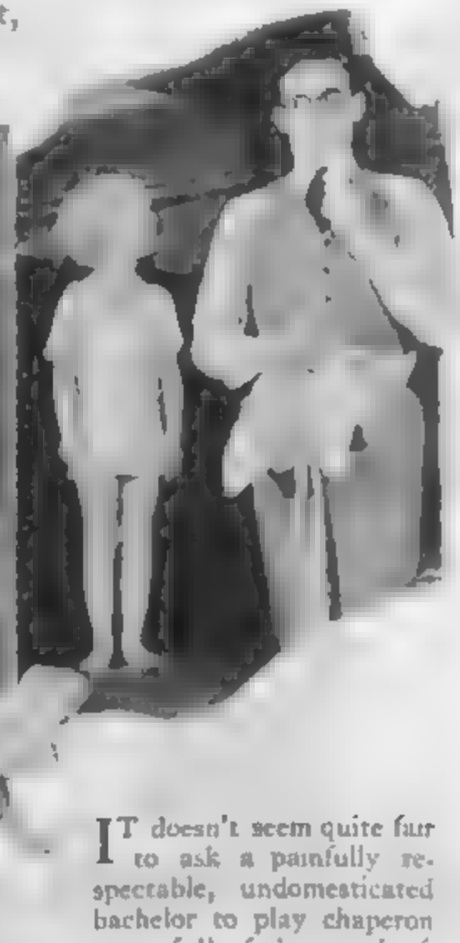


HAROLD and Mildred find in "Never Weaken" that true love runs a dangerous course, often high in the air. Lovelorn Lloyd perched on a girder, doing his level best to get back to solid ground—and to his sweetheart—may not sound funny, but it is an uproarious spectacle.

WHEN a fellow who has never been outside his home town gets into society, and is asked to tell of his African hunting experiences—just what would the book of etiquette advise? Use his imagination, is our guess.

And in "Among Those Present" Lloyd does use his imagination—recklessly and wondrously as you can judge from the expression of his hostess.



IT doesn't seem quite fair to ask a painfully respectable, undomesticated bachelor to play chaperon to a full-of-the-mischief, four-year-old girl in a crowded Pullman. But in "Now or Never," Lloyd does find a way out of his troubles—after his own fashion

(Continued from Page 142)

The infirmary, a neat white cottage, was set in a remote corner of the grounds. As Lita bounded up the steps she met Miss Barton coming out.

Every head of a school, perhaps every head of an institution, perhaps everyone in the world, acquires an artificial manner to serve as a method of holding off crises. Some adopt the genial, some the meditative, some the stern. Miss Barton had chosen the intellectually airy. As a problem was presented to her she would say "Ah, yes," with a faint, calm smile, as if that special problem were so easy and familiar she might float away to something more stimulating without remembering to give you the answer. She was a tall, good-looking woman, pale eyed, pale skinned, with thick crinkly gray hair, parted and drawn down to a knot at the nape of her neck, it looked exactly like a wig, but wasn't. She stopped Lita.

"Oh," she said with her habitual gay casualness, "we have been looking for you. Don't be alarmed, but it seems that Aurelia has appendicit's."

"Yes, I felt pretty sure she had," answered Lita.

Miss Barton did not think it worth while to contradict this absurd assertion. She merely smiled on one side of her face and replied that the doctors themselves had only decided it fifteen minutes before. It appeared that Aurelia was eager to see her friend before the operation.

"She's in Room 11," said Miss Barton. "They will operate as soon as they can get things ready. Don't alarm her. There is no risk nowadays, nothing to be excited about."

"Is she excited?"

"I think not."

"Of course she isn't."

It is hard sometimes to be patient with older people, playing their own rôles so busily they lose all sense of other individualities. Aurelia, Lita imagined, was probably the calmest person in the infirmary.

In Room 11 she found her roommate lying on her side, very pale, with her dark hair dragged back and tightly braided. The nurse was moving in and out and the two girls were practically alone, while the following dialogue took place:

"Pain?"

"Oh, my!"

"Poor kid!"

"Lita, in my shoe box there are five pictures of Gene Valentine, and a note ——"

"From him?"

"No, dodo, from me—a rough draft. Get them, will you?"

"You bet!"

"Thanks."

Then the nurse came in to say that everything was ready, and Lita was hurried out of the room. She kept telling herself that there was nothing to worry about, but her heart was beating oddly.

In the hall a young man was standing; or rather, from Lita's point of view, an older man, for he must have been twenty-eight or nine. He was attired in a long white robe rather like a cook—or an angel. The sight of him dressed thus for his work upset Lita and made her feel like crying; in fact she did cry.

"Don't you worry," said the young man in a deep voice—a splendid, rolling, velvet sort of voice. "We've got the best man in the country to operate; there's no danger."

"Is that you—the best man in the country?"

He laughed.

"To be candid, no," he said. "I'm Doctor Burroughs' assistant. He's the best there is. There is nothing to cry about."

"If people only cried when there was something to cry about," said Lita; and added in an exclamation of the deepest concern, "Oh, goodness!"

Her tone alarmed the young man.

"What is it?"

"I haven't got a handkerchief."

He lifted his apron and from the pocket of his blue serge trousers he produced an unfolded handkerchief, which he gave her.

"I have a little sister just about your age," he said.

Lita's face was in the handkerchief as she asked. "How old?"

"Let me see," said the doctor. "I think she must be twelve."

A slight sound that might have been a sob escaped from Lita, and the doctor was so moved with compassion that he patted her on the head. Then the door of Room 11 opened and his professional duties called him away.

A moment later he came out, bearing Aurelia away to the operating room, and Lita went into Room 11 to wait. He promised as he passed to come and tell her as soon as it was over.

She felt perfectly calm now as she sat grasping his handkerchief in her hand. It was fine and embroidered in two letters—L. D. She ran over the L names and found she liked nearly all of them—Lawrence, Lionel, Leopold—not so good, though Leo was all right—Lewis—oh, of course, it was Lewis! She said the word aloud.

How still the house was! Now they were probably giving Aurelia the anæsthetic; now ——

There was no use speculating about what D stood for. He thought she was twelve, did he? She put her hand up to where his had rested on the top of her head. She could not begin to make hers cover the same area. He must have a large hand. Well, that was all right; he was a large man. She could see his face before her, smooth as to skin and rather jutty as to outline of brows and jaw, and his heavy, thick, short, black hair, almost like an Indian's in texture. And she had thought that she preferred blond men. L. D.—Lita D. . . . . She wondered if she ought to go immediately and hunt up those photographs of Aurelia's. What a time it would make if they should be found before she got there! How long would this take—an hour? Would he really come back himself, or would he sent that light-hearted, gray-haired nurse who looked like Marie Antoinette? If he patted her on the head he might even —— Lawrence—Leonard ——

Suddenly he was in the room again, smelling horribly of disinfectants.

"It's all right—all over," he said. He began to pluck ineffectually at the back buttons of his white robe. "Help me, there's a good child," he said, stooping so that she could reach.

She undid the buttons, the garment slipped to the floor, and he stood revealed as a normal young man in his shirt and dark blue serge trousers. He began rolling down his shirt sleeves, talking as he did so.

"Your friend has good nerve—brave and calm. Your sister? No? What's your name?"

"Hazlitt."

Too kind to smile at this infantile assumption of importance, his eyes did laugh a little, but he said, "I meant your first name."

"Lita. What's yours?"

"Luke—Well, Lita, I'm going to write to Effie about you. Wait! Where are you off to in such a hurry?"

She could not tell him that she was going to destroy the patient's compromising correspondence.

She said mysteriously, "I must go. You've been so kind. Good-by." For one tense moment she thought he was going to kiss her.

Evidently there is such a thing as thought transference, for as she drew back she heard him saying, "No, certainly not. I should not dream of kissing a lady of your mature years."

"You never kiss ladies of mature years?" murmured Lita in the manner of a six-year child.

"Well, I know how Effie feels on the subject. She boxed the ears of our local congressman for a salute which he offered merely as a vote getter. It was a terrible shock to him."

"You have a shock coming to you," she answered gently, and left the room.

She had a shock of her own on entering her bedroom, for Miss Jones, the house mistress, was already busy with Aurelia's bureau drawers. Had she or had she not lifted the top of the shoe box? It was necessary to act quickly; but fortunately Miss Jones was young and pleasant and easy to get round. If it had been Miss Barton —— The school often commented with a sort of wondering irritation on the fact that in dealing with girls Miss Barton was not absolutely an idiot.

"Halloo, Jonesy dear," said Lita with a soft friendliness which in pupils is somewhat like the bearing of gifts by Greeks. "She's all right. The operation's over, the doctor told me."

Miss Jones was winding pink ribbon on a card, and answered, "Oh, isn't he wonderful? Of all the great men I ever met Doctor Burroughs inspires ——"

"It wasn't Doctor Burroughs. It was the other one, his assistant—what's his name? It begins with a D."

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But Miss Jones didn't know anything about the assistant, and drew Lita's attention from a subject tolerably absorbing by asking if she knew where Aurelia kept her bedroom slippers.

"Look here, Jonesy," said Lita. "Who is that queer-looking man—like a tramp—on the piazza downstairs?"

"I'll run down and see," said Miss Jones.

She was small, but there was something about her manner which would have made anything but a mythical tramp tremble.

When she had gone Lita opened the shoe box and found five large photographs of Eugene Valentine lying on top of the shoes: one in the aviator's uniform of his new play; one in his coronation robes in his last success, The King is Bored; and the other three just Eugene Valentine, with the light shining on the ridges of his wavy light hair. He was an awfully good-looking man, Lita thought—if you liked blonds. She laid the photographs under the paper in the bureau drawer Miss Jones had finished tidying. The draft of the letter had slipped down among the shoes, and Lita had only time to thrust it into the pocket of the coat she was wearing before Miss Jones was back again, saying that the tramp must have gone away.

Supper that evening was exciting. The great Doctor Burroughs had driven magnificently back to town in his car before Aurelia was fairly out of the anæsthetic; but he had left his assistant behind him—a clever young fellow. Miss Barton murmured she hoped he was tactful, discreet; one had to be careful in a school—parents, you know. Doctor Burroughs assured her she need give herself no concern; Doctor Dacer was quite safe—minded his own business—no trouble with the nurses or anything like that—just the sort of young man to leave in a girls' school. Even the wisest may be betrayed into sweeping statements when in a hurry to get away to Sunday dinner.

Lita, as chairman of the self-government committee, sat at the head of one of the senior tables—a conspicuous position. The girls were all in their places before Miss Barton came in with the tactful and discreet young fellow. It was the school's first view of him, and Lita could hear the comments of her peers rising about her:

"Looks a little like Doug."

"Isn't Aurelia the lucky stiff?"

"What are the symptoms of appendicitis? I feel them coming on."

She tried not to look at Miss Barton's table, and when she did she met his eye. He nodded and smiled with open friendliness; and bending toward Miss Jones, with his eyes still on hers, asked quite obviously for details about his little friend. Lita saw the smile fade from his face as he received them. Then a quite different smile flickered across his face; the smile of a man who says to himself, "To have even mentioned kissing the chairman of the self-government committee!"

As they were all moving out of the dining room again, Miss Barton called Lita to her.

"You will be glad to know," she said, "that Doctor Dacer says Aurelia will be up within two weeks—no complications—no danger. This is Lita Hazlitt, Doctor Dacer, Aurelia's best friend."

The doctor showed some of his advertised caution by merely bowing, but Lita answered, "Oh, yes, Doctor Dacer was so kind this afternoon." And looking up at him she asked, "Have you written to Effie yet?"

"Not yet," he returned politely; but below the level of the teacher's eyes a clenched fist made a distinctly menacing gesture in Lita's direction, and the corner of Lita's mouth, which occasionally created a dimple, just trembled. The doctor turned to Miss Barton, and it would be hard to imagine anything more professional than his manner as he said, "My patient seems to be very dependent on Miss Hazlitt. She was just asking for her. I think it would be a good idea if Miss Hazlitt could be in and out of the infirmary a good deal during the next few days."

"Of course, of course," said Miss Barton, who, though trained to distrust girls, was not trained to distrust doctors. "Aurelia is so alone, poor child." And lowering her voice as she moved away, with the doctor bending politely so as not to miss a syllable, Lita could hear a murmur:

"These terrible divorces! Do you know that over twenty of my girls ——"

Lita found herself excused from sacred reading that evening so that she might sit with her friend.

Yet oddly enough, when she reached the infirmary the white-haired nurse seemed surprised to see her, and said that the doctor had given the patient something to make her sleep before he had gone to supper, and that she ought not to wake until morning—at least they hoped not.

But at that moment Dacer came out of another room, where he had evidently been smoking a pipe, and said, "Oh, well, stick round a little. She might wake up."

The nurse gave him a sharp look; and then, being really discreet and tactful, retired into Room 11 and shut the door. Lita and the doctor were left facing each other in the hall.

"Let's go out," he said, "where I can smoke. It's a good sort of evening—with a moon."

"Mercy!" answered Lita. "How do you think a girls' school is run? I couldn't do that."

"I thought the chairman of the self-government committee could do anything."

"On the contrary, she has to be particularly careful, and not go about exposing herself to being patted on the head."

"She was lucky worse than that didn't happen, masquerading as an infant." And then, without the slightest pause, but with a complete change of tone, Lita heard him saying: "No, I'm sorry; but I think it would be better not tonight. . . . Ah, Miss Barton, I was just saying to Miss Hazlitt that as the patient had fallen asleep it would be better not to disturb her again tonight."

"Of course," said Miss Barton, who, it appeared, was coming upstairs behind Lita's back. "I think if you ran back to the study, Lita, you'd get in for the end of the reading."

And as she turned obediently away she heard Miss Barton suggesting that if Doctor Dacer found the infirmary dull, the sitting room in her cottage was at his service. No, Doctor Dacer had a good deal of work to do, Lita smiled to herself. He had not seemed so busy a few minutes before.

She had never been in love—never even deeply interested before. She had looked with surprise and envy on her classmates; not only Aurelia, with her devouring passion for Valentine; but Carrie Waldron, the senior president, who worshiped a dark-eyed motion-picture actor; and Doris Payne, who loved a great violinist to whom she never expected to speak. The authorities were terribly down on this sort of thing; but Lita, who knew more about it than the authorities, was not sure. Would Carrie be studying Spanish at odd moments so as to know more about her idol's great bull-fighter part—would Doris work so hard at her music—would Aurelia be learning Romeo and Juliet by heart as she did her hair in the morning—Romeo was a part Valentine was always contemplating—if it were not for love? More, would Miss Barton's course in English constitutional history be so interesting if Miss Barton did not feel—as the school had discovered—a romantic passion for Oliver Cromwell? Certainly not!

Her mother thought these excitements vulgar. She said if girls must be silly, why not be silly about people in their own class of life? But Lita explained that the boys they knew were not so thrilling. Had her mother, she asked, never bought the picture of an actor? "Never!" said her mother with conviction; but Aunt Minnie, who happened to be there, said, "Nonsense, Alita! You had a picture of Sothern as the Prisoner of Zenda." Mrs. Hazlitt said that she hadn't, and that was entirely different anyhow.

The only result of the conversation was that Mrs. Hazlitt began to suspect Lita of some such ill-bred passion—most unjustly. The whole subject had had merely a theoretical interest for Lita. She was too practical to be fired by these intangible heroes—dream, dead or dramatic.

But now, even that first Sunday, as she stepped out of the infirmary into the bare March moonlight, she found that real life could hold the same thrill for her that dreams did for these others.

"And that," she said to herself, "is where I have the best of it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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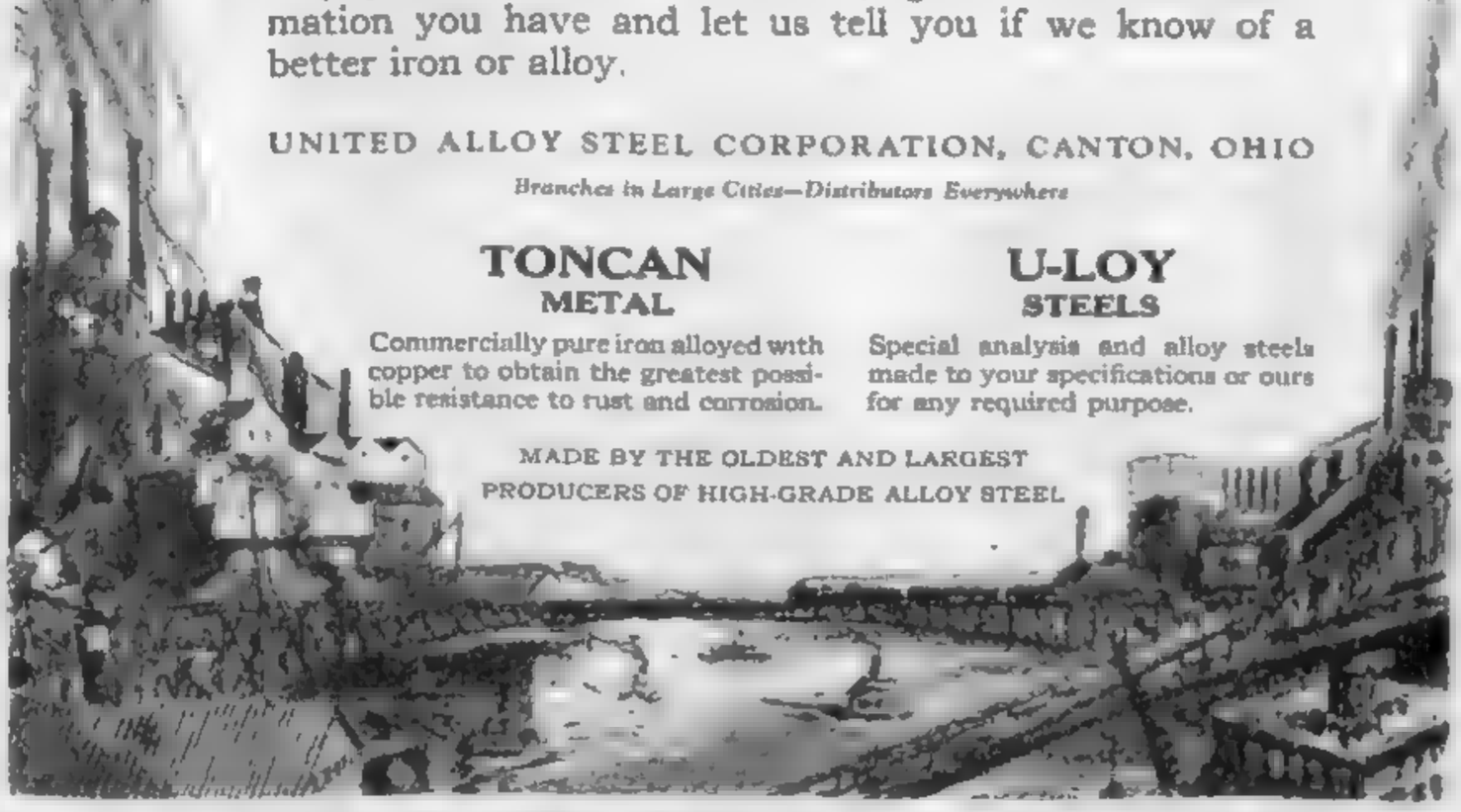

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PICORON

(Continued from Page 17)

itself the open shed, the *hangar*, which remained, piled now with broken wood and much débris, and the butt end of a cottage to which Huet led his visitors. They had spoken no word while they walked from the *brasserie*, and Huet did not speak now as he pulled open the door and stood beside it while the two others passed in.

"You can sit down," he told them curtly.

"I thank you," said the attorney.

There was a chair beside the table which stood in the middle of the floor, and he seated himself there, laying his hat before him and proceeding slowly to draw off his gloves. His eyes traveled over the little chamber intelligently the while. There was scarcely anything in it that a laborer, a cultivator of potatoes and the like, might not have; and yet, in their arrangement, in the manner in which some things lay about and others were stowed aside, there was a quality of practiced bachelor housekeeping, a hint of the comforts and contrivances of the camp.

"You have a nice little place here," he said blandly

Huet was standing at the other side of the table, watching him. The youth, of whom the *aveué* had spoken as his brother, had walked straight to the hearth and stood with his back to them; they heard him sniff and sigh and return a little paper packet to his pocket.

"Now!" said Huet suddenly. He drew out another chair and sat opposite the attorney. "So you know Tropin, do you?"

Monsieur Borel shrugged apologetically.

"What would you?" he said. "In my profession one meets all sorts. I have done business in which he was concerned So when I desired to find someone—someone private—who had been in South America and might chance to have known a certain person—well, I inquired of Tropin. He is, after all, a man of many acquaintances."

Huet's brows, under the cap, which he had not removed, drew together

"Many, indeed!" he said. "Half the criminals of Paris pay taxes to him. If you wanted, say "

The attorney nodded.

"Yes," he put in, "if you wanted, say, a set of false identity papers "

He looked up at Huet and smiled openly.

"So he told you that!" said Huet. "Why did he tell you, I wonder."

There was nothing apologetic in Monsieur Borel's shrug this time.

"He was anxious that you should not refuse to help us, perhaps," he answered.

"Oh!" said Huet, and sat thoughtful for some seconds. "I thought I was lucky when I found him; but we shall see," he added. "Well, what is it you want to ask me?"

He sat back in his chair, crossing his knees and holding the edge of the table in two great red sharp-knuckled hands. With the attitude his whole figure took on of a sudden a reckless and desperate quality; it was as if he had thrown off a disguise and revealed himself.

"I should say first," said Monsieur Borel, "that you have nothing to fear, either from Tropin or from us. Nothing whatever," he protested, misreading the flicker of a smile upon the other's face. "It comes then to this: You lived once in South America—in Venezuela?"

Huet nodded.

"In Caracas?" Huet nodded again. "And you were there during the attempt to overthrow President d'Aguillas?" Once more the nod.

"Ah!" cried Monsieur Borel. "This begins to look better! You hear this, Victor?"

The tall youth had turned about and was listening to them He had profited in his own miserable fashion by the moments when he had first entered the cottage. There was a flush, faintly emulating his brother's pink and white, on his corpse-colored cheeks, his eyes had come to life.

"I hear," he said. "But ask him ——"

The attorney cut him off with a lifted hand.

"All in good time," he said. "Monsieur Huet is disposed to be helpful. It is possible, then," he went on, addressing himself to his host, "that you even took a part in that attempt that you had acquaintances among the leaders?"

"It is possible," agreed Huet. He hesitated, and the lawyer waited for him. "I knew them all!" he added.

"Ah!" breathed Monsieur Borel happily "You knew them all! For instance, Alvaez? O'Brien? Wirtz?"

Huet answered each name with a nod

"And the Frenchman, Picoron?" concluded Monsieur Borel.

"I knew him well," answered Huet. "I saw him on the night that he was killed. I was lying in the bushes not a hundred yards away from his house when the shell hit it That was the end of our revolution, for our treasury was in that house "

Monsieur Borel was jigging up and down in his chair with glad excitement.

"You saw it yourself?" he cried. "With your own eyes?"

"But certainly I saw it," answered Huet. He had drawn a blue packet of cigarettes from his pocket and was lighting one. He spoke over the flame of the match. "I was not a hundred yards away." He threw

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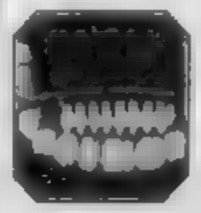

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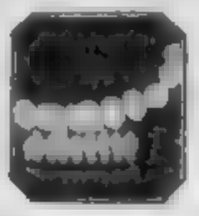

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down the match and blew a cloud of pungent smoke. "I heard the shell coming," he said, "and squealing in the air as it came. The roof of the house was between me and the sky where I lay, and I saw it flash red and lift, and all the house, walls and everything, burst like a soap bubble. Then, where it had been, were only ruins, burning up brightly. It was by the light of them that I found my path and got away. That was the end of Picoron; of his wife too; she had been in the house with him."

The attorney and the youth exchanged glances.

"But it did not happen that you saw the bodies?" queried the former.

"*Parbleu!* If you had seen that fire!" said Huet. "It would not leave much to see in the way of bodies."

He spoke nonchalantly, with a cool indifference, as of a man who cared little about the matter one way or another.

"Then you would be surprised to hear that either of them escaped alive?" asked the attorney.

"Oh?" Huet took the cigarette from his lips and drove a look at the speaker like the shaft of a searchlight beam. "Surprised?" he repeated. "I would not believe it."

"No," agreed Monsieur Borel. "It is hard to believe, I am sure. And yet"—he became conscious of some unusual quality in the other's gaze and paused for a moment—"and yet," he went on, "these things happen. My aunt, for instance—I saw her this morning, troubled in mind, it is true, but whole and well and ——"

Huet sat up.

"To hell with your aunt!" he shouted. "What are you driveling to me about your aunt for?"

Once again, before the lawyer could answer, the lean youth struck in, te-he-ing with feeble, malicious laughter.

"She," he giggled—"she is Madame Picoron."

Huet stared at him blankly where he slouched against the wall by the hearth, laughing weakly.

"You poor drugged fool!" he said, and turned to the lawyer.

Monsieur Borel met him with persuasive and affirmative nods.

"It is true; it is as Victor says," he assured him. "And now you are surprised, eh? It appears that she had left the house before the shell struck it, going by the back door, without bidding adieu to her husband. I have gathered that they were not on good terms. Perhaps, since you knew them, you also knew that?"

Huet was eying him from a depth of mere amazement. He struggled to the surface, as it were, to answer the attorney's last words.

"She was a hell-cat," he said slowly. "I always believed it was she that sold us, and now it is clear. She knew they would shell the place; she knew it and left him there."

The wretched youth by the hearth giggled again. Monsieur Borel frowned at him reprovingly

"And now, M'sieu' Huet," he resumed, "there remains the fate of Picoron himself. Since his wife escaped, why not Picoron also? You remember that no body was found?"

"No!" Huet shook his head vigorously. "He is dead! I know it!"

"You know it?" queried Monsieur Borel.

"Yes!" said Huet. "If he had lived I should have met him. But he didn't, I tell you! If you had seen that house spout into the air and tumble in a blaze you would understand. Picoron is dead." He turned savagely to the youth. "What are you grinning at, you piece of filth?"

"At Uncle Picoron!" sniggered the other. "He has sent us a letter from heaven!"

"I'll kick you through that door, you swine!" roared Huet, and half rose as though to do it.

"Monsieur!" said the attorney. "Monsieur! If you please! This is what he means, monsieur—I have it here. Victor, you will make trouble for yourself. Monsieur, be calm, I beg of you!"

He was fumbling in a breast pocket and Huet paused.

"And it is surprising, as you will admit," went on the plump lawyer; "surprising as well as alarming. It arrived two days ago—after all these years. It is natural that my poor aunt should be upset. Ah, here it is!"

He found his pocket and the paper within it.

"Montmartre," he said sadly. "Killed in Caracas and he writes from Montmartre! It is infuriating! But read for yourself, Monsieur Huet."

He passed the letter across the table Victor, heedless of warning, was still quaking with silly, secret laughter. Huet swept the letter to him—a sheet of cheap note paper, densely scrawled—and began to read it.

"Her little comforts, her peace, her security to be menaced thus!" the attorney was murmuring, looking over his head and evoking for himself visions of genteel prosperity. The rich aunt, mysteriously married many years ago, heard of fragmentarily from Algeria, from the West Indies, from French Guiana, and finally from the bubbling hell broth that boiled over in Caracas! Then her reappearance, scarred a little by wear and weather; her purchase of the house and garden at Passy and her evolution into the rich relation, the courted, wealthy, widowed and childless aunt! And lastly, the figure she had cut when he had called on her in response to a frantic summons two days before—in her hysteric terror and despair, her babbled revelations of an unknown chapter in her past, a tale of betrayal and blood money, and the image she had conjured up of the legendary Picoron, the filibuster, the man of wrath, the unkillable and inescapable!

He dropped his eyes to watch Huet as he read through the letter, holding it at arm's length before him. Once or twice the reader looked up and regarded him over the top of the paper, as though staggered by some sentence in it and silently inviting Monsieur Borel to share his astonishment. His lips moved silently as he read. It was only the signature which he pronounced aloud.

"André Picoron!" he said. And then, once more, "André Picoron! And he wants fifty thousand francs! Tonight he wants them! Well, if he is anything like the man he used to be, your aunt had better pay."

He laid the letter down, but kept one great discolored hand upon it. Monsieur Borel sighed and shook his head.

"If it were only that!" he mourned. "Fifty thousand francs to be done with him for good and all—that would not be dear! But it never is for good and all; I have experience of these affairs; it was in such a one that I first encountered your friend Tropin. But Picoron—you can suggest nothing else?"

Huet considered.

"The police of half a dozen countries would be glad to find him," he remarked. He glanced up shrewdly at Monsieur Borel as he spoke.

The lawyer shook his head again.

"The scandal!" he objected. "The disgrace! Think—my poor aunt!"

Once more the irrepressible Victor cackled with mirth.

"Yes, poor Aunt Rosalie!" he tittered. "Think! She shared most of his enterprises; they'd collar her too."

"Victor, Victor!" begged the lawyer nervously; but this time Huet only smiled.

"Well," he said, "what about Tropin and a few of his murderers? A dozen of them, say; you'd need a dozen for Picoron."

Still the attorney shook his head unhappily.

"Impossible!" he said. "Unthinkable! Altogether too—er—too ——"

"—— too dangerous," supplied Victor. "Otherwise perfect! We can't afford Uncle Picoron, and that's the truth. He's worth more to us when he's dead. Now this fifty thousand francs that goes to him tonight! That ought to tempt somebody to to arrange matters for us. What do you think, Monsieur Huet?"

Huet looked at him in surprise; the youth had spoken to a purpose for the first time.

"Somebody," he said "Yes, it should tempt somebody certainly. You have only to find the right man."

The attorney sat in his chair, looking down at the bare table and weakly wagging his head in weak dissent. Openly now, the tall youth drew his paper packet from his waistcoat pocket, tapped forth a dose of the white soul poison and inhaled it.

"Find the right man!" he said. "What's the use of beating about the bush? If we haven't found him here, why are we wasting time? Come on, Maurice; out with Uncle Picoron's remittance and ask Monsieur Huet if he will be good enough to carry it to Montmartre for us. Out with it, man!" he cried with a sudden force of voice "It's what you came to do!"

The attorney looked up and tried pathetically to smile.

"It is true that I have the money on me," he said hesitatingly, and slipped a

(Continued on Page 162)

EAT MORE WHEAT

Bread Is The Best And Cheapest Food

There were times when bakers used the "rule by thumb" in their baking, when the heat of the oven was judged by the feel of it, when bakers made bread by traditional methods, when any flour was good enough.

The modern baker is a master of food preparation. His bread is made in model bakeries by scientific methods and of carefully tested materials. His ovens are marvels of scientific construction.

He makes the kind of bread people want to eat.

But no food, no matter how well prepared, can be better than the materials from which it is made.

That is why the leading bakers of America demand the best flour the market has to offer.

More than 15,000 bakers, three-fifths of all in the United States, use the same kind of flour—Gold Medal Flour.

They use it because they know that Gold Medal Flour is made of the best wheat and that it is always of uniform quality.

Many bakers are saying to our salesmen, "We use Washburn-Crosby's Gold Medal Flour because it gives never-varying standards from which to work."

The bakers have done their best to cut down living costs and build up the health of the nation.

You can do your part by eating an extra slice at each meal.

Washburn-Crosby Co.

Eventually

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Why Not Now?

This setting forth of the nation's need for greater wheat consumption is a part of Washburn-Crosby Company's contribution to a general movement that will bring benefits to all from farmer to consumer.

Across the face of the Globe —

CAN you visualize an industrial plant extending 17,000 miles from east to west, and 6,000 miles from north to south? One great plant producing at maximum efficiency?

Such a plant extends, not figuratively, but actually, over North and South America to Europe and Asia, joining London and Paris, New York, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, Manila, Tokio, Shanghai, and thousands of other cities on four continents—linking them each to every other.

This plant is the MACKAY *System*, with its affiliations.

Its product is *electrical communications service*—characterized by speed and accuracy.

COMPETITIVE

INDEPENDENT PROGRESSIVE

THE MACKAY SYSTEM
POSTAL TELEGRAPH
COMMERCIAL CABLES

POSTAL TELEGRAPH
COMMERCIAL CABLES
CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 150)

hand within his coat. "Victor talks very wildly, but if you would carry it there—I am nervous of the place at night, I confess—and the man himself, you know ——"

Still stammering, he drew forth the notes in their rubber band and made a timid motion of offering them to the man opposite. His face had gone white; the *avoué*, the blusterer of the *brasserie*, the dealer in words and shades of meaning was nearer to deeds than he liked. The lively mind that had evoked for him visions of the plight of his rich aunt was now furnishing him with pictures of a room in Montmartre, of a struggle, of a knife in a strong and practiced hand.

Victor swore at him; he jerked the bundle of notes forward. Huet reached out a hand and took them.

"It is at ten o'clock he expects your messenger," he said. "At ten o'clock, then, I will be there!"

Victor walked over and shook his brother by the shoulder.

"Come on," he said. "It is over. Everything is arranged and that taxi clock is still ticking. Pull yourself together, Maurice. *Au 'voir*, M'sieu' Huet; we will call again and hear how you got on."

The attorney said no word. From his doorway Huet watched the pair cross the potato patch and pass out into the road. Then he turned back and picked up the letter to read it again.

The address to which he went that evening proved to be that of a gaunt six-story honeycomb of tiny flats and single rooms that towered like a dirty cliff over a cañon of narrow street. There was a small square courtyard within the entrance; like the paved bottom of a well, out of which doorways opened to unlighted staircases. An obese concierge, taking the air in the ruins of a basket chair, motioned him to the appropriate doorway. He found a banister and toiled upwards, pausing here and there to strike matches and read the numbers on doors. He had added a jacket to his costume, and he could feel in the breast pocket of it the bundle of thousand-franc notes pressing against his chest. A descending man bumped against him in the darkness, growled and went on. Huet grinned.

"A dark stair, an unarmed man and fifty thousand francs! He bumped against them and he'll never know it!"

There was a light showing under the door which he sought. He made sure of the number and knocked with his knuckles. After a couple of seconds it opened, and a man stood framed in it, black against the light behind him.

"Well?" demanded the man.

He was as tall as Huet himself, with something of the same limber build. In his voice there was a tone that was not of Paris.

"I am the messenger you expected," answered Huet.

"Come in," bade the other promptly. "And don't try to play any tricks!"

Huet stepped within and the other man closed the door and turned the key. In the light of the single gas jet he showed a blunt, shaven face, as bronzed as Huet's own, with strongly brindled hair.

"You've brought the money?" he inquired eagerly, and the foreign note in his voice was now more marked.

Huet did not reply. He was staring at the man, and almost at once he began to smile. Then he raised his hand and drew off his cap.

"Yes," he said, "I have brought the money!"

He smiled again as the other's blunt and lively face froze into blank amaze and his mouth fell open and hung in a gape. Jerkily and uncertainly, the man put his hands up as though to fend him off. Thus they stood for a space of seconds. The owner of the room strove to speak, but at the first attempt he could not. Then he wrenched out a word.

"Picoron!" he gasped.

"Perfectly!" said Huet, still smiling. "You are right, my dear O'Brien. It is Picoron!"

The man he addressed as O'Brien was gulping himself back to composure. He succeeded only slowly.

"But," he panted, "you've been dead for twelve years! They shelled your house! It was only a fortnight ago that I knew your wife had escaped."

"I only learned it today," said Huet. "Damn her, anyhow! Let's sit down, O'Brien. We've got to talk."

"I must have a drink!" said O'Brien desperately.

The whisky restored him. He sat on the edge of his bed, gazing with puckered brows at Huet, while the latter told of the attorney's visit and his story.

"Well," said O'Brien at the end of it, "it's a devil of a business. And he actually gave you fifty thousand francs to kill me—actually handed them over?"

"I have them here," smiled Huet. "But it wasn't you I was to kill; it was Picoron. You'll have to help me with that! Picoron is dangerous; the guillotine is waiting for him; and the jail and the rope anywhere from here to Hong-Kong. That's really why I killed him in the first place."

"Well, but ——" began O'Brien.

"I must have been getting out of the front door just as my wife was getting out of the back," went on Huet. "Nobody saw me, and my money was safe in New York. But I wasn't safe—anywhere. I hadn't been long enough in my grave. And now that I am safe safe and comfortable, O'Brien hoeing potatoes, nodding to friends on the street, just one of the crowd, you know well, I'm not going to have a living Picoron investigated by anyone. I can't afford it."

"Yes," said O'Brien soberly; "we're getting old, the two of us. Me, now—I've lost my taste for battering about. I've got four bullet wounds in my skin as I sit; I spent thirty years getting them and they're all I've got. China, the South Seas, Mexico, South Africa and Venezuela! I'm not pretending to your record, André; I haven't your gifts; but there's plenty of places where it wouldn't be healthy for me to visit again. However, how are you going to set about killing Picoron this time? You wouldn't set the house on fire?"

Huet laughed.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said. "No; a neat murder, I think. You will just walk out of here with me, leaving all your things, and you will disappear. You will never come back. Then I will furnish proof of your death to the Borels by showing a few Picoron relics which I have; a certain ring which Madame Picoron will recognize, and the like, and the trick will be done. You see?"

O'Brien nodded.

"I see," he said. "Yes, I see, of course! I've slept on a bench in the Tuileries before now. It's quite simple, isn't it? When shall we start?"

"Or, instead of the Tuileries, you might come back with me," suggested Huet calmly. "You said you were tired of battering about. I can tell people that you are my brother and that the lawyer was tracing me for you. How would that suit you, Patrique, my friend?"

"Suit me?" said the other. "It's an answer to prayer. Take me along and murder me, André. And lend me five francs, for the bottle's empty."

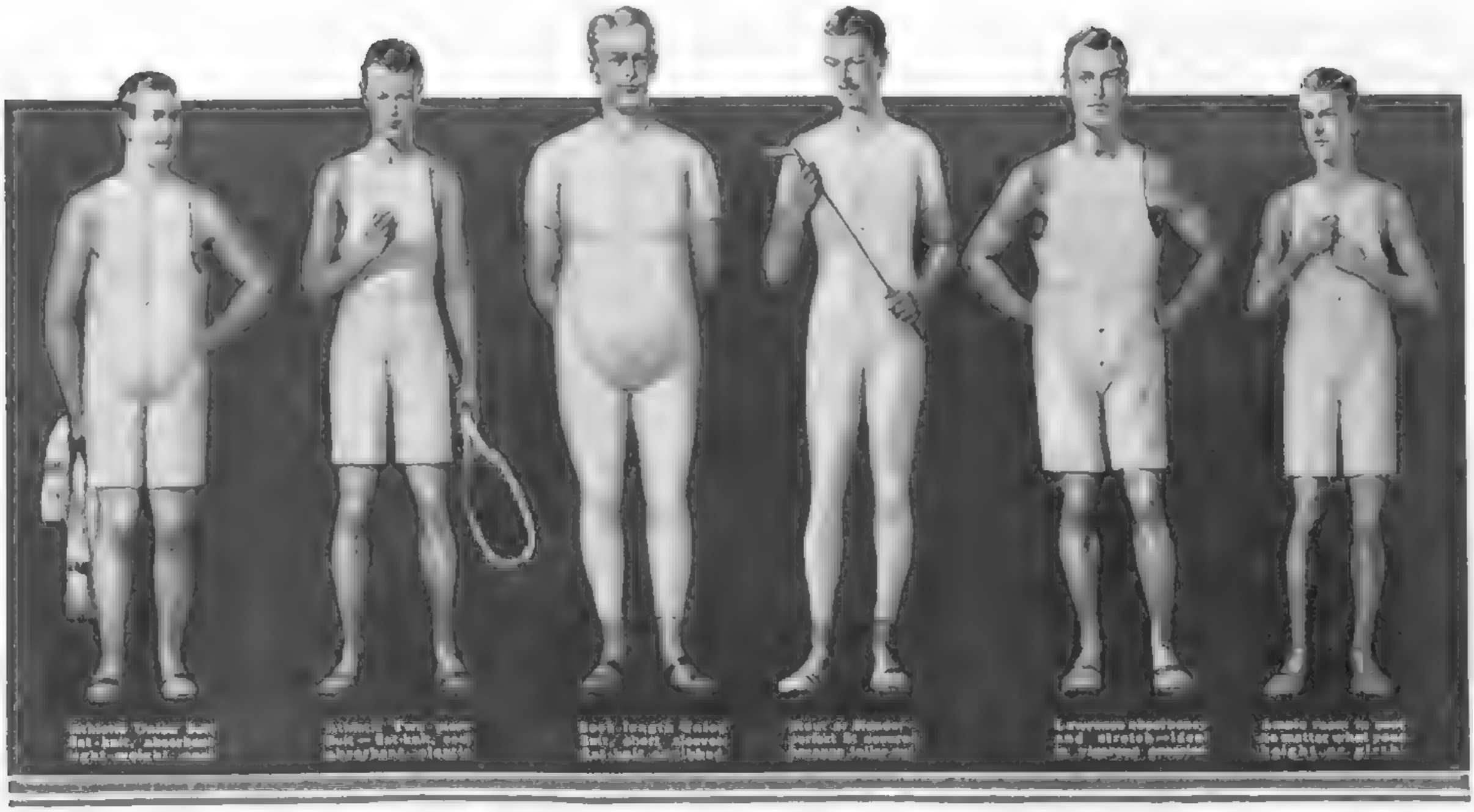
Huet laughed again.

"I forgot," he said. "This is for you."

He produced the bundle of bank notes and passed them over.

"From Madame Picoron," he said.

"No," corrected O'Brien; "from the Widow Picoron."



Which Figure is Yours—
and which style garment do you prefer?

YOU CAN be exactly fitted and exactly suited in Lawrence Tailored Knit Underwear. Perfect freedom for your favorite sport and greater comfort in the *cool, absorbent, light-weight* fabric of fine knitted cotton.

We have given 60 years' study to the problem of correctly fitting men in underwear. Any store salesman that takes your trunk measurements, can give you a LAWRENCE garment that will fit as if made to order.

The reason is, we have a series of patterns for men of all physiques—and we cut every garment *by hand* to one of these patterns.

A light-weight porous fabric of knitted cotton is the most comfortable summer underwear. Most any physician or athletic director will tell you so—because it is so elastic, so absorbent and does not stick to your skin. *Protects your outer clothing* from perspiration and your body from dampness and colds.

ORDINARY underwear is cut by a machine knife, descending through many layers of cloth at a time. The material creeps and sizes are not exact. LAWRENCE garments are cut by hand, like hand-tailored clothing. True to size with extra fullness in armholes and seat.

All LAWRENCE garments are knitted—*different* from the woven or muslin type. Union Suits—$1.75 to $2.00. Shirts and Drawers—$1.00 to $1.25. Two qualities: 1—Blue Label—combed yarn, finest quality. 2—Red Label—same durability and finish—slightly different yarn.

Over 10,000 merchants sell LAWRENCE Undergarments for men and women. If your dealer hasn't the particular style you wish, please send us his name. We want to see that everyone who desires LAWRENCE Underwear is supplied.

LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LOWELL, MASS.
Established 1831 E. M. Townsend & Co., Selling Agents, New York City
"For Protection, Health and Fit, Wear Underwear That's Knit."

Flat-knit union suits, vests and bloomers for women—perfect in fit, daintily finished.

LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

From sea-swept decks to well-kept homes

WHEN sea-faring men first realized the extra years of service that U. S. N. Deck Paint gave on their ships, they were quick to use it about their homes.

They put it on porches, floors and walls, where constant wear and washing soon destroyed ordinary paints. Then on woodwork, exteriors and furniture where its beauty lasted for years after other paints had been renewed.

Now home owners everywhere are using U. S. N. Deck Paint. They appreciate its easy application, extra coverage and quick hard drying.

Write for name of the nearest U. S. N. Deck Paint dealer.

THE BILLINGS CHAPIN COMPANY
Cleveland
New York Boston

For similar lasting beauty in stains, enamels or bronzes, ask for Decolac.

BUSINESS IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 19)

The money will be waiting for you in your own bank right here in Paris, and paid over the day you make shipment."

The Frenchman was pleased but obdurate.

"I cannot accept such a large order," he said. "My regular force consists of but forty people, and I keep them employed from one year to another. If I were to put on extra workers to execute your order it would mean that I would have in my shop a certain number of people who would know their positions were only temporary and that they must be looking for other work at the end of three or four months. Such a condition is bad. Even my regular workers would lose that sense of permanency which now helps them to be so efficient. It is bad for the country, also, to have many people going about from one job to another."

The matter was finally arranged by the manufacturer holding a conference with his employes, who agreed to work overtime on the American's order, which would enable them to get out half the number of pieces he wanted. Then the manufacturer took him to another establishment, where the balance of the order could be executed. In telling the story the buyer was inclined to laugh a little at the stiff French business system, but he was somewhat impressed as well.

"It's my first trip over here," he said, "and also the first time I ever had a manufacturer tell me I was offering him too much business. I had no idea but that he would jump at such an order and manage to slam it out somehow, especially with the cash waiting for him. But maybe he is wise, at that. It isn't good to have a lot of help floating around from one job to another, even from the standpoint of the establishment that hires them. In my own concern at home we often put on a hundred or so extra people to handle a special sale, letting them out maybe in a week, and I can always detect a little nervousness in our regular force at such a time. No matter how good you are, it is not reassuring to see a lot of promiscuous hiring and firing going on about you."

In talking to many French business men, both manufacturers and tradesmen, I have found that many of them set a high value on the system of banking in vogue in France, which, it is claimed, tends to discourage speculation but sets a premium on actual production and selling.

Loans Against Invoices

The Frenchman who wants to speculate must do it on his own money, for banking rates are too high on ordinary loans to allow much profit. In France, as in England, the individual who makes a bank loan must put up security to cover the amount, such as good stocks or bonds or a mortgage on real estate; but the French bank makes it harder still.

The regular bank rate of interest is 6 per cent, but to this is usually added a brokerage fee of another 6 per cent, and the brokerage fee is charged whether the loan runs a week or a year. There are also further fees for drawing up the necessary documents, so that the total cost of bank accommodation will average around 14 per cent per annum.

This is certainly a prohibitive figure at which to borrow money for legitimate business purposes, but there is a peculiarly French way of getting around it, which corresponds to the system of trade acceptances that many bankers and manufacturers in the United States have been trying to introduce into our own business operations for some years past. This is the way a prominent Paris manufacturer whose business operations cover all France explained it to me:

"My bank does not want to loan money to me," he said, "unless I can show that I have already created a situation that will result in prompt and sure returns. If I want to speculate in raw materials, or finance an addition to my plant, or buy new machinery, the bank not only demands outside security but charges me a high price for the accommodation. Such operations are speculative; there is always a chance that they may not turn out so well as I expect. If I see fit to enter into such transactions I am supposed to do it with my own money.

"But when I have actually produced something and sold it, then the bank has an entirely different attitude, and that is where our system of trade acceptances comes in. Suppose, for instance, one of my salesmen goes out on his territory and takes orders for what would in your money be equal to fifty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise. I make up the merchandise and ship it out to the various purchasers. With each shipment go two invoices, one for the purchaser to keep and the other one for him to sign and send back to me. This invoice that he returns to me contains not only a list of the articles that I shipped him but the date on which the bill will fall due. His signature is an acknowledgment that the articles were received in satisfactory condition, and a promise that he will pay for them on the date specified, usually in two months."

A Sound Banking Practice

"When all these signed invoices come back to me I have, you see, fifty thousand dollars on my books, but no money. The traveler is out on another trip by this time, sending in more orders, and I need the money to buy more raw material and to pay my help. In such a case I take this fifty thousand dollars' worth of invoices to my bank, indorse them, and hand them to the cashier. He looks them over to see that they are in proper form, and immediately credits me with the full amount, less interest and a very small fee for handling them. When the date for payment arrives the bank forwards them to its branches in the different cities for collection. I get my money without waiting the sixty days, and the transaction is automatically wiped out when the bank has made all its collections.

"This is the kind of business the French bank wants, because when I take my signed invoices there all the evidence is right before the cashier's eyes that I am not asking for a loan on shadowy prospects but on a profitable venture already established. I have manufactured something and sold it. The purchaser has received what I sold him, has inspected his purchase and signed his name to the invoice, which amounts to a promise that he will pay the bill when it falls due. The bank charges me interest on the money for the period that elapses between the time I deliver the invoices and the day on which my customers make their payments, with a small extra charge for collection. The loan it advances to me is based on three tangible guaranties—my own responsibility, the responsibility of the purchaser, and the value of the merchandise that has changed hands."

The system of trade acceptances is so well recognized in France that special laws have been made to govern it. In case a purchaser refuses to pay a bill that he has signed the seller may bring court action, which is given precedence over other matters, and the debtor may find himself in bankruptcy within a week. Under such circumstances it is not hard to imagine that French traders are extra cautious about buying more goods than they can pay for, a circumstance that probably has a great deal to do with the country's consistent prosperity.

In connection with the statements of the Paris manufacturer above quoted he also told of certain exceptions in the matter of trade acceptances. In the hardware trade, for instance, to which he caters largely, it is not usual to ask a customer to sign an invoice. The hardware trade in France, it seems, is on an exceptionally firm basis, most of the dealers being long established and doing business on capital handed down from one generation to another. The Paris manufacturer stated that in all his experience he had never had a bad debt in the hardware trade. In the light of this strong position, therefore, it is rather a human trait that the individual hardware dealer should object to signing trade acceptances but prefers to pay his bills at stated periods without such formality.

In such cases the manufacturer has another way of borrowing money from his bank without excessive cost. When he has sold a bill of merchandise to some dealer who will not sign an acceptance the manufacturer may take an invoice of the transaction to his bank and make out a statement that the goods have been shipped and that the payment will be due on a certain date. In such a case the bank will loan him money on the transaction, but not the full amount involved, as would be the case if the customer had signed an acceptance; it is usual for the bank to advance about three-fourths of the amount in these cases. This difference represents the French banks' viewpoint. When both buyer and seller have signed an agreement the papers in the case are considered worth a hundred cents on the dollar. If only one of the parties signs up, the transaction can be financed only to the extent of seventy-five cents on the dollar. But in any case the loan must be based on an actual sale on which the profit has already been made and where nothing further remains to do but to collect the money.

During the past few years there has been a movement in the United States to introduce a trade-acceptance system, many business men and bankers feeling that it would tend to place their operations on a more solid and scientific basis. Though the movement has made some headway in the great manufacturing centers, it finds curious resistance in other places. Less than a year ago a friend who is in the wholesale lumber business in one of the big Middle West cities told me a story to show how hard it is to change any system, even though the change has all the elements of reasonableness on its side.

This friend is something of a student and has read a good deal on the trade-acceptance idea as practiced in France; becoming convinced that it would work well in his own business he made up his mind to try it out. For a month, therefore, each time he made a shipment of lumber to a customer he wrote a letter asking that the customer sign an acceptance blank which he inclosed; at the end of that time he had quite a batch of these documents, and needing quite a sum of money to make purchases of materials he carried them to his bank to have them discounted.

Old Dogs and New Tricks

The assistant cashier to whom he presented them looked at the papers in a puzzled manner, finally stating that such a transaction was a little out of his line and suggesting that the lumberman see the president about it. The lumberman did as he was told; entering the president's private office he stated his wishes and laid his bundle of trade acceptances on that officer's big flat-topped desk. The president opened the bundle and looked the papers over with a faint show of interest.

"Please tell me again," he finally said, "just what you want me to do with all these things."

The lumberman once more explained his idea. The trade acceptances, he said, represented sales that he had made during the past month to responsible firms on ninety days' credit, and these firms would in all likelihood pay the amounts when due. He wanted to deposit the acceptances with the bank for collection and have his own account credited with the amount at once, so he might use the money for the purchase of material. He would, of course, indorse the papers, so that if any of the debtors failed to pay he himself would be held responsible. The bank would profit to the extent of ninety days' interest on the total amount, besides earning a fee for the collections.

The bank president listened patiently.

"You've been doing business with us for a good many years, haven't you?" he asked.

The lumberman stated that he had been doing business with the bank for more than twenty years.

"Have we ever turned you down on an application for a loan?"

"No, you have never turned me down on anything I have asked," the lumberman replied; "in fact, you have always been most liberal. But I have been looking into the trade-acceptance idea and have come to the conclusion that it is the proper way to do business, both for you and for me. If I know that my credit at the bank is based on the merchandise I am selling, it acts as a constant incentive for me to hustle extra hard on my sales. For the bank it has this advantage: Every time I borrow money on a trade acceptance the bank is safeguarded not only by my responsibility

(Continued on Page 157)

Look for the name behind the title

CAN you remember the titles of all the good pictures you've seen?

Not all, but if you could go back over the entire list for years, you would be surprised how many were Paramount!

You who analyze your motion picture experience know that the name behind the title, the brand name, Paramount, is the sure guide to great shows.

True, the great picture you see by chance now and again is something to be thankful for, but if you know the *name* that stands for the basic principle of picture quality you can pick great shows every week.

Paramount is the fountain head of the art and the industry, and Paramount is the name to look for on your theatre's announcement.

"If it's a Paramount Picture
it's the best show in town"

The Granada Theatre, San Francisco, is one of America's aristocracy of fine theatres which shows Paramount Pictures predominantly every month of the year.

Paramount Pictures

6 of the Super Thirty-nine

WALTER HIERS in
"Sixty Cents an Hour"
With Jacqueline Logan
By Frank Condon
Scenario by Grant Carpenter
Directed by Joseph Henabery

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"The Ne'er-Do-Well"
By Rex Beach
Directed by Alfred Green
Adapted for the screen by Louis Stevens

"THE RUSTLE OF SILK"
With Betty Compson and Conway Tearle
Adapted by Sada Cowan and Ouida Bergere
From the novel by Cosmo Hamilton
A Herbert Brenon Production

JACK HOLT in
"The Tiger's Claw"
By Jack Cunningham
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A James Cruze Production
"HOLLYWOOD"
By Frank Condon
Adapted by Thomas Geraghty

A George Melford Production
"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"
With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Lewis Stone and Pauline Garon
By Waldemar Young
Suggested by Hector Turnbull's story

FAMOUS PLAYERS LASKY CORPORATION

ITS COLOR MAKES IT HANDSOME TO OWN AND HARD TO LOSE

Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

In Two Hotels at Famed Resorts

13,000 Guests registered with one Duofold

and Its Super-smooth Point Is Still Like New!

Though handwriting differs it can't distort Duofold

WHEN you walk up to register at some fine hotel, like the Mount Washington at Bretton Woods, N. H., and the clerk hands out—not a neglected hotel pen—but the big, cheery, lacquer-red Duofold with flashing black tips—*can't you just feel the glow of its friendly welcome?*

Can't you feel its friendly reassurance as it steadies your hand with its classic symmetry and fit and business-like balance? Isn't there a captivating freedom in this super-smooth point that falls right in step with *your* style of penmanship?

Yes, the Parker Duofold readily adapts itself to any handwriting, but it never once loses its original point regardless of the fact that probably all handwriting differs.

Printed here is a voluntary letter from one enterprising hotel man who tells how more than 13,000 travelers in the White Mountains last summer and in Florida last winter registered with a single Duofold. *And the pen remained like new!*

Not until Geo. S. Parker created Duofold could hotels and clubs find a pen that could pass this test. Nor could the individual, like yourself, own a pen he could lend without a qualm, as you can lend the everlasting Duofold.

Any good dealer will be glad to supply you on 30 days' trial and include a neat gold pocket-clip, or ring-end for ribbon or chain, free. You will gain by getting Duofold promptly—lacquer-red with smart black tips, or plain black if desired. Every genuine Duofold is stamped "Geo. S. Parker—Duofold—Lucky Curve." Look for this before you accept any pen.

The Letter

St. Petersburg, Florida
January 29, 1923

The Parker Pen Co.
Janesville, Wis.

Gentlemen: About a year ago the writer purchased a **Parker Duofold Pen.** This pen in eleven months has registered 13,000 to 14,000 guests arriving at the Mount Washington Hotel, Bretton Woods, N. H., and the Hotel Alexander, St. Petersburg, Fla.

In all my hotel experience no fountain pen that I have hitherto used has stood the strain of so many different kinds of writing. This **Duofold Pen** is today in perfect condition, shows no wear, and the point has not been distorted or damaged to the slightest degree.

Literally hundreds of people who have registered with this **Duofold** have expressed a desire to buy it, or one like it.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) C. Eugene Hames.

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

OVER-SIZE $7

With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5 With ring for chatelaine

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK · CHICAGO — *Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils* — SAN FRANCISCO · SPOKANE

Canadian Distributors: Buntin, Gilles & Company, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

(Continued from Page 154)

but also by the responsibility of the man who bought my merchandise. You have two people to whom you can look, instead of one, besides the knowledge that your loan is made to finance a definite transaction, presumably profitable to both parties concerned."

The lumberman thought he had made a good argument, but evidently it failed to make much of an impression. The bank president gathered the trade acceptances together, snapped a rubber band around them and shoved them across the desk toward his client.

"Please take these things away," he said impatiently. "You know your credit is good for any reasonable amount. If you want to borrow money make out a note in a businesslike way and we will be glad to let you have what you need. But don't come around here again bothering me with a lot of foolish papers!"

Very likely the French banking methods would not altogether suit a country like ours, where there is still so much development work to be done requiring more elastic credit facilities; but it does work well in a country where development is practically finished and where the main problem is to keep a dense population going on an even basis. Too easy credit means booms, and booms invariably end up in depression. Certainly there is not much chance for wild speculation in a country where a man's bank credit depends on his first making something and selling it.

Low Rents for Merchants

The nearest France has come to boom conditions in recent years occurred directly after the war, when Paris was invaded by several hundred American firms desirous of sharing in the business incidental to the reconstruction of Europe. At one time in 1919 the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris had on hand more than six hundred applications for membership. One of the principal difficulties of the time was to find suitable office quarters, for Paris office buildings are always comfortably filled and there was practically no accommodation for the newcomers. Under these conditions there was considerable wild bidding for any sort of quarters that might serve for office space. One American importer who has been in Paris a number of years, occupying a suite of offices for which he pays twelve hundred francs a year, told me that in 1919 he had a chance to sell his lease at an advance of sixty-five thousand francs a year for the full remaining period of his tenancy.

At present Paris business rents are down to normal, which means that the average rental is much less than that which obtains in American cities of the first class. A fairly good-sized office room may be had in a desirable locality for the equivalent of about twenty dollars a month. This does not, of course, carry the conveniences to which we are used in America, but the French business or professional man gets along without them. The majority of office buildings in the older parts of the city are old residences changed a little to suit business requirements; elevators have been installed, but the extravagance of an elevator boy is not thought of. The elevators are of the automatic type, which the tenants work themselves when they want to ascend; but everyone is supposed to walk down. Retail-store rentals, too, are surprisingly cheap from an American standpoint. On the Avenue de l'Opéra a merchant showed me his ten-year lease which he had just signed; the room has a twenty-two-foot frontage on that famous thoroughfare, and a depth of seventy-five feet, just about the average-sized store room we are used to seeing on the main streets of American towns, and his yearly rental is twenty-five thousand francs, or a little more than four hundred dollars a month if the franc were at par, which it is not. Reckoning the franc at its present rate of exchange this merchant is paying about one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

Less than a year ago I chanced to be present when a merchant in a Texas town negotiated a lease on a similar-sized room at a monthly rental of one thousand dollars; which figure, he told me, was the regular price his brother merchants were paying up and down the main street. The difference in rental is still more striking when one considers that Paris has about three million population and the Texas town under two hundred thousand.

Owners of business property in our medium-sized American cities will usually claim that they do not get large returns from their holdings, even though rentals have been increased abnormally during the past few years; and their claims are probably justified in the light of the vastly increased municipal taxation that has taken place everywhere in the United States. Retail merchants certainly cannot sell their goods economically when it costs a thousand dollars a month to occupy a small store room on the main street of a city of less than two hundred thousand inhabitants. The question will not be solved, probably, until citizens generally realize that extravagance in government reacts directly on their own pockets; that whenever a bond issue is blithely put over to finance the building of a big municipal auditorium or an extra fancy courthouse or to pave an assorted lot of back streets and alleys, every person in town has to help pay whether or not he may be on the tax assessor's list. Prices in the stores along the main street have to go up every time there is a bond issue.

The municipal-bond-issue habit has not struck France with great force, probably because of the French tendency to make a thing do as long as it is serviceable, and even when a public project has been decided on they are apt to go ahead only as fast as they get the money. The Arc de Triomphe in Paris was thirty years in building, and the Madeleine more than fifty. At present the Paris municipality is engaged in demolishing the old ramparts surrounding the city, but the work is going on with only a small force of men, and the materials are being peddled out to contractors engaged on private work.

There is another reason why business rents are very reasonable in Paris. The city is compact, but there is no congestion in any particular section; the French business man would consider it an unwarrantable extravagance to spend a large percentage of his receipts on the single item of rent. The tendency is, rather, to find quarters that suit his business no matter where located, and then to operate efficiently enough to bring the clients to him. Some of the most famous establishments in Paris are tucked away in narrow side streets or in courtyards quite invisible from the main thoroughfares. There is no district in Paris to correspond to the Loop section in Chicago or to Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue in New York. One of the largest department stores, which had its beginnings seventy-five years ago as a small shop half a mile south of the Seine, is still in the original location, although now grown to a huge establishment covering two whole blocks. Another is in the Montmartre section, three miles north of the river, and the others are scattered about impartially.

Petty Economies That Count

Under such conditions it is no wonder that there are very few retail failures in France. The individual merchant does not have to extend himself in order to meet excessive expenses, and he is not apt to overbuy, because manufacturers sell on short time and the banks charge too high a rate of interest on money used for speculative purposes. During the war nearly a third of the shops of Paris closed their doors, and yet practically all of them were able to pay their rent throughout the hostilities and then open up again as though nothing had happened.

Perhaps the one big reason for France's consistent prosperity lies in the fact that no one loses caste by practicing economies. When you make a purchase at a fruit stand your purchase is put into a paper bag that has been made by the fruit vender during his idle moments, from the leaves of old magazines. At the tobacco shops your purchase of smoking mixture is carefully weighed and delivered to you wrapped in small squares cut from newspapers. In the middle-class restaurants each regular customer is supplied with a wooden napkin ring bearing his number, into which his napkin is rolled after the meal and kept for the next time, a canny method of getting around the high cost of laundry bills.

Even the largest department stores have a thrifty custom of maintaining bargain tables on the sidewalks to catch the trade of the casual passer-by and the bargain hunter who might hesitate to go inside. I chanced one day to accompany the general manager of a great American department store, who had made the trip to Paris to study business methods. We had gone through one huge establishment, which was most elaborately fitted throughout with plate glass and mahogany fixtures, moving stairways and all the other conveniences of the modern department store, and emerged at last through one of the side doors to the street. There, extending the full length of the block, was a line of tables piled high with merchandise, from which customers were selecting their bargains, many of them having their own automobiles waiting for them at the curb.

"I wish I dared to operate a thing like that in connection with our establishment at home," the American general manager said. "The cost of selling the stuff from these sidewalk tables is practically nothing except the salaries of the salespeople and the investment in a row of ordinary kitchen tables. I am betting the total overhead doesn't amount to more than 10 per cent. But I couldn't afford to do it at home, no matter how cheap I sold the stuff, for we would at once get the reputation of being a cheap-John outfit, and about half of our customers would be afraid of lowering their social tone if they were seen patronizing us. These French don't seem to worry about their social tone, just so they get what they want at the price they want to pay."

American Chamber of Commerce

There is, in the Rue Montmartre, in Paris, an American commission firm which acts as buyer for numbers of houses in the United States in the ladies' ready-to-wear and millinery trade. All the merchandise bought from the French manufacturers is first assembled at this firm's office and there inspected before being shipped to America. This inspection is a very important matter, requiring that every box be opened and checked with the invoice and the buyer's memorandum. The day I was there a force of a dozen girls was engaged on this work, cutting the heavy twine with which the boxes were bound, opening the boxes to look inside, and then tying them up again. The manager of the firm told me his bill for twine alone amounted to four thousand francs a year. Adjacent to this firm's shipping room was the shipping department of a French-owned concern doing a similar business, and the American told me to notice the difference in operation. In the French place not a string was being cut, but instead the girls were carefully untying the knots and laying the strings aside to be used again when the merchandise had been inspected and the boxes made ready for shipment.

"I suppose I ought to have our girls do the same thing," the American manager told me, "but I just don't. Probably we save some time by doing it our way, but I don't believe we save enough time to pay the extra expense. It's just one of the French economies the French practice that we foreigners are probably too proud to imitate, but meanwhile we have to pay the bill."

There is in Paris a very efficient American Chamber of Commerce, whose membership is composed of Americans doing business in France, with a sprinkling of Frenchmen who have business interests in the United States. In its headquarters, on Rue Tatbout, the chamber maintains a library of more than fifteen thousand volumes, which is accessible to any visitor who wishes to make investigations on any business subject. The librarian, a very cultivated Frenchman, one day made this somewhat surprising observation:

"Evidently the business men from America who come here do not think France has anything to teach them about business. Thousands of executives are in Paris every year, but very seldom does one make use of our library or even come to this office for business information of any kind. Yet there are many things being done in France that it would seem any business man should be glad to learn about."

It is not generally known, but the chamber-of-commerce idea itself originated in France, the first body of the kind being organized in a small manufacturing city in 1599, and there are now nearly two hundred chambers in the country. In Paris I talked to an American business man, partner in a great New York importing firm, for which he has spent more than twenty years in France as its European representative. Last year this man went home to America as a member of an international commission, and during his stay was invited to

after tobacco has been properly aged-

after tobacco has been carefully blended-

after tobacco has been packed for smoking

- the sooner you smoke it the better it is

*Every carton is dated when delivered to your dealer showing the last date on which it can be sold.

Now, wherever-whenever-you buy Tuxedo, it is

fresh from the factory

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

FRESH Tuxedo TOBACCO

Save it with
Kyanize
FLOOR ENAMEL
Old, Scarred Floor Boards—
Hide Them
SOFT wood floors—age-stained and spotted, need try your patience no longer.
KYANIZE Sanitary Floor Enamel covers the old floor with a glistening coat of waterproof beauty. On today, it's dry tomorrow—a coating that defies heels and the elements to injure.
Use it on porch floors, too, as well as on concrete or stone, inside or out.
It's solid in color, solid in value, guaranteed to satisfy.
Nine handsome, opaque shades.
Write for our free booklet, "The Inviting Home," illustrated in colors.
BOSTON VARNISH CO.
Everett Station,
Boston 49, Mass., U. S. A.
Take a Tip from Winthrop Wise: "Save the Surface" with Kyanize
Kyanize
FLOOR ENAMEL
GOLDEN BROWN
Save the surface and you save all

speak before numbers of civic organizations. What he told me seems to be of enough importance to quote in full.

"I talked to twenty-seven chambers of commerce throughout the United States," he said, "and everywhere I was impressed by the fact that the members of those organizations take little interest in affairs outside their own trade territories. In France even the little-town chamber of commerce invariably has a committee whose function it is to study foreign-trade matters and bring to the attention of the government any matter that might affect local industry. For instance, when our Congress was debating the recent revision of tariff the chamber of commerce in St.-Etienne, France, sent a committee to Paris to urge the French Government that it use its influence in Washington to intercede against an unduly high duty being put on ribbon, which is an important industry in St.-Etienne. This town has a population of under a hundred and fifty thousand people, but its foreign-trade committee was studying affairs at Washington three thousand miles away.

"But of the twenty-seven chambers of commerce I addressed in the United States, many of them in cities in the half-million class and larger, only three maintained committees on foreign trade. In conversation with the officers of these organizations, when I commented on this deficiency, almost invariably the reply was something like this: 'Our members cannot be expected to take much interest in such matters because we are not a seaport city and have no direct connection with foreign countries.'

"The attitude was that local prosperity in no way depended on oversea business, although in practically every town I visited there were factories making goods that eventually find their way into foreign countries. Even where there were no factories making the finished product there were almost invariably concerns making some items that do go into the manufacture of goods for export.

"If every town in America that supports a chamber of commerce would have a committee of men interested in international trade, earnest men who would study it in a systematic manner, they would find plenty of constructive work to be done that would add to the prosperity of their communities no matter how remote they may be from the great shipping ports."

Incurious Steel Men

That the French people are well disposed toward American goods is evident to any person who spends any time in the country. In England there is just a touch of jealousy in business circles toward anything American, which makes it advisable for the American manufacturer to cover up as much as possible the origin of the merchandise he offers. But no concealment is necessary in France. Everywhere in Paris one may see window displays of American merchandise labeled "Etats-Unis"; practically every café has an enameled sign on its window announcing that it concocts a drink known as Grog Américain, which obviously cannot come from the United States under our present laws, nor is it a mixture that has ever been known to the most experienced tippler from our country; and from personal investigation I am of the opinion that it could never become popular in America even if granted free admission. Nevertheless the evidence is there to show that articles bearing an American name are welcome in France, and any commercial criticism heard may be assumed to have been given in a friendly spirit.

There is, nevertheless, a feeling in French business circles that we do not take France quite seriously as a commercial nation. At a luncheon of the Paris Rotary Club one day I chanced to sit next a French manufacturer of steel products who had recently returned from a rather extended trip throughout the United States, and while there he had visited numbers of manufacturing plants in his line in an effort to get new ideas. Evidently he had been well treated socially, because he was very flattering in his comments on American hospitality, but there was one matter that seemed to puzzle him.

"My American friends did not seem to be interested in anything outside their own country," he said. "While I was in America I visited more than a dozen plants in my own line of work and I was given every opportunity to learn anything I wished. But what struck me as peculiar was this: The business of which I am the head was established more than a hundred years ago, the date appearing on the business card that I presented. Hardly any of the plants I visited have been established half that long, and it stands to reason that in all the years my firm has been in business we may have discovered many valuable practices that might be of use to them. I asked many questions of my entertainers, gathering much useful knowledge, and would have been glad to reciprocate. But in all my visits to those factories not a single executive asked me a question about how I managed things in my own factory!"

This manufacturer, as he modestly told me, is the employer of only six hundred men in his own enterprise and perhaps seemed a small operator to his entertainers in America; but he went on to state that a friend of his who is at the head of French companies employing more than ten thousand men had had the same experience; during a stay of a month in American manufacturing centers not a soul had thought it worth while to try to find out if he had some knowledge that might be adapted to local conditions.

Squandering Our Inheritance

My friend of the Rotary Club also let drop another observation that contains food for thought.

"Your public schools and colleges," he said, "are marvelous to a traveler from this side, where we are so much behind you in such things. But I was surprised that in America, where higher education is so widespread, I saw hardly any of the working people reading books. In all the factories I visited I did not see a single mechanic with a book in his pocket, or reading a book during his lunch hour, as they do in France."

Perhaps the most thoughtful comment on American business came from an elderly French gentleman, the head of an important Paris exporting house, whose operations have carried him to the United States each year since he was a very young man. He has, he told me, been in every state in the Union.

"The first time I visited your country," he said, "was more than forty years ago, and I saw something then that has remained in my mind ever since. I took a lake steamer at Buffalo and went to Mackinac Island, then going to Chicago by train. All day long through Northern Michigan we passed through a country that was being cleared of its forests, and as far as one could see on both sides of the railroad great fires were blazing, where the trees had been cut down and were being burned to get them out of the way. Millions of feet of lumber and cordwood were going up in smoke in order that the land might be put under cultivation a little more quickly.

"I admire profoundly the wonderful things America has accomplished in so short a time, the great manufacturing cities and the prosperous farming sections that have come into being during the forty-odd years that I have been going there, but always in my mind is the recollection of the fine big trees I saw burning in Michigan. America has used up her capital to hurry up her development.

"I think America might be compared to a young man who has inherited a large fortune and decides to open up a business on the main street of his town. The young man is intelligent, a hard worker, devoted to his business and determined to succeed. He does not have to practice little economies, as his competitors are obliged to do, because he has such great capital that he can do things in a big way to win quicker success. He is using up his reserve, but he is confident he will eventually build up such a great business that he will make it all back again. Perhaps he will; but the real test will come when all his reserve is gone and he has to operate on his actual earnings, just as his competitors have had to do from the beginning.

"America has accomplished wonders, but she has been spending her capital. The question is, Will she build up a world trade solid enough, when her inherited capital is gone, to compete with the older countries, which have had to operate with the greatest economy and to build up their trade by slow and careful methods? Personally I believe America will do it, but it is too soon to tell yet. A hundred years from now one will be able to judge. Not before."

Northern Snows

Chandler Photo

Mountain Lakes

We "Film the World" in Pictures Here

Because Here are Perfect Samples of Practically all the World's Topography—a Great Place for a Summer Trip

BY A PHOTOPLAY DIRECTOR

PEOPLE ask me why the motion picture companies come to Southern California to locate. I will tell you.

The desert sands of India, the rocky coasts of Scotland, majestic mountain ranges, Italian lakes and ocean islands, Alaskan scenes, the Holy Land, the great plains and the cacti of our own vast west and scores of other likenesses—all are here to lend "the atmosphere of anywhere" to pictures.

The Desert of the "Cowboy" Days

The world's finest summer climate is here, too—according to the forty-four-year records of the U. S. Weather Bureau which show these average mean temperatures in a central city of this section:

44 Junes.....66 degrees
44 Julys.....70 degrees
44 Augusts.....71 degrees
44 Septembers.....69 degrees

One hundred and sixty photoplay producers have chosen Southern California for these reasons. And not the least of them is the *summer weather*, which is *rainless* so that we can work throughout, and so temperate that our players aren't worn out by heat.

Acting in a photoplay is gruelling work because there's so much *action*—and after a busy day we need cool nights for sleep. We have them here.

But the main thing is the little *world* that's here.

I have said often to eastern friends who have never been to Southern California, "You can have 'a little trip abroad' within your own United States by taking your vacation in this land. Simply come and see why *we* came here and you'll have the most interesting trip you've ever taken anywhere.

"There is not only everything to see but everything to *do* in the way of sports also.

"Some of the world's best golf courses are here. And as for hiking, horseback riding, motoring, camping, fishing, bathing, sailing, et cetera, there's hardly any other place that equals it.

"Or if you want merely *to rest* in peace and quiet—there are sublime retreats up in the mountains.

"I have done this in a day in Southern California—spent the night a mile high in a mountain cabin and heard a mountain lion call, played golf in the morning in a pretty valley, trod a desert in the afternoon, dined and danced at a fashionable hotel in a great city in the evening and motored two hundred

A Scottish Coast

miles withal over the most perfect motor roads you ever saw marked by 90,000 guide signs placed by the Automobile Club of Southern California, the world's largest motor Club. There's no variety like that of Southern California anywhere else that I know. Why *wouldn't* tourists and motion picture companies come here!"

The trip from the east is fascinating—you see the old Indian lands of early days, the western ranches of the cowboys, the canyons that the pioneers toiled through.

The "Arabia" of Southern California

And when you arrive—the orange groves, the old Spanish missions, the eucalyptus, palms and pepper trees and flowers everywhere.

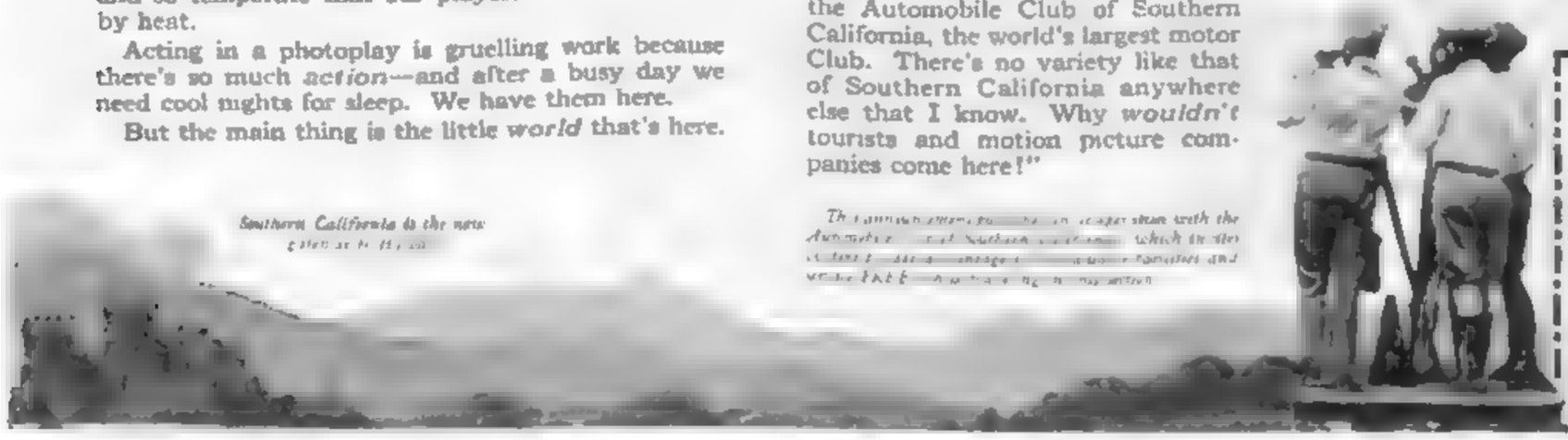
You will find here fine hotels with rates, on the average, less than in most other sections, and in no other place will you find a wider range in accommodations.

Special, low-rate, round-trip railroad fares from eastern points to Southern California are in effect also in summer, beginning May 15th.

If you can spend but two weeks here those two weeks are worth while.

Ask any railroad ticket agent for full information, or mail coupon below. Plan now, for this summer—the best trip of your life.

All-Year Club of Southern California


Southern California is the new garden of the world

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Dept. M-205, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me full information about the summer and year-round vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name

Street

City State

The Daily Question

Be honest now, men—isn't "to change or not to change" the perplexing daily question?

Why not get rid of it all—both for you and for her who keeps you in clean linens? A Coffield Electric Washer will solve the problem for all time.

Think of it—clean clothes aplenty for the entire family, without worry about the work or wear and tear.

Can you imagine a better investment? A Coffield soon pays for itself out of the savings it makes.

And don't forget this—Coffield Washers for nineteen years have been proving their ability to wash clothes clean—and keep on doing it—giving continuous service.

A free demonstration, by your Coffield dealer, is yours for the asking.

THE COFFIELD WASHER CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

Producers of Washday Smiles for 19 years.
Canadian Factory, Hamilton, Ont.

Coffield-
electric washer

Makes the prettiest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds

CHECKING THE ALIEN TIDE

(Continued from Page 18)

on credit by the Federal Reserve system, we should have had a terrible panic. We must follow the same drastic procedure with immigration."

A second basic idea was expressed in original fashion by a man who deals daily with every phase of immigration. He said:

"The United States is very much like a huge club into which aliens wish to enter. In a club we make a sort of moral survey of every applicant for membership. In the case of the alien this observation should also be physical. It is absurd to delay the real test until he gets to America. The censorship should be at the source of the supply.

"To carry the club idea a little further, every applicant for admission to America should stand on his own bottom, as it were, and not have his case prejudiced by a friendly board of governors, which in this case must be construed as congressmen and others who have the political power to influence the decision of the immigration authorities. Both the tariff and immigration should be taken out of politics."

In passing, let me remark that in various sections of the United States I got very much the same idea as is expressed in the preceding quotation. There is a wide feeling that an energetic casting of the blackball against the candidacy of a questionable alien for admission is far preferable to the waving of a red flag after his entry. The trouble is that the sentimentalist is inclined to be color-blind.

A third and equally elemental point of view is that of the eugenist. The following extract gives it:

"The importation into America from Europe of any domestic animal that is not pedigreed is greatly handicapped by legislation. We should take the same care to secure high quality in our human breeding stock as we do in the breeding stock of the lower animals.

"This policy should lead the immigration and consular services to inquire into the earlier personal history of each immigrant, to judge whether or not the immigrant is a probable carrier of hereditary defects, such as feeble-mindedness, insanity or epilepsy. No passport to an immigrant should have the visa of a United States consul without some knowledge of the early history and the family stock of the applicant for admission."

With the conservation of the physical being must go the bulwarking of the national structure. The attitude is best explained by a widely known publicist, who merely voiced the opinion of the man in the street throughout the United States. He declared:

"The root of the immigration problem—and it has only been laid bare in the last few years—lies in the attitude of most aliens. It is not only foreign in source but also foreign to American principles."

Guarding at the Gangplank

"According to Department of Justice records 90 per cent of all the agitation in the United States is due to aliens. From the Haymarket Riot in Chicago down through the horrible massacre at Herrin, you find the impress of the undesirable foreigner. He is the prize fomenter of trouble.

"Analyze the statistics and you find the reason. About 8,000,000 foreigners, many of them long resident in this country, have made no attempt to become naturalized. They cling to their native language, customs and, what is more destructive, their native state of mind. In 1920, 40 per cent of the aliens who came in were classified as having no occupation. This was an error, because the principal occupation of many of them was to stir up strife.

"The only aliens that we want are workers. From 1907 to 1914 about 25 per cent of the male influx were farm laborers. In 1920 only 6 per cent came under this head, and the percentage is growing smaller all the time. Putting it in another way, during the past twenty years only 4,000,000 out of the 15,000,000 who landed on our shores have been of the class of immigrants that helped to make this country great and prosperous.

"The United States and its ideals can be perpetuated only by a fused, intelligent and assimilated people. European governments in the main are based on the theory of administration for racial groups. If we try to govern with segregated populations—and the tendency among unassimilated foreigners is to segregate—we are doomed to unrest and failure. Self-preservation demands a minimum of immigration. That minimum must first be selected and then welded into the life of the republic. We can have no diluted citizenship."

With these four points of view we round out what might be called the fundamentals of intelligent opposition to indiscriminate immigration. It is evidence of the awakened American consciousness with regard to the alien that even where industrial interests clamor for relaxation of the present rules some degree of censorship is demanded. It takes the form of suggestions for selection abroad, registration over here, and more or less scrutiny during the first five years of residence in the United States.

A typical comment that I got in many sections may be summed up in this paragraph:

"In the matter of immigration I believe that America should be guarded at the gangplank. I am more concerned at this time about the quality of our immigrants than about the quantity of our immigrants. We should particularly guard ourselves against the introduction of nationalities that largely compose our disturbing elements. Though it is probably important that we have literacy tests for immigrants I think it is more important that we have some manner of testing the quality of their thinking; in other words, a test of patriotism is more vital at that time to the safety of America than a test of literacy."

Views of the Literacy Test

This reference to literacy brings us to one of the vital points in immigration. Even the sentimentalist agrees that it has been an unscientific procedure, although ardent restrictionists regarded it as a strong weapon for years. Three presidents—Cleveland, Taft and Wilson—vetoed bills providing for it, but it was made a law over Wilson's veto.

Stripped down, the literacy test, which demands that the candidate read forty words in any language, was a groping and unscientific attempt to reduce the enormous and undigestible numbers of immigrants that we were getting prior to 1917. The idea behind it was sound, just as is the idea behind the present 3 per cent law and the proposed amendment, which reduces the quota to 2 per cent, based on the census of 1890; but all three measures have defects. Perhaps the best slant on the literacy test was given me by a man who has literally lived with the immigration question for years. He said:

"A literacy test has nothing whatever to do with determining whether or not an immigrant is a relative of an American citizen or an intelligent immigrant that the United States needs, unless, of course, the United States should happen to be in dire need of instructors in foreign languages or something of the sort. Therefore, I see no reason whatever for continuing it.

"I was not exercised, nor was anyone else that I met in European emigration centers exercised, over the ability of emigrants to speak, read or write their own or any other languages. Everyone, however, was greatly exercised over the fact that the United States was getting great numbers of immigrants from the lowest ranks of society, and that they were going to America to enter nonproductive occupations—enter occupations that could not even provide employment for American labor—or to do nothing at all."

I got many picturesque opinions about the literacy test. None, however, was quite so striking as the following from a one-time alien, who, after graduating from pick-and-shovel work, dealt officially with immigration and is today a millionaire through his own efforts. He said:

"When the literacy test was first suggested in 1892 I said that if the proposal was ever enacted into a law, within twenty-five years afterward anthracite coal would be selling for over twenty-five dollars a ton in New York. It has been less than ten years since the test was enacted into law, and anthracite coal is already twenty and a half dollars a ton in New York.

"If I had been consulted about a wholesome alternative for the literacy test I should have suggested—and I am still of the same opinion—that no one should be admitted who could either read or write thirty words from any book in any language. Why? Because we produce all the educated people that the traffic can bear now. We have 26,000,000 people constantly at school from kindergarten to university. Not one of them on graduating is likely to search for work requiring the use of pick and shovel.

"No school graduate is apt to look for a job in a coal mine unless he is seeking material for a magazine article or some phase of uplift. This is not progress. We are not producing coal miners or other manual laborers. Coal is essential to our national advance. During the World War, Lloyd George once said, 'Coal is life.'

"We must admit the European coal miner—I merely use him as a type of manual labor that we need—but only with the understanding that he comes here to work with his hands. To exclude him puts us into the position of an opulent landlord excluding laborers from his own premises and having to do the chores himself.

"It all gets down to a simple proposition—namely, that if we, by reason of a literacy test, bar out able-bodied aliens who are willing to work with their hands we must teach the American youth to become a manual laborer. This is the problem that the United States must solve sooner or later, and the sooner we get down to it the better."

We are now arrived at the crux of the immigration problem. Everybody admits that there is a growing shortage of so-called common labor. The persistent demand for relaxation of restriction comes from big industry. A favorite point made in favor of letting down the bars is that young America, whether the son of the foreign born or the native, will not condescend to manual work.

Two big questions therefore rise up: Can we develop a pick-and-shovel class among Americans? If not, are we prepared to harbor a definite coolie class with all its by-products?

Let us take up the first query. Much to my surprise, I discovered a large body of opinion which believes that with proper inducement we can make it attractive financially and otherwise for the young American to work with his hands. On this subject let me quote what one of the wisest and sanest of American labor leaders said to me. It was:

"There is not the slightest reason why we cannot build up a definite manual-labor class among young Americans. The trouble so far has been that most sons of artisans want to be movie actors or bank presidents. These are worthy ambitions, but both professions are at the moment overcrowded, and there is a distinct shortage in common labor."

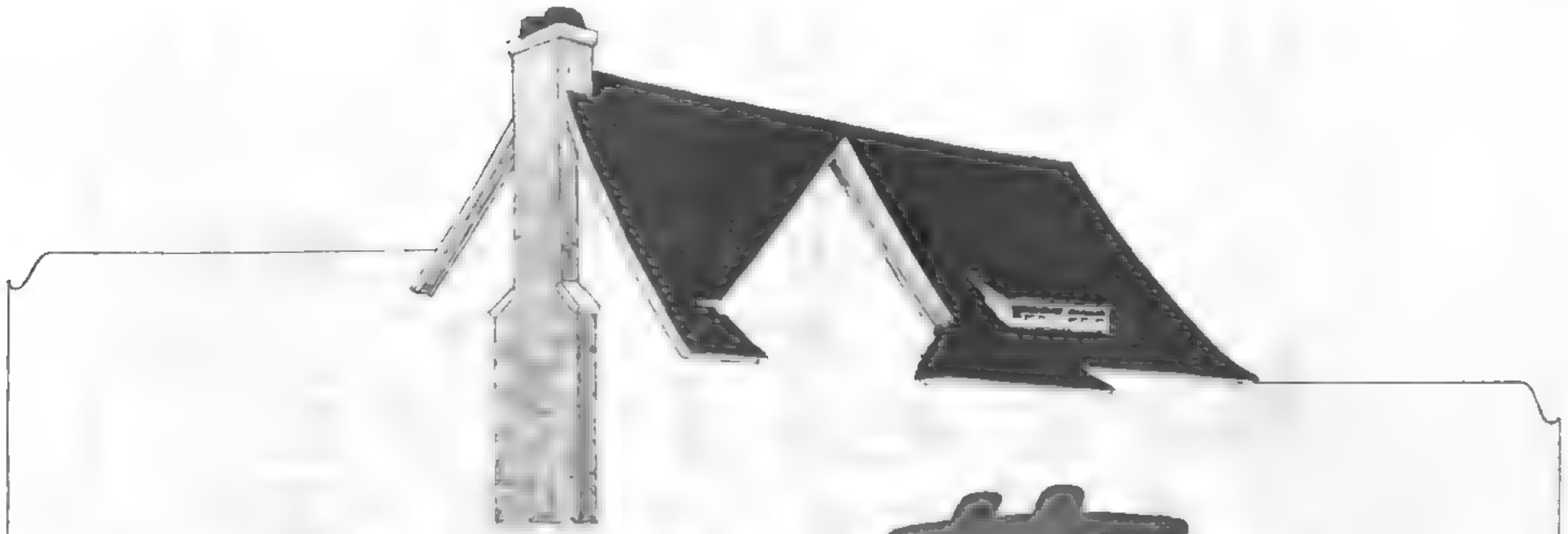
Pick-and-Shovel Americans

"Ever since the World War no one can complain of lack of compensation for the manual worker. The American plasterer and carpenter today get as much as many bank presidents received twenty-five years ago. Therefore the only objection to handwork is the dangerous idea incorporated in the words 'social class.' But social class never got anybody anywhere.

"I believe that through a campaign of education we can even develop a pick-and-shovel class among Americans. When all is said and done the universal test for most men is in the pay envelope. If we can convince the American that he can make more with the pick and shovel than in an office, and at the same time live a much more healthful life, we shall be able to dispense with immigration entirely. One reason for this is that the American has more brains than any other worker anywhere in the world. Put him in a trench and he can do more work than three Italians or five Japanese. It is simply because he uses his head as well as his hands.

"There is just as much opportunity for advancement here as elsewhere. The good digger can become a foreman, and he in time can rise to be superintendent, while at the end of the lane is the chance to be a boss contractor. The majority of big builders and contractors in the United States today have risen from the ranks.

(Continued on Page 163)



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As far back as you can remember many of the homes, factories and farm buildings in your community have been protected by Barrett Roofings. The quality of these roofings is so well established that "Barrett" and "good roofings" have long been interchangeable terms.

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The floors, the walls, the furniture, the very house itself. See all the things that would welcome eagerly the refreshing touch of Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes.

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ACME QUALITY

Paints–Enamels–Stains–Varnishes–*for every surface*

(Continued from Page 160)

"One solution of this pressing problem is to teach trades in the public schools. There is too much of the classical and not enough of the practical in American education. Manual labor is the essence of America, and our principal task today is to raise the standard of our trades. There was a time when we had cheap labor, and cheap labor meant a cheap America. That era has passed, as we all know.

"There is not the slightest reason why the elements of plastering or plumbing or pipe laying cannot be made a part of a course of study along with history, arithmetic and geography. The trouble all along has been that these occupations are looked upon as dirty work. Moreover, in several trades the number of apprentices is kept very low by organized labor. I am confident that if a start is made in this matter of making young America work with its hands, whether in ditch or in factory, it will have surprisingly good results."

That the author of this utterance is talking straight is shown by a concrete happening in New York City during the very week that I write this article. On the theory that the rush for the so-called white-collar jobs is a distinct menace to prosperity and that healthy outdoor work with better pay is far preferable to anchorage at an office desk, the West Side Young Men's Christian Association established a school to teach bricklaying, plumbing, tile setting, electric wiring, carpentering and other lines of the building trades. There was such a rush of office clerks to take advantage of the opportunity that the instructors almost overnight had capacity classes. Other branches of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City are taking up this same kind of education with equally gratifying results. It all goes to prove that the attitude towards work in the United States, like the country itself, is in a process of significant transition.

Although anonymity, for obvious reasons, must mask the identity of all the men and women who are being quoted in this series of articles, it may be worth while to lift the veil slightly in order to give the opinion of a much-discussed American on the subject of creating a manual-labor class among Americans. He happens to be the greatest manufacturer of automobiles in the world. When I asked him how America was to solve the problem of common-labor shortage without impairing good Americanism, he replied:

"I believe in putting up the bars and keeping them up. There is no reason why American industry should worry about pick-and-shovel men. Within ten years practically all the so-called dirty work will be done by machinery. We shall be able to dig cellars, tunnels and subways with mechanical devices. So, too, with the farms. Every day, and, I might add, in every way, the intelligent and progressive farmer is being relieved of the old burdens that made life one continuous round of toil."

Standards for Admission

"If we are to have immigration let it be of the type of the old pioneers, those who came here with the idea of developing the country and not hindering it. We want aliens who come of their own volition and not at the behest of steamship companies."

The development of an out-and-out manual-labor class among Americans will be a slow process. Meanwhile it is necessary for us to withstand a limited influx of aliens. Since the literacy test, as such, is no adequate measure, the task now is to find some adequate yardstick, as it were, with which to measure the desirability of the immigrant.

Of course, the fundamental qualification must be the desire for work. You have only to go to Ellis Island to find this idea is remote from the minds—or the vacuums labeled minds—of most immigrants. Out of one group of 600 aliens cross-examined at the port of New York last January, exactly twenty expressed an intention to go to work with their hands. The other 580 wanted to become peddlers, join family groups and develop into loiterers on the outskirts of business. The man who disclosed these facts to me indulged in a striking comment on them. He said:

"We should put the bars up and on those bars we should paint these words: 'No one can enter here who does not want to work.'"

But even the desire to work is not all-sufficient. What is the real test?

Among the many standards of appraisal brought to my notice during this investigation one stands out as particularly applicable to immigration. It is the psychological test employed by the American Army when we went into the World War, which, in the words of an advocate, "developed heterogeneous millions of men of all grades of intelligence, education and social qualities into the greatest fighting machine the world has ever seen."

This test in its simplest form takes no notice of the fact that the immigrants are illiterate or unable to understand the English language. It is entirely objective. The immigrant would be asked to supply the missing parts of pictures, trace his way through mazes and tangles, count cubes arranged in various forms and meet other simple tests that do not require verbal direction, but call only for observation. Back up this inquiry with sound family antecedents, good health, desire to work, and you have what many agree is the ideal examination.

Just how important it is to examine immigrants mentally is revealed when I say that under the psychological test in our Army, out of 360,000 men of foreign birth put through the mill, exactly 45 per cent were found to be below eleven years of mental age and were grouped in the inferior and very inferior classes. They were not considered good soldier material and were largely assigned to work that demanded muscular rather than mental strength. This ignorant horde, which got into America with all its mental defects, was not considered available material for our fighting forces.

Sorting by Psychology

In proposing the psychological test for immigration, a well-known and forward-looking American physician said:

"It is feasible to determine the value of the immigrant by his intelligence, for all other faculties and qualities hinge upon this. The literacy test is no gauge of mentality or intelligence. If the alien does not possess a certain minimum of mentality it is safe to predict that he will not be adaptable to the conditions of his new environment and will not possess those qualities that are essential to good citizenship. If he cannot comprehend, by reason of his mental limitations, the obligations and duties that citizenship imposes, he cannot be other than a burden upon society. Fitness for citizenship is determined best by ability to comprehend its meaning, as well as the advantages that come from it.

"The examination of immigrants at the port of embarkation is feasible, inexpensive and simple, and will give results much more accurate than any other method. It is practical to examine groups of two or three hundred at one sitting, in less than one hour. All that is required is a staff of two or three trained psychologists at each port at which large numbers embark.

"We have talked much of the Americanization of the foreigner. Theoretically this means that we shall educate him in the methods of our Government, teach him our language, familiarize him with our social customs, impress upon him the significance of our flag and prepare him to be an intelligent voter. This is an ideal that is in every way worthy. But how does it work out in practice? It can hardly be more than 50 per cent successful, because only half the immigrants have intelligence enough to receive the education we wish to give them.

"When we realize that by reason of their mental limitations only, half of them cannot progress beyond the fifth grade in our elementary schools, how optimistic should we become over the prospect of teaching them civics, patriotism or the wise use of the franchise? We cannot hope to make worthy citizens of the subnormal, nor can we hope that they will ever be led in the use of their votes by any other than their emotions, too often played upon by the demagogue and crooked politician. The elaborate scheme of Americanization is abruptly halted by the no-thoroughfare of limited mentality of 45 per cent of our immigrants."

In this last quotation you get the answer to the question relating to the responsibilities that attach to the invasion of America by an out-and-out coolie class. If sentimentality or the demands of industrialists dictate a let-down in the real mental tests for immigrants, then we can prepare for a

(Continued on Page 165)

The Shaving Mug Anthology

Proudest of all the mugs in the rack was that of Comrade Eben Foster. The American eagle, rampant on crossed muskets, was glazed upon it and, underneath, the initials of the owner and the cryptic words "John A. Logan Post." Eb stopped a Minié ball with his knee at Shiloh, but no one would know it to see him hop through a polka or run the fifty yards at the Old Settlers' picnic. For thirty-two years Eb came down to the corner shop on Memorial Day morning, and Shiver Niles trimmed his gray mustache and imperial behind drawn curtains. When he got out of the chair, Eb always offered Shiver a silver dollar, but Shiver never took it.

Follow Directions—

You'll Follow the Crowd

Once in a blue moon, perhaps, you will meet a man who isn't wildly enthusiastic about Barbasol.

If you do, you can be sure of this:

He isn't using Barbasol as he should. Instead, he is trying to complicate a shaving operation that is as simple as it is quick.

There is only one way to use Barbasol—the correct way—if you are to enjoy the comfort of a Barbasol shave.

Merely wash the face in hot or cold water, spread a film of Barbasol over the moistened beard, wet your razor blade, and *shave*.

Throw away your shaving brush. It's useless. Don't rub in Barbasol as you did lather. Barbasol will soften your beard without rubbing. More, it will hold every hair erect for a smooth, clean razor stroke.

The torturing "pull," under which you once winced, will be gone. Your skin will be cool and soft when you are done.

A trial tube of Barbasol, enough for six shaves at least, is yours for the asking—and a dime. Or you can purchase Barbasol at most any druggist's; in tubes, 35 and 65 cents.

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no soap no brush
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I want to give Barbasol a fair trial. Herewith find ten cents (stamps or coin). Send your one week's trial tube.

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A FRESH summer morning, bright with sunshine, gay with colorful garden blossoms. A cool and charming living room. The morning paper; the early mail. And the wide, soft spaciousness of the Kroehler davenport.

What an inviting hour of rest and relaxation, in the delightful atmosphere of a dignified, well-ordered room—the grateful luxuriousness of a deep-cushioned davenport!

Who could guess that they both served a double purpose that the room became at night a spacious, airy sleeping place; the davenport a wide, roomy, comfortable bed!

Daytime gives no evidence of the Kroehler davenport's nighttime use. A few minutes' smoothing and tucking in of the covers, a quick, deft motion, and all evidence of a bed, with its easy springs and sleep-welcoming mattress, vanishes, folded secretly away beneath the soft cushioning of the davenport seat.

Lending distinction all day long to the most correctly appointed room; returning at night to its rôle of bed. Taking the place of an added room; subtracting from the family budget the rental of that room.

Is it any wonder that the Kroehler davenport bed is rapidly supplanting ordinary davenports in every home that has even *occasional* need for extra sleeping space? Its overstuffed, colonial and period designs, in any wood finish, with chairs to match, meet any decorative plan. Charming patterns in mohair plush, tapestry and velour, as well as leather or leather substitute, give color schemes a wide range. Prices—whatever you have planned to pay.

Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell Kroehler davenport beds for cash or on easy payments. Ask for a demonstration. Look on the back for the Kroehler name plate shown here. Do not accept a substitute. Illustrated booklet and the name of the nearest dealer on request.

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KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

(Continued from Page 163

direct assault, not only upon the structure of Americanism but also upon the health of communities. The coolie and the slum are well-nigh synonymous terms.

Examine any chart showing the distribution of our immigrant population and you find that though the tendency of the great majority is for rural life at home, they become urban in America. Practically one-third of the foreign-born have settled in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, which are industrial rather than agricultural. The significance of this procedure is aptly expressed by an observer in this fashion:

"The herding together of large foreign populations in cities tends to racial grouping in which the language and customs of the race are preserved and it makes Americanization a slow and difficult process. It is not difficult to find communities in the Middle West and Northwest where the English language is a foreign tongue to most of the inhabitants, and where habits of thought and conduct are at variance with those of laboring communities. All this operates against the development of a good citizenship. These people dwell in this country, but they are not a part of it."

There is no mystery about the right kind of immigration. This country owes a good portion of its prosperity to the hardy aliens who came to us from the British Isles, Scandinavia, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Germany. When this Northern Europe tide was streaming in it carried no excess baggage in the shape of radicalism. Its principal motive was the hunger for home and occupation. Prior to the World War 750,000 of these people came in each year. Then this tide of Northerners ebbed, while the flood was from Southern and Eastern Europe and especially the Slav domains.

Nine out of every ten men whom I interviewed were emphatic in wanting a return of the old type of Nordic immigrants. A composite expression gathered from many sources is as follows:

"It would be a great benefit if we could bring into America the peoples of Northern Europe, who by experience and environment are an agricultural stock. They could begin their habitation on the farms of this country and by their thrift, energy, personal and moral cleanliness become a contented and satisfied rural population. We have enough, and perhaps more than enough, of the peoples from Southern Europe, the Near and Far East, Russia and Poland. They are too often undesirable from a political standpoint and do not amalgamate with our nationality. The best foreign strains in America are the British, French, Germans, Swiss and Scandinavians. With proper mental restrictions there is little danger of overimmigration of these peoples, for they have made America what she is."

An Outworn Statute

Apropos of this statement, let me inject here an original suggestion made to me by a prominent Chicago lawyer, who is a close student of public questions. We were discussing the ways and means of inducing desirable immigration from Northern Europe, when he said:

"In nearly every big city of the United States the English have their St. George's Society; the Scotch, a St. Andrew's Society; and the Irish, a St. Patrick's Society. My idea is that big industry, working in conjunction with the steamship companies, submit their demands for labor to these organizations, which in turn could act as a sort of intermediary between the source of supply and the market. Though this might be a violation of the so-called Alien Contract Labor Law, it would have the larger value of providing us with a desirable class of immigrants."

Linked with this nation-wide desire for immigrants from Northern Europe is general condemnation of the Alien Contract Labor Law. Dozens of men designated it as archaic, inelastic and a handicap on the right kind of foreign labor. Scores with whom I talked pointed to Canada's system of recruiting labor, especially for the farms, in foreign countries, to meet specific demands. Under this Canadian system the alien undergoes a careful scrutiny, and when he lands at Quebec or Montreal he is ready to fit into a definite place. It is the antidote for segregation.

No phase of American production is more intimately connected with immigration than agriculture. The Northern European strain which everybody agrees is the best for assimilation in this country helped to redeem the prairies of the West and the North. We have no better rural population than these pioneers and their children. As a result the advocates of unrestricted immigration constantly point to the farm as one basis for an overflow of aliens.

I put the question of the farmer's need of immigrant labor to many leading agriculturists in various parts of the country. Without exception the answer was that the American farmer wants no cheap labor. I can best reveal the farmer's attitude in a statement prepared for me by the man, himself a dirt farmer, who is conceded to be the ablest spokesman of his class in the United States. It follows in full:

"I have been both impressed and amused at the several conferences recently attended by representatives of transportation, manufacturing, commerce and agriculture to know the views of nonagricultural people regarding immigration. Most of them demanded that immigration barriers be let down in order that the farmer may have cheap labor. My own viewpoint is quite the opposite."

Lowbrows Not Wanted

"The farmer does not want cheap labor. What he wants is price, which he has not had for some years. Good farm prices are usually concomitant with labor shortages. The most hopeful thing to the American farmer during the past three years has been an indication of a scarcity of farm labor during the closing months of the last year. Give the farmer a price for his product and he will be perfectly willing to pay the labor bill. Scarcity of labor on the farms is always indicative of a large employment in labor and industry, and that, of course, means a large consumption of farm products.

"The farm is America's backbone. To lower the citizenship on the farms by bringing in cheap labor or by allowing a condition to exist that will lower the quality of citizenship already there is to disturb the nerve centers of the nation. Industry cannot afford to have this happen. We are a democracy in government, and a democracy is always ruled by the will of the majority. As a nation we have built rapidly and strongly, because we have properly protected the inherent property rights of our people. The farmer is a property owner; a large majority own and work their own farms. The tenant farmer has a vested interest in his crop, his equipment, his livestock, and hence is interested in a proper protection of his property rights. If the people on the 6,500,000 farms of the nation are happy, prosperous and contented, the nation is safe. If for long periods they are not prosperous they become unhappy and discontented, and there then becomes due cause for alarm.

"There ought to be kept on the farms of the nation the best citizenry in all the land. A suggestion of the low-grade immigrant on the American farm is not well conceived. He would not be contented there, because he is not used to the mode of living obtaining upon our American farms. Moreover, he would be inefficient, because the American farmer is the most all-round skilled workman in America today. He must know mechanics, electricity, botany, chemistry, physics, economics, finance and marketing, if he succeeds in his vocation. This is made necessary through the rapid improvement and use of machinery and the consequent handling of larger acreages per individual, as well as through our great diversification of crops.

"If industry needs a larger volume of skilled labor, which reports indicate, then the farmer would be very glad to see this need of industry supplied. It would help the farmer in two ways: First, by increasing the domestic consumptive demand for farmer's products, for domestic consumption is always preferable to exporting a surplus. Second, this skilled labor, if needed, would improve transportation and lower the cost of industrial production, thus automatically improving the farmer's transportation and lowering both its cost and that of the commodities the farmer must buy.

"There is no doubt but that there will be continuing demands for so-called unskilled labor in this country. This is made more certain since we have built up within the past twenty years a number of industries, such as automobile, aëroplane, moving pictures, the phonograph, aluminum

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Brake Juice "A squirt does the work"
Penetrating Oil Releases Sticking Valves
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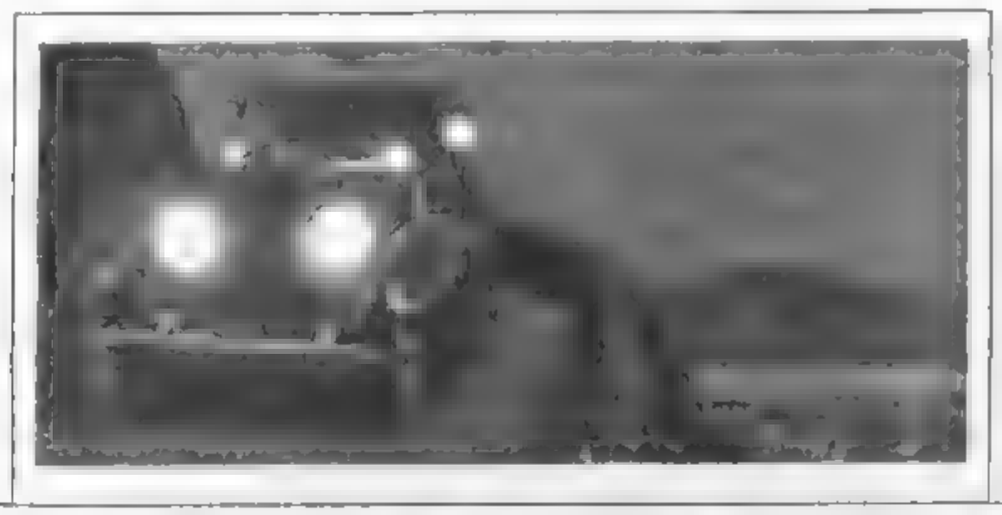
Simon said when it came from the showroom four years ago, this car's shimmering beauty has been protected in all weather through 40,000 miles of travel. The chauffeur takes great pride in its distinctive appearance. SIMONIZ has made it easy to keep clean and beautiful



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Gentlemen:

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In our thirty-three years' experience we have not handled notions as effectively. We heartily endorse this method of displaying and selling notions and believe it to be the best ever introduced.

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Pres.

BY adding a New Way notion case or two, the merchant invariably sees the sales chart go *up* and the sales expense come *down*. Hence the cases and the New Way sectional, interchangeable unit system—which can be started in a small way and added to as the profits warrant—are paying handsome dividends for thousands of good New Way departments. Full display of each item, automatic sales, conservation of space, and a real service which will make the department widely known as "notion headquarters."

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World's Largest Designers and Manufacturers of Complete Store Equipment

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and other similar enterprises, which have absorbed great blocks of the better classes of unskilled workers, which numbers will eventually have to be supplied through immigration. But this immigration must be carefully selected abroad and must be of the type that can be grafted into American life."

There is a feeling in some quarters that the 3 per cent quota system now in operation is a gold mine for organized labor and a gold brick for industry. Big industry believes that it should have a voice in shaping the immigration policy, and here it is. The point of view of these men coincides with the recommendations recently made by the National Association of Manufacturers. They are:

"That in fixing the quota of each nationality of otherwise admissible aliens due regard should be given to the ascertained annual emigration of such nationalities. The Italian quota under the present law last year was 42,000. While 40,000 Italians entered the United States, 53,000 emigrated. Although the Italian quota was apparently satisfied, there was an actual large deficit. In other words Congress ought to fix a quota in terms of net immigration.

"The Secretary of Labor ought to be authorized, upon the presentation to him of satisfactory evidence of a continuing shortage of labor of a particular class or type, to admit otherwise admissible aliens in excess of the quota until in his judgment such conditions improved. This would permit no change in the standards of admission and would leave the key of the immigrant gate in the hands of the Secretary of Labor.

"Provision should be immediately made to provide for the physical examination of otherwise admissible aliens through a detail of officers of the marine-hospital service or other appropriate United States medical officers at the point where passports are visaed or at convenient points of embarkation. This provision could, of course, be waived by our Government where satisfactory assurances were given by the country of immigrant origin that physical examinations required by United States law have been made and the result certified. The latter proposal satisfies any question of international relations."

Still another kind of opinion on the 3 per cent quota system is that of one of the most eminent of American educators, who said:

"My own preference is for selective immigration. I would have treaties entered into between the United States and other countries that would insure the cooperation of our Government with other governments in selecting on grounds of physical, mental and moral fitness those who should be permitted freely to enter the United States with a view to permanent residence."

For the 1890 Quota Basis

"The present law is unsound in theory. If we already have 1,000,000 immigrants from an undesirable source we may admit under the law 30,000 more from that same undesirable source; whereas if we have 1000 immigrants from a highly desirable source we may admit only thirty more from that same desirable source."

This point of view was echoed by an expert on immigration, who attacked the rigidity of the quota system from the following angle:

"I see no reason for admitting 27,000 Poles into the United States every year because 27,000 happens to be 3 per cent of the number of Poles who lived in this country during the census of 1910. This is why I maintain that the 2 per cent plan based on the census of 1890, which failed of passage in the last Congress, should have been adopted. So far as aliens are concerned we had a preponderance of desirable peoples from Northern Europe under the 1890 enumeration.

"My frank opinion is that the percentage law as at present devised will never operate properly until the Senate and House Immigration Committees are willing to face squarely the issues involved. As I see them, these issues are: The admission of such relatives of American citizens as must be admitted and the immigrants that the United States actually needs. I see no reason for admitting anyone else, since everybody agrees that we are already overstocked with troublesome aliens."

Upon another phase of immigration most representatives of big industry agree: It is for a more adequate distribution of desirable aliens once they land in the United States. The following comment, typical of many, is to the point:

"I feel that the Government should have some voice in the distribution of aliens. It would not separate families at Ellis Island, of course, but in selecting immigrants abroad it should be made known to them before they start what local needs in America are. They can then decide whether they want to go to the wheat and corn fields of the Middle West, the cotton plantations of the South, the coal mines of West Virginia and Pennsylvania or the textile mills of New England. Thus both immigration and production would be helped. My suggestion is that this work be done under the auspices of a bureau of supervision with headquarters in Washington. By this plan the alien could get satisfactory living and working conditions, and a more contented citizenship would be the result."

A Healthy Change in Sentiment

Despite the scattered objections that I have outlined, the 3 per cent quota system is generally intrenched in favor, particularly in the South and West. As a matter of fact many advocate an amendment to 2 per cent, with the census of 1890 as the basis for determining the number. Expressive of this attitude are the recommendations of one of the most public-spirited organizations of San Francisco. I asked the president to sound the sentiment of the members on immigration, and the committee delegated for this work reported as follows:

"Your committee recommends the adoption of the Albert Johnson Bill, restricting immigration to 2 per cent of the number as reported in America by the census of 1890. It further recommends the exclusion of all immigrants ineligible to citizenship, the registration of all aliens residing in America and a periodic report on such aliens."

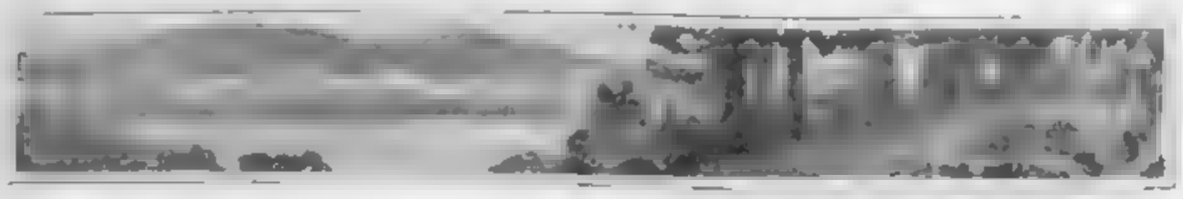
Sum up American opinion regarding immigration and it is clear that the whole national point of view has undergone a healthy change. Save among sentimentalists the tendency everywhere is for drastic restriction in numbers and with it a selective system that will not only weed out the undesirables at the source of supply, but apply the acid test of fitness to assimilate our ideals of life and work. The alien must learn the difference between liberty and license.

The quota plan now in operation is an emergency measure and operative only until 1924. By that time its benefits and defects will have pointed the way to a system that will take cognizance of emigration and give a satisfactory net total. Already the character of the incoming tide has improved. Between July first of last year and January 1, 1923, more immigrants from Northern and Western Europe came in than during the preceding twelve months.

For the last I have reserved the suggestion of a level-headed American, who indicated the agency for the final solution of the whole immigration problem in this wise:

"Immigration legislation will continue more or less haphazard until it is put into the hands of a small and competent group of men of the type of Herbert Hoover and Charles G. Dawes, who have no political axes to grind and who are not afraid to face race questions or ruffle foreign feelings. They could frame an air-tight and scientific law that would meet every industrial requirement and at the same time safeguard American institutions. Such a commission would realize that just as we are gradually evolving an economic self-sufficiency for the United States, so could we also achieve in time a complete independence of foreign labor. It would mean the Americanization of America."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of American articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will be devoted to the railroads and labor.



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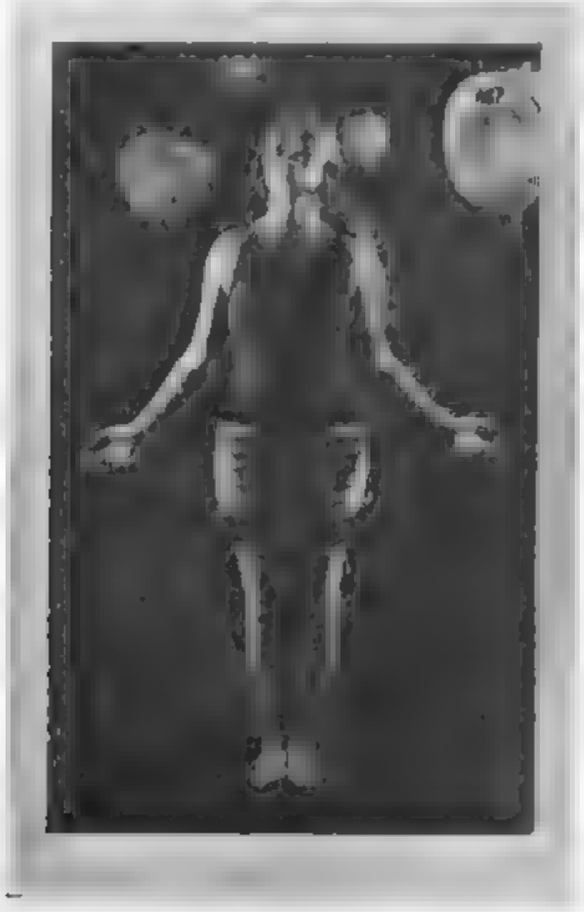

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SHUT THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 9)

make him settle down. He was a tornado. No one had ever put bridle on Mars or driven him this way or that. What he wanted to do, he did; and what he wanted to buy, he bought, regardless—all but Elise. She was going to cost him all that he had.

"When you have her letter," he implored, "you'll come?"

"It won't mean any kind of promise."

"I'll make you see reason when I get you to Towers. Wait till I have you to myself!"

"I'll come," she promised.

A flush stole all over her face, because it was impossible not to be thrilled.

When she got back to Paula's, wearing the bunch of violets, Elise seized the first opportunity to speak to him.

She undulated to him in her boneless Apache way, and murmured, "Can I have my holiday soon, if I'm invited down to Towers?"

Paula stood transfixed.

"To Towers!"

"Lady Towers is writing to ask me for a visit," said she with meek triumph.

The meekness was assumed. The triumph burst out and irradiated her.

Paula smiled, "I'll spare you any time, dear, and I'll lend you ——"

"The white charmeuse, the little chestnut motoring suit, the silver fox ——"

"No, no!" cried Paula. "The silver fox does not leave the premises."

"Yes!" she said tigerishly. "I want it." She was by nature a regular little East Ender at a bargain, hard and crafty. "The silver fox, and lovely undies—lovely undies."

She repeated this, staring intriguingly at Paula. He relaxed, not without hesitation, and gave her all she wanted.

"You will make it all worth my while," he whispered, stroking her shoulder, "by and by."

"I won't promise anybody anything, ever," said Elise.

"Keep your promises," said Paula. "I don't want them. You are a real woman. That's good enough."

Gracia talked in snatched moments untiringly of Lord Mars. What an awful beautiful man! Also she prophesied what the others would say if they knew. She would like to see that Captain Somebody's face! Little Maxie, too—little fool! He would fuss! Write her one of his silly letters next post. Maxie would, said Gracia.

"Maxie!" scorned Elise. "All hot air, that fellow! Talking so big! The way men brag about what they want and how they're going to get it makes a girl sick. Money doesn't tempt me."

"Liar!" responded Gracia automatically.

After work Elise went home to the two little rooms. When she went out she always locked the outer door. She would not bear even the landlady within. Her letters and some flowers lay on the mat. She picked them up and went in. She shut the door. She lay on the hearthrug before the gas fire and read the letters. The flowers lay beside her. Some were from the rich stockbroker who sometimes took her out to dinner and sometimes took Gracia. Some were from the nice-looking subaltern in the guards. There was a letter from Maxie Truelove. He wrote in his usual childish, self-satisfied strain. The others ——

How all men tried to force the shut door!

She tossed them aside and came last to Lady Towers', reserving it for the evening's *bonne bouche*. She read it over and over—the courteous words charming the dubious situation, the kindly good breeding of the writer making even that difficult letter gracious, grievously as she must have suffered over it.

Elise said aloud, "I'll go."

She visioned the old house, and the lawns and trees and lake, and swans and roses, all as she had seen them in the summer's-day picture. She basked before her gas fire, looking victoriously round the room. Men's photographs looked back at her. There were one of Mars, domineering, passionate, strong; one of the stockbroker; one of the subaltern; one of little Truelove's too-easy face; and others.

She laughed at the lot.

III

LORD MARS brought his big touring car round for her. She was ready for him in the chestnut motoring suit, with the silver fox over her shoulders. Her frocks were packed into her somewhat battered suitcase

Mars let the chauffeur drive and they sat behind, so that he could hold her hand under the rug. It was a suave warm day, musical with singing birds and uplifted on heavenly little winds. The hedgerows, as they flashed past, were the greenest things Elise had seen for a long time.

Lord Mars held her extremely slender hand in a devouring clasp.

"Happy?" he kept asking in a way that showed him sure of her affirmative answer.

How could the little manikin be other than happy in this august car, on a fine day with a fine man, and one of the finest futures in the world before her?

"You'll love my mother," he said, "and my father will love you."

Elise knew it to be more than likely that Lord Towers would love her.

"Perhaps," she admitted with a wise little smile; "but will he approve of me?"

"I tell you, darling," answered Mars, "they'll approve of any woman who could really make me settle down and do my duty by the family."

"Duty by the family?" said Elise. "Ah, children?"

Mars held her hand closer, and in that moment he really surpassed his own capacities for love.

"Children are lovely," said Elise, "if you have the right things for them."

She thought flyingly of little Lady This and Lord That mounted on ponies, attending meets of the hounds as portrayed in leading pictorial weeklies. They would be very different from the snatching, cadging, anxious-baby crowd in the twenty-foot room of her childhood.

"Of course," said Mars.

They lunched midway at a famous old inn, instead of going straight to Towers, because he thought that Elise would like it. She did. She noted that the people of the inn knew and bowed down to Mars, and that he was one of those fortunate ones who get all they lift a little finger for.

After lunch he took his camera out of the car and took Elise's photograph at the wheel.

"See how you like yourself at the wheel of a car," he said.

She posed beautifully; it was her profession; and she guessed the photograph would turn out well. As for how she liked herself at the wheel of such a car, she loved herself. Directly she laid her gloved hands on the steering wheel and felt furtively with the toe of her little shoe for the mechanical complications before her feet, she somehow felt that she could drive. She pictured herself:

"Above is Lady Mars driving her forty h. p. ——"

Lord Mars jumped up beside her, changing into the driving seat, and laid his own hands on the wheel. The chauffeur got in at the back. Mars was smiling, pleased with his own cunning. He saw that she liked all that he showed her very much indeed.

"Now I'll drive you," he said. "How do you like going?"

"Fast."

So they came like a whirlwind to Towers.

There lay the old house, dreaming in the sun, the rose garden a great mass of color on one side, acres of glass shining above old red walls on the other; peacocks on the green terraces, and a stately quiet over all that was a miracle to Elise.

Lady Towers was standing outside the great front door, a stout woman with a face that could only be read by her chosen intimates, and country clothes whose maker Elise knew respectfully at a glance.

Mars helped her out. Her training as a manikin, posing, posturing, masking before women like Lady Towers for hours at a time, stood her in good stead. She came splendidly, if a little too perfectly, through the introduction.

Suddenly Lord Towers appeared. He was merely a much older, fatter Mars; just as hot, only now more stable; just as imperious, only more of a diplomat; just as selfish, only more urbane. He, too, was one of the fortunates who got all he wished by barely lifting a little finger.

He loved Elise exactly in the manner she expected of men.

Through that introduction, also, she passed with practiced ease.

She knew, of course, that these elderly people saw further, deeper down, than the blinded Mars would yet consent to see. They saw her beneath her veneer for the little gutter child she was. Their wise eyes found her out warily, though for Mars' sake kindly.

Elise guessed, as she moved with her boneless Apache grace beside Lady Towers into a huge hall lit through stained-glass windows, "She's thinking to herself how she's going to train me."

In the proud hall under a sunny window they had tea.

Elise had posed in all kinds of garments, from a chemise upwards; in all kinds of settings, from a mere back cloth upwards though never in quite so august an interior as this—and she bore herself with a cool grace. Talk was difficult; but the frequent silences were not so bad.

Lady Towers herself showed her to her room.

"You will like to rest before dinner," said Lady Towers.

In the midst of a vast chintz-hung bedroom overlooking the park was Elise's own suitcase, already unstrapped by Lady Towers' maid. The white charmeuse was laid out.

"What a pretty frock, my dear!" said Lady Towers graciously. Then she walked to the window, remarking, "You'll like this view; it's so restful," walked back, eying the girl with her elderly eyes remote from the fervent fires of a youth that was hers no longer, and of an elemental class that she had never known, and added, "We are so pleased to have you with us."

She smiled and went out.

Elise threw herself on the bed.

She lighted one of the expensive cigarettes with which the stockbroker provided her and thought, "Well, my nighties and caps are all right."

The evening slid away urbanely. Lord Mars loved Elise possessively every moment of it; Lord Towers loved her ruefully and charmingly—he would be a pliant father-in-law.

Lady Towers watched, thinking, "I shall have to train her. It must be done."

Lord Mars took Elise out to the terrace after dinner. The air was warm, and one smelled the two acres of roses; and there was a full moon.

"It isn't real!" she whispered in a rapture.

"Yes, it's all real," said Mars in a jubilant voice, for, of course, he was winning all along the line, "and it's all yours and mine. Kiss me, darling, and promise now."

Elise let him kiss her many times—not that she could have prevented Mars from taking what he wanted. He would have been astonished and chagrined to find kisses withheld from him. But she made no promise.

"Give me a few days," she gasped, breathless with the man's ardent embraces.

"I don't want to give you a few minutes," said Mars.

Then he took from the pocket of his dinner jacket a tiny ring case, and showed her inside the hot white fire of a huge diamond set in platinum.

"Wear it for your birthday tomorrow."

"On my right hand, then," Elise whispered.

"All right," he said, too sure to be impatient, and good humoredly he slipped it on. "And I'll leave it to you to change it over. Will you do it tomorrow?"

She did not know.

It took Mars a long while to say good night under such a moon. He had a certain crude, simple romance in his soul, and he could grow as sentimental as a child worshiping a favorite fairy. Lady Towers had to come wandering down the terraces before they came in.

In the morning Elise woke and heard church bells across the park. She lay sunning herself in the rich beauty of the great place, to which the peaceful sounds of the bells added their quota, and Lady Towers' maid came in with tea and parcels and letters.

Towers never went without its letters. On Sunday mornings a groom fetched them from the village post office. This the maid explained to Elise. She drew the curtains back from a fine morning and retired. Elise took up her letters.

"I suppose in the lives of people as rich as these nothing ever goes wrong," she thought.

She amused herself opening her parcels. It was her birthday. Mars' ring flashed on the third finger of her right hand. Leaning against her pillow, she raised her hand and turned it this way and that till the great diamond shot flames. It was superb! What Gracia would say!

The guards boy had sent her a funny mascot, an extravagant doll, which now sat on her bed with crossed legs. The stockbroker's chocolates were of the largest and most luscious. There was a long letter from Maxie, wishing her a happy birthday, extolling his prospects, saying that soon he would be prosperous enough to ask her once more a certain question. Maxie made her tired with his satisfied, futile face obstinately set towards the legendary success that should buy her. The diamond outshone them all

She found it tremendously pleasant to linger long over her bath and dressing. She sat at her dressing table leisurely, and read all the notes over again—the short amorous ones and Maxie's long amorous one. The maid came and went.

Lady Towers annexed her for church in the morning. The afternoon belonged to Mars. They spent it hidden among avenues of chipped yew hedges in the gardens, and Mars' love-making was intense and fierce. He could not contemplate losing anything that he wanted. He stretched out a great hand and pulled all things that he desired wantonly towards him for his pleasure. He was a huge spoiled rich child with a man's prerogatives, and the world was to him and his kind an everlasting nursery stored with toys.

Under the veneer that Paula and his predecessors had spread lavishly upon her, Elise was primitive like her class, and a little savage like all women, high or low, good or bad. If she had seen Mars fighting up from the gutter, or up against any sort of odds bigger than he, she would have thrilled to him in an instant, and stood behind him with the towel and the sponge, shrieking her cheers; and he would have taken his breathers between rounds on her shoulder That was the kind of thing bred in her.

But what was there for any grown woman, with the elemental savage not cultured right out of her, to do for a man like this?

Sitting on the old, old stone seats warmed by the sun, with Mars bending over her; walking between the tall hedges of clipped dark yew, with Mars still bending closely over her, Elise felt, and did not know she felt, all this

Mars worried and bullied and begged her about the ring. It remained on the wrong hand.

"Give me time," she parried between his onslaughts; "give a girl a little time."

Mars kissed her the more.

All that day she had not been alone; not really alone; she was not her own property; there wasn't a door on which a maid might not knock or through which some person might not enter. In the gardens with Mars that warm Sunday afternoon she thought of her two little rooms with the shut door.

She escaped stealthily after tea somehow from them all, and got into a room she did not know. It must be the library; there were hundreds and thousands of books behind glassed-in shelves. None of that household ever read anything heavier than sporting weeklies, or perhaps—in the case of Lord Towers—an agricultural paper for duty's sake. The books looked like strangers. She gazed at them with awe. But in one corner of the room away from the main shelves was a friendly little bookcase of homely size open to the hand. She stretched out a hand at random and lighted on a volume of Stevenson.

She sat on the floor and dipped into the book perfunctorily. The library was so quiet; she loved it. She turned over pages, reading sentences here and there, unimpressed save by the peace of the room. Then she saw a line which, as far as she was concerned, stood out from the others in wisdom and simplicity:

"The spice of life is battle."

Footsteps sounded on the parquet without, and Lord Mars came in like a hunter. He saw her crouched on the floor over the book beside the raddled-looking informal little bookcase, and with a shout of joy he was at her.

"There you are! I've looked for you everywhere! What the dickens do you mean creeping away like a little cat?"

Leaning down, he picked her up bodily, the open book still in her hands; and when he had got her he kept her.

"I was reading a book. 'The writer says, 'The spice of life is battle.' And so it is!"

"Is it, by Jove?" said Lord Mars absently, intent only on her intriguing face.

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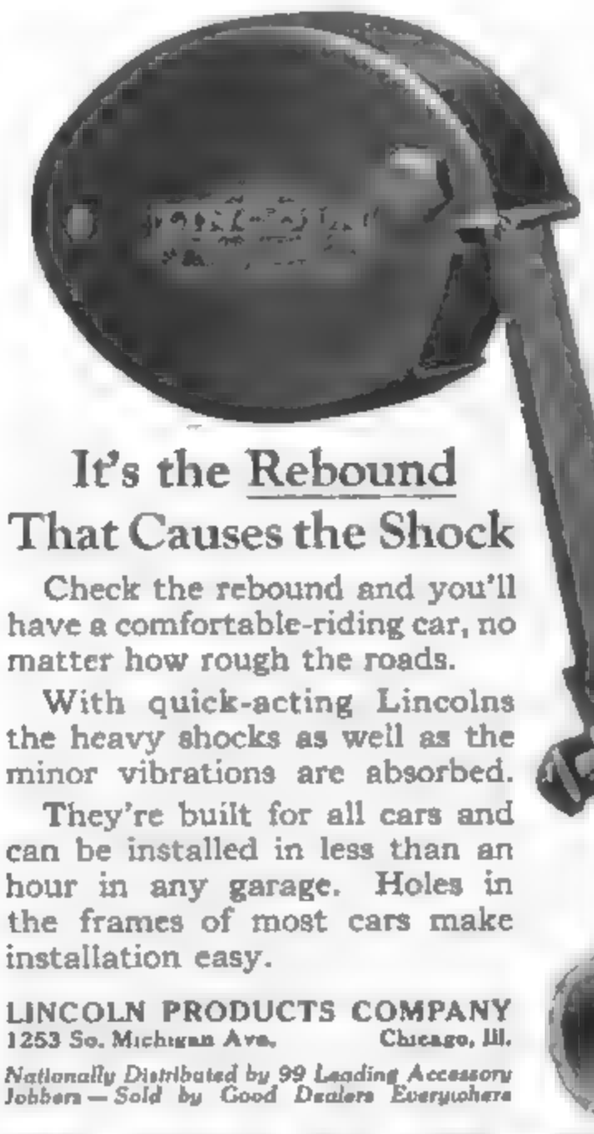

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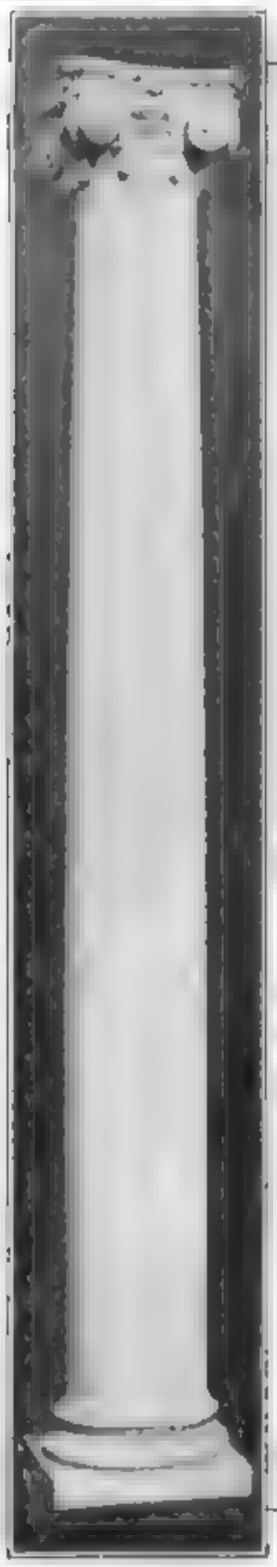

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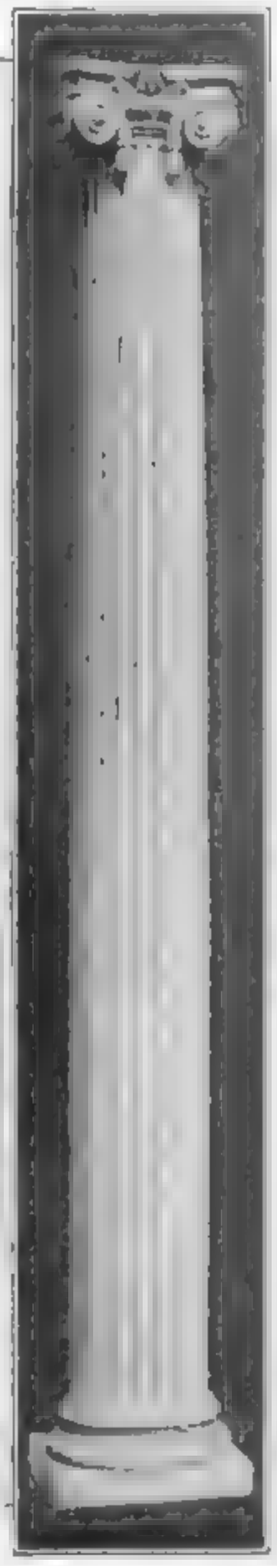


She pushed the book back among the others.

"Don't you ever get tired of all this—having nothing to do that amounts to anything: everything done for you; all soft and—and ready to your hand and—and nothing to put up a fight about anywhere?" she demanded. "Don't you get tired of it?"

"Wish you'd give me a chance to get tired of you!" replied Mars, not listening.

Elise wriggled from his arms bonelessly.

"It's time to dress for dinner, isn't it?"

"We don't dress tonight," said Mars. "It's evening service; cold supper; on Sundays we're awful religious here. So come and sit down. You and I can keep this place to ourselves."

"Don't you ever want to be alone?"

"Dashed if I do!" said Mars. "Oneself is pretty poor company."

"You wouldn't say that if ——"

Somehow the oppressive everlasting presence of Mars reminded her of the nonprivacy of the twenty-foot room in which eight had slept and eaten all together. She pouted, "Let me be alone a little; give a girl time to think."

"Don't think," replied Mars. "Let yourself go—and I'll catch you."

But she escaped from him, ostensibly on the plea of putting on some little frock Paula had provided subsidiary to the white charmeuse. She refused the services of Lady Towers' estimable maid. She drew aside her curtains and looked out over the park and breathed deeply.

"I don't envy 'em," she said with conviction. "They can have it. Their Sunday rules and their weekday rules, and all the panoply of it!"

They had coffee in the library that evening. It was dim and Sabbatical, a tall lamp here and there glowing yellowishly in the gloom. Lord Towers talked to her nearly all the time, while with shining eyes Mars watched. Lord Towers was friendly, fatherly, flirtatious. He put his hand on her soft shoulder and kept it there, and admired her hair. She looked at him and at Mars, father and son alike; emperors of life who had never received a challenge and so had never met one.

She kept a cool effective pose, and saw Lord and Lady Towers thinking, "She plays her cards well." Yes; they were both thinking how well and skillfully she was playing for her great chance.

Mars' shining eyes were always upon her, when she sat talking to his father, when she moved about the room, when she toyed with the string of sham pearls—over which Lady Towers was shuddering inwardly. Mars watched every movement of her hands, every smile that came and went on her face.

Lord Towers thought: "Clever minx! She might do."

Lady Towers thought: "I must begin to train her."

No one knew that Elise even thought at all.

She retired early, it being the custom there on Sundays. She felt herself surrounded by customs, old, crusted, honored, unquestioned. Everyone seemed to belong to so many other people; to be full of conventions, rules, responsibilities and pride. No one walked free. Smaller people watched these big people's lives as they might read an open book.

She shut her door with a firm sound and drew a thankful breath. But Lady Towers knocked and sailed in. She had come for a chat. Just as Lord Towers was friendly, fatherly, so was Lady Towers friendly, motherly. But she wanted to know things too. She probed delicately for family history, if any; for family troubles, if any; for family predilections, if any. And to save Lady Towers' fine feelings—for they were very fine feelings indeed—Elise restrained the outrageous candor on her lips.

She let Lady Towers talk of Mars; of the need for him to settle down; she let her hint of Mars' wild oats, very wild and very many, at which she could have laughed, for what else should one expect of men?

Inside her uprose invisibly her own stubborn spirit of pride. These people looked on her—and rightly—as a beggar, as a sponger, as a place seeker and husband hunter, of course! Their attitude to her, beautifully draped as it might be, was just the attitude of those slum visitors who used to come into that room of dingy memory and look at her doubtfully and say, "This child seems thin, and is dirty. I'll leave a nice cake of soap—see, this pretty pink one—and she could have a milk ticket."

As a small child she had often wished for pink soap and milk tickets to give away. Giving was the sport of queens. But when you took you were a pauper.

"You would be giving me a lot," she said abruptly, "if I married Lord Mars."

Lady Towers started a little and looked at her carefully. The words were unexpected and she did not know quite what to make of them. She looked at the girl sitting in the low chair opposite her, elbow on knee, chin in hand, shrewd gamin eyes shining at her between lashes almost improperly long.

She was a beautiful thing! Lady Towers did not even begin to doubt if her incredible dark red hair were real. She could see with surprise for herself that Elise was a very real person indeed.

Like her husband, she was thinking, "Really, she might—she might do"

She replied gracefully, with a kind but calculating look, not altogether believing, but not obvious enough to sting:

"Your point of view is quite right, my dear, if you will forgive my admitting it. But it is charmingly unusual ——"

Elise said, half under her breath, "When a woman gets married she wants to give something worth having, too, else she can't be happy. It's not a deal."

"A deal?" hesitated Lady Towers with raised eyebrows.

The red-haired philosopher before her mused: "If you'd spent your life cadging for favors and taking charity, your idea of a high old time would be to have something to give away, like mine is."

"Funny child!" said Lady Towers with utter incredulity, but still graciously. "And now suppose we have a nice little talk. That's what I came for."

IV

ELISE rose early, took her suitcase—its weight making no terrible strain on her wiry strength—and passed out of the great house. True, a startled housemaid fetched the butler—struggling into his coat—and the butler begged to be allowed to order a car, to inform her ladyship ——

Elise dealt with him. For the rest, Towers was asleep.

A pony cart galloped after her when she was half through the park—the butler's contribution to the minimum of decorum—and so she drove to the station; but her departure was undistinguished and uneventful.

She went back to her little kingdom. The two rooms simply embraced her. She sat on the hearthrug, lighted the gas fire on the mere excuse of a damp morning, and could have purred like a cat.

"All mine," she said out loud—"bought and paid for. Next time any charitable doings arise in my young life, I'm doing 'em."

She laid the stockbroker's chocolates beside her, lighted one of his cigarettes, and thought of nobody, not even Lord Mars. She thought of her job; of what she would tell Gracia about Towers; of what she would tell Paula.

She made the guardsman's mascot sit up on the hearthrug beside her.

The lovely sounds of London traffic came up through the open window like the sound of drums. Beautiful!

"And nobody's coming in," she said to herself. "Nobody's ever coming in here."

She had hardly reassured herself of this when she heard feet on the uncarpeted stair. The feet hastened and stumbled. A knock fell uncertainly on her door.

The landlady?

"What is it?" she called out. "I'm in. I'm back. What d'you want?"

The door opened. She saw, standing tremblingly on the sacred threshold, not daring to cross it—he knew better—Maxie Truelove; little, satisfied Maxie with his face crumpled up, frightened and white, his eyes red-rimmed. He was tremulous as a jelly.

"Elise!" he cried imploringly.

She scrambled up to her knees, and kneeling there, looked at him.

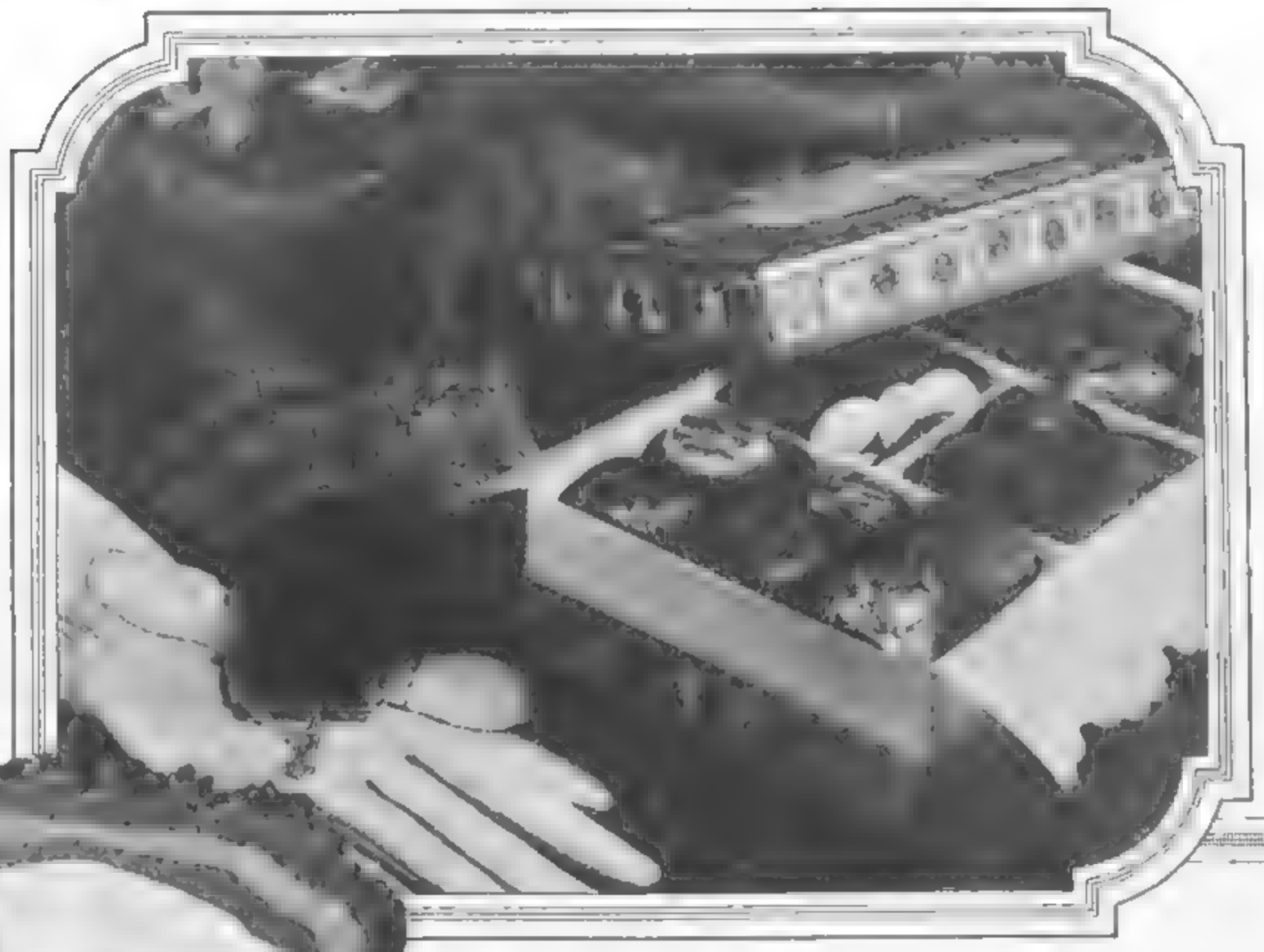
"You! My heavens! You blown in, of all things! Stay right there where you are, on the doormat. Good morning!"

"El-Elise!" he stuttered.

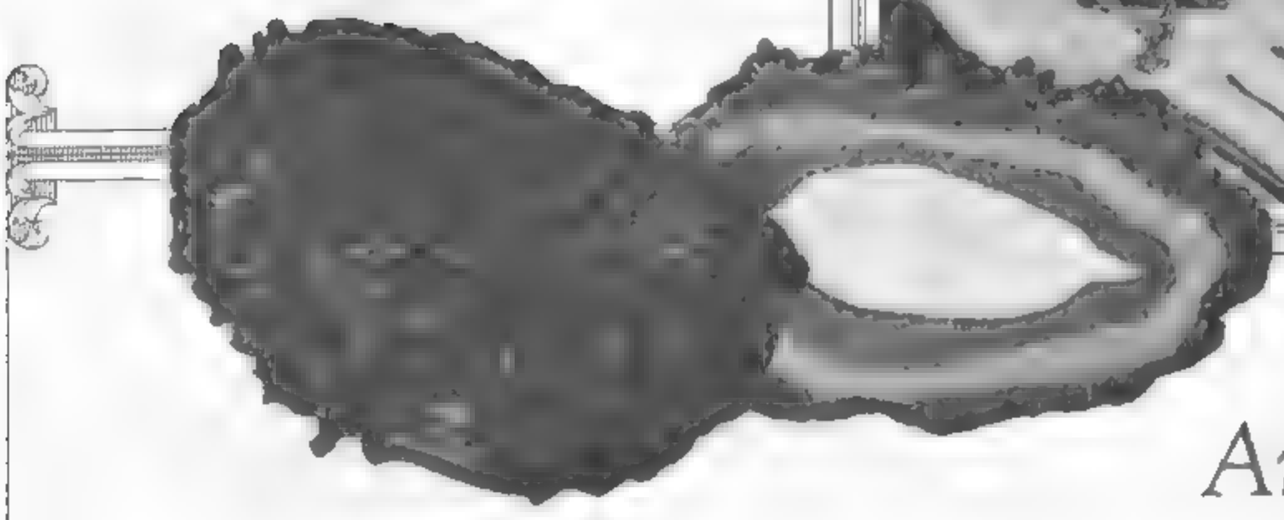
"What is it? What d'you want?" she repeated crisply.

"I've lost the—the job I wrote to you about! G-g-got fired h-h-half an hour after the letter was p-p-posted! I'm all in! I—I owed money. You know the b-b-bad luck I've had. Trusted to this job to—to pick me up. P-p-prospects gone. Whatever I'll ever have to offer you or any girl, or when I'll have it, I dunno. Just—just had

(Continued on Page 172)



THE Almond Truffle is one of the twenty-one different kinds of candies in The Norris Variety Box



Another— The Almond Truffle

HERE again is a distinctive Norris creation, made with that rich extravagance which distinguishes these famous confections of the South.

The center is an almond—but not an ordinary almond. All of the Norris almonds are the finest sweet almonds imported from the lands that produce the best.

Furthermore, these, like all nuts used in Norris Candies, are not shelled until they reach the Norris kitchens. Then, with careful inspection and selection, they are freshly cracked as required.

Thus their natural flavor is retained, and they are roasted with all their rich oil, which makes almonds at their best so delicious.

After roasting they are first covered with milk chocolate, then with vanilla caramel, again dipped in chocolate, and finally rolled in chocolate flakes. Five distinct steps just to make a piece of candy—but it is a Norris candy.

The Almond Truffle is but one of twenty-one different kinds of candies in every Norris Variety Box. These include many other sorts in which nuts are used, several varieties of chocolate-covered fruits, with other delights for the "sweet tooth."

As a gift package, The Norris Variety Box offers a succession of new thrills to even the most sophisticated candy-eater. To present this box reflects credit upon the giver for thoughtful care in seeking something different and better.

If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies yet, send us $1.50 for a full pound Variety Box, prepaid to any part of the United States Kindly give dealer's name

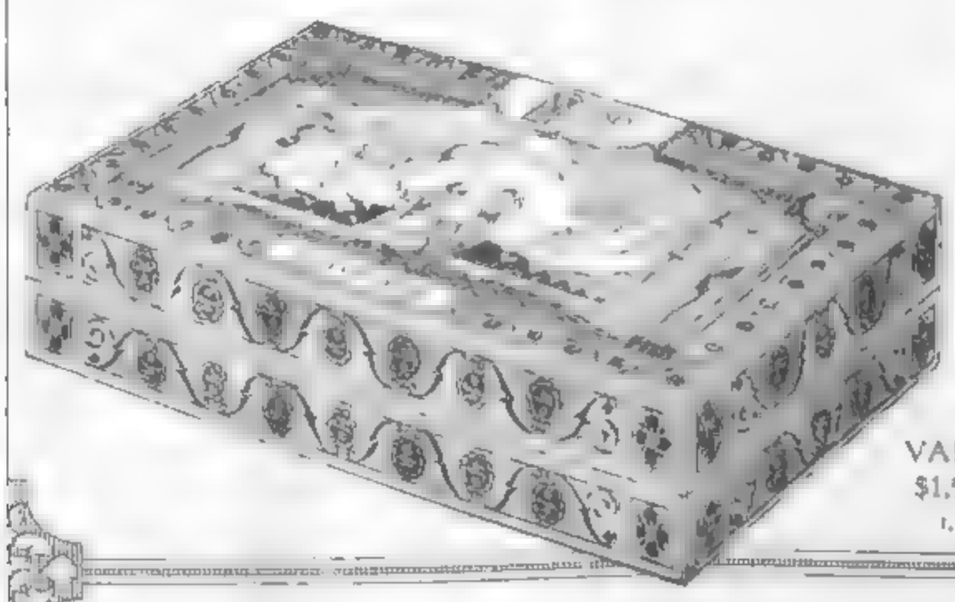
These candies are included in The Variety Box

Chocolate-Covered Fruits
- Cherries
- Pineapples
- Raisins
- Coup de Fraise (black tin cup)

Chocolate-Covered Centers
- Double Almonds
- Lemon Rolls
- Almond Butter Brittle
- Sirrona
- Almond Truffles
- Marshmallows
- Cream Brazil Nut
- Brazil Nut Truffle
- Double Mints
- Apricot Creams
- Honey Pecan Nougat
- Maple Walnuts
- Cream Pecans

Caramels
- Vanilla
- Chocolate
- Nut

Pistachio Nougat



THE VARIETY BOX
$1.50 per pound
1, 2, 3, and 5 lbs

USE THIS CONVENIENT COUPON

NORRIS, Inc., ATLANTA, GA.
Enclosed find $1.50 for a 1-lb. Variety Box

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Dealer's Name _____

NORRIS VARIETY BOX

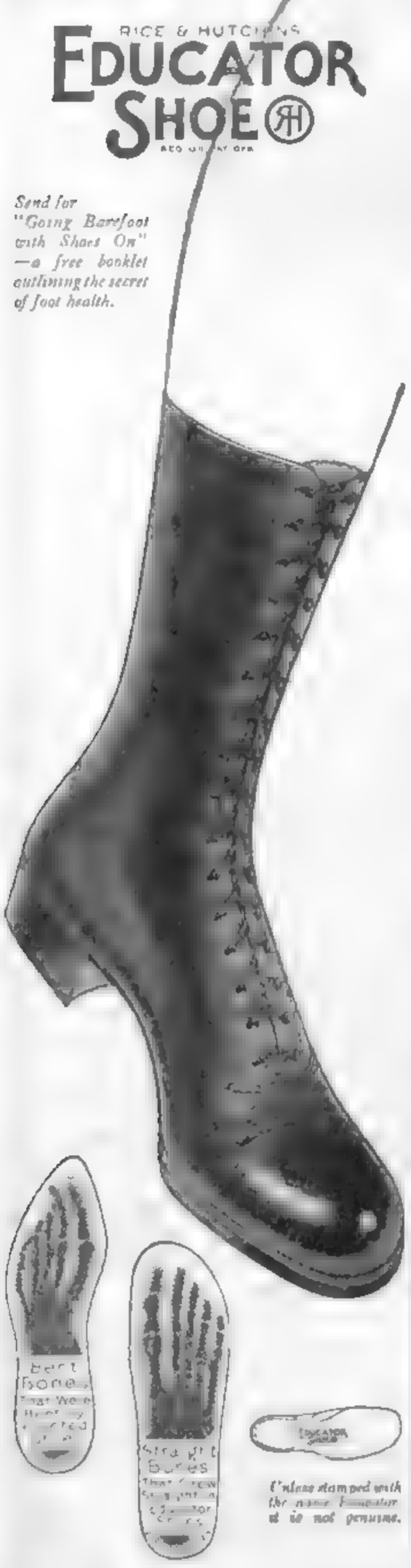
Going Barefoot with Shoes On!

THE shoes you buy for your growing girl mean much to the woman she will be. Poise and health in future years require shoes *now* that don't bend tender bones and strain the developing body.

Educators are shaped to the bare foot. Every graceful line is Nature's own. Your girl will like the snap and style of the Educator models.

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

Send for "Going Barefoot with Shoes On" —a free booklet outlining the secret of foot health.



Unless stamped with the name Educator it is not genuine.

MADE IN NEW ENGLAND, FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, BY

RICE & HUTCHINS
INCORPORATED
14 HIGH STREET BOSTON, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 170)

to come and see if you were here. I'm down—I'm out—broke—failure."

She scrambled right up from her knees to look at him. She saw all he said was true. Here he was, a fighter—and always a pretty weak one, at that—up against odds beside which he was a pygmy; up against all this unemployment, this breakneck rough-and-tumble for jobs. . . . Yes, she knew his past; knew his futilities; he was right there. Here he was. His crest had fallen; his heart was poor; his flag was down. She saw this little soldier footsore and tired to tears and still at the break of battle.

She thrilled all over; stiffened herself. She had crawled up from a class that just took its broken men like babies and fought beside them till death. She opened her arms.

This was how the first marauding man crossed that forbidden threshold.

"Come in!" she called. "And shut the door!"

MAKING OWNERS LIKE THEIR CARS

(Continued from Page 34)

car that had not been broken in. Yes, and got away with it!

Only last week a woman bought an eight-cylinder car from us and drove it home, that being her first experience. The next day she came back with her husband.

"Will you tell me," she asked me, "what I must use to polish the boiler on this car?"

"The what?" I answered, trying to keep a straight face.

"The boiler," she repeated, and pointed toward the radiator.

A dealer must never laugh or make fun of a woman owner. They resent it deeply.

"That is the radiator," I told her quietly.

But the joke was on me, after all.

"I guess she's got it right at that," whispered a mechanic to me. "That radiator is boiling."

Seeing the point, I asked her to let us polish the boiler for her. We quickly discovered what was wrong and she never knew the difference. These women owners ask all kinds of queer questions, and I have made a point of seeing that nobody in our place ever makes fun of them.

The wife of a neighbor who had bought a car, painted royal blue, came in the next day for her license plates, which I had ordered. That year's New York plates were green with white letters.

"Oh," she exclaimed, downright disappointed, "couldn't you get plates to match the color of the car? That combination of light green and dark blue is terrible!"

"I tried, madam," I said with as straight a face as I could muster, "but they are entirely out of blue plates this spring and won't have any more until next year."

If she ever found out how she had shown her ignorance and how I had kidded her she never said anything about it. She became a very excellent driver.

Women Who Get Their Rights

I have just said that women rarely know anything about the workings of their cars. That does not mean, though, that they do not make good drivers. As a rule women make almost as good drivers as men. It is something in their nervous make-up that gives them a wonderful concentration on the job at hand. They often have an uncanny eye for distance and speed, and they are all game. I have never seen a woman driver who wouldn't take a chance if it were a question of establishing her rights on the road or in getting out of a close place. I saw a woman two days ago save her car and its occupants from a threatened crash by shooting past a truck at forty miles an hour and avoiding another car by less than two inches.

If she had even hesitated there would have been a serious collision involving all three machines. The only thing possible to do was put on all speed and shoot past the point. In a flash she saw that chance and acted on it. But, of course, this isn't saying the impulse to take rush action of this sort is always to be desired.

Lots of men don't think so quickly. Many of them wouldn't have the nerve to risk everything on such a shot.

Regardless of the jokes in the papers and the disparaging remarks of other drivers on the road, women, as a rule, study the traffic laws more closely than men. They like to obey the law, and you can bet they'll see to it that others do also. They'll even call a traffic policeman down if he makes the slightest change from the regulation moves.

At a grade crossing on Long Island the other day the operatives of a freight train had cut off a car and left it squarely across the road, blocking traffic for several minutes, intending to pick it up when they were through switching. Automobile horns were blowing and there was much growling, when a woman drove up in a small coupé. Immediately she got out and walked over to the flagman.

"You get that car off this crossing immediately," she said, "or I'll have somebody arrested. You haven't any right to block traffic any more than I have, and you know it."

The flagman was inclined to be insolent.

"Don't you talk back to me," she said. "Notify the engineer to move that car immediately or I will have you both arrested."

The engineer got the signal and immediately moved the car. He knew he had no right to leave it there, even for ten minutes. All the horns sounded in approval of the woman driver, but not one of the other drivers had had the nerve to insist on his rights.

That temporary blocking of obscure railroad crossings purely for the sake of convenience is a trick often worked by railroad employes, by the way. A few more women drivers who know their rights and who insist on them would help a lot.

Follow-Up Service

Inexperienced women drivers often get into serious trouble. Fortunately they are not permitted to drive in the big cities until they have taken a real test and are granted an operator's license. In the towns and villages, though, it is pretty difficult to put a check on them. They've got to learn somewhere.

The moment a woman buys a car and takes it from the storehouse she generally takes the position that men usually take, too, that she is always right and that the other driver is wrong, no matter how the first accident happens.

This spring a woman driver, having had two days' experience, was on the road near our place, teaching her husband. In demonstrating how a car should be turned around she stepped on the gas accelerator instead of the brake, as she had intended, while backing.

The car immediately shot backwards across the main thoroughfare and collided with a truck. In a half hour she was in my office wanting to know how she could go about suing the truck for damages!

The biggest selling help that I have found, especially in dealing with women, is that I manage to find time to give them lessons in driving. They always want the proprietor, the dealer himself, to take them out. In the spring and summer I must spend two or three hours a day, giving lessons—free of charge, of course. Also I make it a point of calling up my customers within a week after they've bought a new car and requesting them to drive the machine around to my place and let me look at it.

I have saved them many big repair bills by calling attention to little things that they were neglecting. I take their cars out and test them myself.

That little attention has got me many second sales; has prevented customers from switching to some other make of car. If they buy one of my cars they feel that it will be looked after without having to go through a lot of rigmarole. Of course I have the advantage over the big distributors of being right in the village with my patrons every day.

I have had men come to me and apologize for having decided to buy another make of car. Once their heads are set, there is no use in trying to reconvert them. Always I volunteer to look over the new car for them just the same as if they

For Accuracy

FAIRBANKS SCALES

For nearly a hundred years, Fairbanks Scales have been known as the world's standard of accuracy in weighing. Their features of precision and dependability have made "weighed on a Fairbanks" a guarantee of *quantity*.

The Fairbanks Portable Platform Scale shown here has literally a thousand uses—on farms, in stores, factories, warehouses, offices—wherever men buy and sell merchandise.

Protect Your Profits

Only *weight* determines actual quantity of most materials. By weighing everything you buy and everything you sell on a Fairbanks you have positive protection against profit losses due to inaccurate weighing.

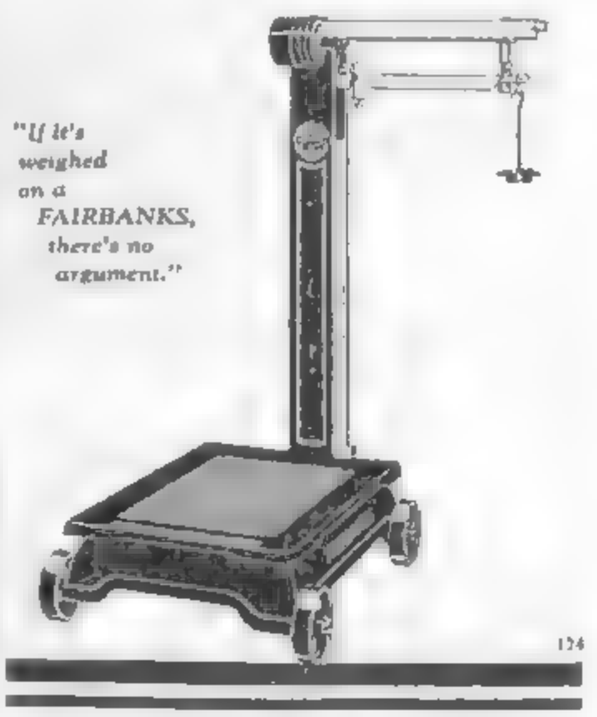
Besides the model shown here, there are hundreds of other Fairbanks Scales ranging from the chemist's delicate balance to the giant which weighs loaded railroad freight cars. Each is recognized as standard in its field.

CHICAGO
900 S. Wabash Ave.

NEW YORK
Broome and Lafayette Sts.

—and Forty Other Principal Cities in the United States

"If it's weighed on a FAIRBANKS, there's no argument."



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Watch This Column

"The Play's the Thing"

I believe, with Shakespeare, that "The play's the thing." And I am constantly seeking *good plays* rather than stars. If stars happen to fit the parts, stars will be in the cast. If they do not, they won't. *We cast our plays with the kind of people called for.*

FORREST STANLEY and ESTELLE TAYLOR in "BAVU"

It often happens in this industry that plays are written just to exploit a star. Sometimes the play is poor and the star is good. But no star, however clever, can make a poor story a good one. So, we hunt for the story first. It isn't the star that makes the picture. Primarily it is the story, plus good production, fine settings, fine photography and an all-around appropriate cast.

* * *

So it is with "Bavu," Universal's most recent big production—the picture version of Earl Carroll's great stage-play, laid in Russia just after the Czar was dethroned. There are several notable and outstanding characters, and we picked the people who would play them best. It didn't make any difference to us whether they were stars or not. But it so happens that they are. You know them all.

* * *

I wish you would write me your views about "The Star and the Play." Do you agree with me? Do you think a good star can make a bad story good? Do you prefer a star to a good play, appropriately cast? I am eager for your opinion. Write me a letter—a personal letter, and answer these questions, please. I will answer you immediately.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

had bought from me. Believe me, I never lose much by that.

In teaching women to drive I rarely ever explain anything to them until they ask about it. I find that they will learn much more quickly if let alone to work the thing out for themselves. After all, they merely want me along for a safeguard in case they get nervous. The one thing I insist on is for them to tell me exactly how much oil, water and gas they have before starting out. I do this to impress upon them the necessity of making an inspection every time before leaving their garages.

It is one of the average woman's failings seldom to buy gasoline until her car is almost dry. They frequently run out of gasoline on the road and get stuck. A few experiences like that are more effective than a month of warning by me.

Many cars are injured, if not actually ruined, by new owners getting too ambitious. They want to run at high speed the moment they get familiar with the operation of the engine and the gear shifts. That will lessen the effectiveness of any motor.

I paste a notice on the windshields of new cars warning the owners that the motor cannot be guaranteed if it is run faster than twenty miles an hour for the first five hundred miles. Most of the manufacturers do that; but the mere warning without explanation is not sufficient. Women, particularly, want to know why.

The reason for this danger to motors is very simple and should be understood. The bearings of a car are made of relatively soft metal. The part that works around it—the piston-rod end, for instance—is adjusted in most low-priced and moderately priced cars very tightly, so that when the surfaces are finally worked in smoothly the clearance will not be too great. Now, if the engine is run rapidly at first the soft metal of these bearings will burn out, or melt, before the bearings are worked in properly. The motor gets overheated and many other troubles are likely to occur. The engine may get rattly and wabbly and lose power.

Good Care Means Good Service

It is well worth a salesman's while to demonstrate this by showing actual parts of an old motor. I try never to be too technical in explaining this. At the same time the principle of it must be understood or the new car will be ruined.

Another most injurious habit is that of racing the motor while getting the oil started, or when the car is not under a pull. This is even worse than running fast on the road, as the engine, while idling, turns over rapidly with very little pressure on the foot accelerator.

It is very important that the oil tank be kept full all the time and that it be changed every two or three hundred miles. The first oil becomes dirty and rough through picking up the particles of metal worn off in the early friction. All the oil should be taken out and new oil put in. Otherwise the smooth surfaces may be scratched and injured by the fine fragments of hard steel.

The new driver will save a lot of money and annoyance if he or she will remember and heed what I have just said. The dealer will get a lot more sales if he will make a point of seeing that they do remember. Hardly a day passes that I do not call up some new customer on the phone and ask if the oil has been changed yet. It is not a nice job, so I suggest that they bring the car around and let us change it. There is lots more money in seeing that owners are pleased than in making repairs.

A Quick Deal

A man moved to our village two years ago and was around my place looking at a big car that he appeared to like.

"If I bought one of those, when could I get it delivered?" he asked.

"You can get in it right now and drive off," I told him.

He looked at me in astonishment.

"But I have no license plates."

"Make out your application and you can use my demonstration plates until yours come."

"I doubt if I have enough money in the bank right now," he said, still looking at me curiously. I knew that he was a pretty well-to-do man.

"That makes no difference," I told him. "Take it on time payments. Just sign this agreement. If you want to pay in cash when you return from your trip that will be all right. I'll get you a rebate of interest."

"By George, that's a go!" he decided, and he promptly drove off.

Right there is a big factor in the success of a village salesman. Many people would buy cars if they could get in the one on exhibition and drive off. Such annoyances as getting license plates, insurance, signing a lot of papers and so on often put off a sale until the customer gets cold.

This particular purchaser seemed surprised at the big allowance I made on his old car. I allowed him six hundred dollars, which he knew to be much more than it was worth. The next day I sold his old car for three hundred and fifty dollars, taking a loss of two hundred and fifty. In fact, I only made about a hundred dollars on that sale. I did it purposely, just to get that man's trade. He is a frequent buyer of cars. As he was a new resident, I wanted him to make my store and my repair shop his headquarters.

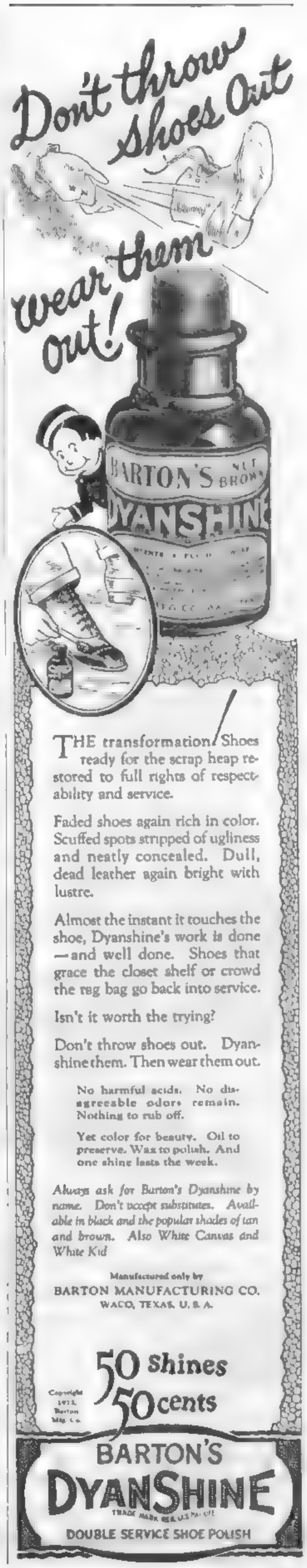
Even though I made little profit, a sale is a sale. Every one counts in the bonus allowed annually by the company. That, as I have said, was two years ago. Today that new citizen of our town owns three cars, all of the make I am selling. He has a sedan, a touring car and a sport-model roadster.

To sell old cars is one tough job. I have adopted one method that has worked out pretty well. Automobile owners, if they know much about cars, will not buy a used car except from some person they know. I know all the men in town who like to tinker with cars; men who will buy a secondhand car if it suits their fancy.

I had a roadster in pretty fair condition. I drove it to the home of a neighbor and put it in his garage. Then I called him up at his office.

"I've just left a good secondhand car at your house," I told him. "Drive it around

Wrinkles of Age in the Mountain Sides of Zion Valley, Utah



THE transformation! Shoes ready for the scrap heap restored to full rights of respectability and service.

Faded shoes again rich in color. Scuffed spots stripped of ugliness and neatly concealed. Dull, dead leather again bright with lustre.

Almost the instant it touches the shoe, Dyanshine's work is done—and well done. Shoes that grace the closet shelf or crowd the rag bag go back into service.

Isn't it worth the trying?

Don't throw shoes out. Dyanshine them. Then wear them out.

No harmful acids. No disagreeable odors remain. Nothing to rub off.

Yet color for beauty. Oil to preserve. Wax to polish. And one shine lasts the week.

Always ask for Burton's Dyanshine by name. Don't accept substitutes. Available in black and the popular shades of tan and brown. Also White Canvas and White Kid

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50 shines 50 cents

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

No. S 3014
Men's Black Calf
Blucher Oxford
Six Rows
of Stitching

VALUE

The Crossett Shoe
"makes Life's walk easy"

DISTINCTIVE designs, true shoe comfort, the lasting sturdiness of honest material, sold at a price which only enormous production makes possible—all this is embodied in the Crossett guarantee of Value.

And Crossett service goes further than the actual shoes. In each city you will find the Crossett dealer a trained shoe specialist—typical of the honest merchandise he carries.

—for MEN and WOMEN

LEWIS A. CROSSETT CO.
North Abington, Mass.

CROSSETT Shoe

a while and if you like it keep it and pay me later. I allowed six hundred dollars for it in trade. You can have it for three hundred. Don't bother about it, though, if you don't want it. I just wanted you to try it."

This complete confidence in his ability to handle a car and judge its merits got that man. In a week he drove up and gave me a check.

Last year I had an amusing experience in selling a car of very long wheel base. We also had a smaller model of the same make. In our village most of the people built their garages for small cars. This became a problem. Just on the point of making two or three sales I discovered that the long car would not fit the garages. One woman became furious when she found that the end of the big car would stick out of her garage. After that I had to go around and see which car would fit before attempting a sale. Often I had to change my argument suddenly in favor of the comfort of the long car to the great advantage of a light car with short wheel base. The advantageous point in this case was the saving of gasoline and tires.

That woman who bought the big one and got used to its comfort finally refused to make an exchange, going to the expense of knocking out the end of her garage and having it lengthened.

Any dealer who thinks he is going to fool a customer by telling something that is not true is in for a loss of his bank roll. Men, women, boys and girls are pretty wise to automobile values in this day and time.

Farewell to England

(After a Farewell to America by Henry W. Nevinson)

OUT of the twilight gloom of the dingy, murky railroad station, out over the gently undulating tracks that give to the medieval train the soothing, restful motion of a camel, out past monotonous rows of drab grimy houses, out, once again, into the clear, clean sunlight as the yellow-gray overhanging mists of London, eternal as the Alpine snows, recede from view.

Good-by, London! Good-by, city of romance!

Farewell to the narrow, twisted streets with their low, smoke-stained houses; good-by to the mellow Bells of Bow, rising clear above the jangle and clamor of the turbulent city.

Good-by to the old-world pageantry—the scarlet Beef Eaters of the Tower, the barristers, wigged and gowned, mingling with the clamorous throngs of Fleet Street, the watchful sentinel of the Horse Guards, statuesque and immobile.

Farewell to the city of Charles Dickens, where every stone echoes with memories of David Copperfield, Mr. Micawber, Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller; where the fountain still plays and dances merrily in the court of the Middle Temple, as it did when Ruth Pinch awaited her lover there. Farewell, London! I am going home.

I am going to a land that speaks with the jargons of a hundred alien races; where twenty-year-old buildings are torn down to make room for newer, more modern edifices; where the timorous, struggling immigrant of today is the judge, the governor, the senator of tomorrow. Good-by, London! I am going home.

Good-by to the land of afternoon tea, where men, curiously garbed in sack coats and top hats, speak in throaty, falsetto tones and peer vacuously through window-glass monocles; where a hot bath is a sybaritic luxury, an event to be planned carefully and hopefully in advance, like a summer vacation, and remembered fondly and tenderly, a strange and wonderful experience, to be handed down to posterity as a cherished tradition.

Good-by to the land of strange verbal nuances, where the public schools are the private schools, and where candidates do not run but stand for office; where an elevator is called a lift and an automobile horn is called a hooter; where the currency is so involved in a confusion of sovereigns, guineas, shillings, pounds, half crowns, farthings, pence, sixpences and thruppences that a simple financial transaction, such as the purchase of a hat, calls for the services of an expert accountant.

I am going back to the land of sanitary plumbing, where daily ablutions may lack, perhaps, the glamour of a medieval rite, but where modern facilities atone somewhat for the absence of hoary tradition. Good-by, London, I am going home!

Good-by to the haggard, haunted figures, sleeping wretchedly on the benches along the Thames Embankment. Good-by to the smug, self-satisfied newspapers; to the detailed reports of divorce cases in which the unsavory testimony is printed frankly and boldly for the delight and edification of all; to the sedate sporting news; and to the leaders, ponderous, scholarly and unreadable.

Good-by to the advertisements written in the chaste, classical style of Addison, blazoning the virtues of quack medicines and unspeakable nostrums. Good-by to the calm quiet dignity of the cricket match, as provocative of applause as a harp recital; to golfers who would rather appear nude in Piccadilly than coatless on the links.

I am going back to America, crude, vulgar and virile; where men sit in the bleachers, shameless in shirt sleeves and suspenders, and hurl offensive epithets at the umpire; where the only recognized members of a leisure class are popularly designated as hobos; where men and women are not afraid to be enthusiastic, eager and cordial; where blue blood and pedigree assume importance only in dog shows and horse shows; and where every man is an ancestor

Good-by, England! I am going home

Newman Levy.

Drives Your Boat Through Thickest Weeds!

Drives boat well up on shore when landing

Propeller automatically rises over sunken logs and stones

$75.00 Complete Ready to Run

THE Caille Liberty Motor will drive your rowboat through weeds so thick you couldn't row—through water so shallow a boat will scarcely float—through areas infested with sunken logs and treacherous stones—without the least danger to motor. It will lead where no other motor can follow. Develops 2 H. P., is speedy, sturdy, easily carried and has motorcycle control. Thousands in use. Ask any owner. Send for catalog. *We Challenge Any Motor-Driven Rowboat to Follow One Driven by a Caille Liberty Motor.*

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6212 2nd Boulevard Detroit, Michigan

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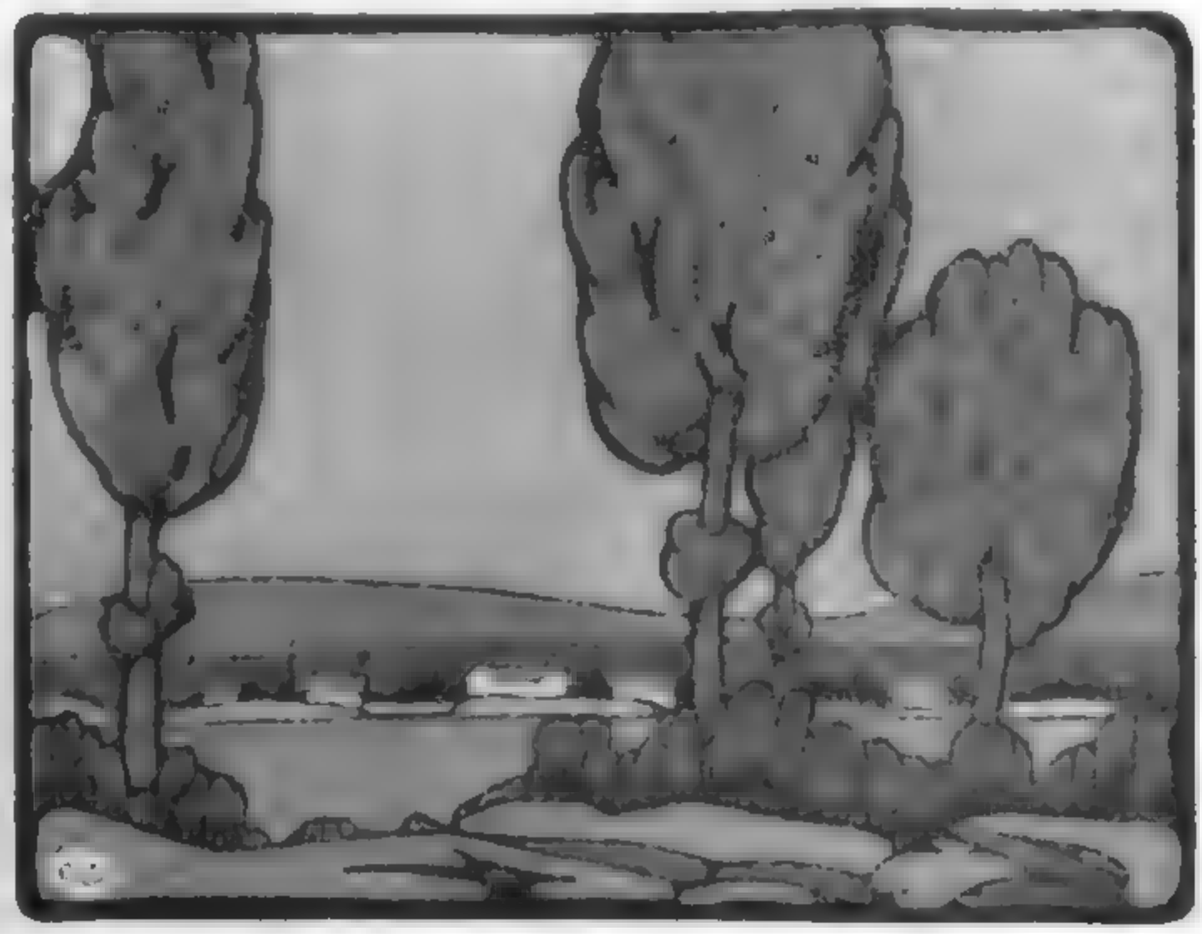
PRONOUNCED "CAIL"

LIBERTY MOTOR *for* ROWBOATS



NOT many people are aware that the first laundries were established for the benefit of men

In [illegible] washday service of any sort, many [illegible] thoughts pioneer [illegible] sent their washing by ship to Hawaii—a matter of [illegible] months or so intervening between collection and [illegible] could be kept at home [illegible] by phoning the [illegible] modern laundry.

Now, after many years, a woman's laundry service

A woman's laundry service!

As the laundry of seventy-five years ago came to the rescue of men, so today's laundry comes to the rescue of women.

You can be rid of all washday work or any part of it now, simply by phoning one of the modern laundries in your city. You can have the entire family washing called for promptly, and laundered with equal promptness in any one of several saving ways.

Certain recent and remarkable developments in the laundry field make this possible—developments in the form of a complete series of new family services.

If you prefer a complete, all-ironed service, you can have that. If you prefer a partially ironed service, you can have that. Or, if you prefer to have only the washing done, and the clothes returned damp, you can have that.

Some of these services—Prim-Prest; Ho-mestic; Rough Dry; Float-Ironed; Thrif-T-service, and Wet Wash—are described in detail below. But many others equally good are also given by modern laundries. In any case, you will find a service adapted to your needs at a price to your liking.

Phone a modern laundry in your city and try one of these services with your next washing. It will free you of old-time washday worries. Moreover, you'll find the cost no more than that of equivalent work done at home.

Prim-Prest

A finer laundry service. Everything washed in the purest of rain-soft water and mild suds; everything beautifully ironed ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

Ho-mestic

A most acceptable medium priced ironed service. Flat work is tastefully ironed and folded. All wearing apparel is ironed but because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

Rough Dry

Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

Float-Ironed

A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists, and house dresses will require some re-ironing at home.

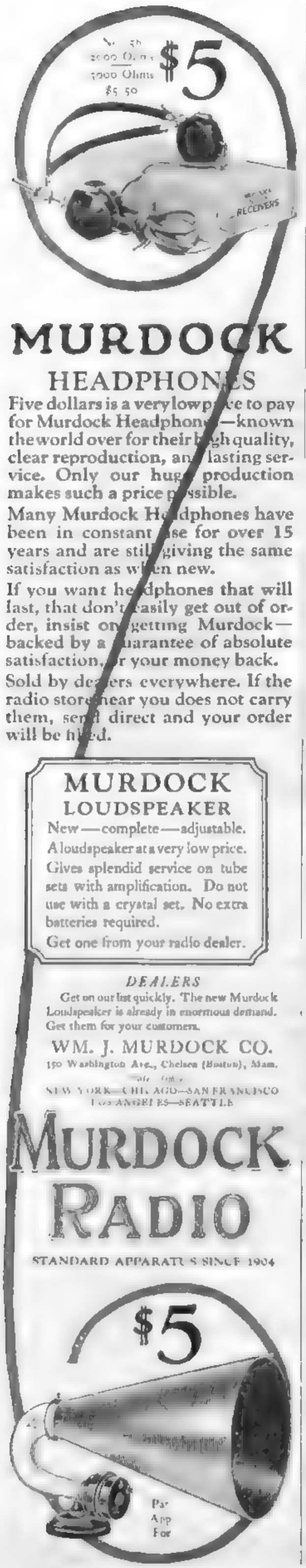
Thrif-T-service

Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

Wet Wash

Everything washed in mild suds and rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the bundle is returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or hang up to dry.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI



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A loudspeaker at a very low price.

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STANDARD APPARATUS SINCE 1904

PUSSY WILLOWS

(Continued from Page 21)

"If ye take a notion to a job at the ironworks, Tommy," he called back, "I'll speak to Jawn Clancy and give him the good word."

"Thanks, Mike," said Tommy. "You're all right."

The boy went briskly on and turned the corner into Market Street. For five minutes he loafed at a cigar stand, then went back and slipped into the dark mouth of Kingston Alley. From the shadowy entrance to Jensen's meat market across the street Mike Lafferty stepped to the sidewalk and walked heavily homeward.

"I t'ought so!" sighed the tough old patrolman. "He's mixed up wit' the Sout' Side gang. A bad lot, the young divils! And they'll be takin' Tommy Mullen to hell wit' them one of these fine days." He sighed again. "And a shame too. He's a fine boy inside, is Tommy Mullen. Ah, well, when a lad makes up his mind to go to the divil the divil himself can't stop him."

A sudden hush fell over the gathering when Tommy Mullen pushed open the door and stepped inside the shack half a block down Kingston Alley. Three of the old gang were there—Red Wilson and Andy Butcher and Tony the Wop. Besides these three, there was a stranger, sitting upon a soap box and looking at the floor, smoking. He flicked a glance at the newcomer, then his hard black eyes sought the floor again.

"Tommy," said Andy Butcher, "this is Eddie Baxter. He's only been in town a mont'. Eddie, meet Tommy Mullen."

"Hello, kid!" said the new member, without lifting his eyes. The silence dropped down.

"Say," observed Tommy, "that sure was an exciting job that gang pulled at the Bonnie Brae! You fellows read about it? Why, they must have cleaned up fifty or a hundred thousand!"

"Some grab!" agreed Red Wilson.

His sandy eyelashes veiled the expression of his pale eyes, set wide apart on either side of an absurdly small nose, with a tiny mouth beneath, resembling a fish's mouth. Tony the Wop averted his dark face to hide a grin that drew the scant upper lip away from uncouthly protruding teeth. Andy Butcher coughed, one great, hairy, red-splotched hand covering his mouth.

These three had been big boys when Tommy started to school. Later on they had taken him into the South Side gang on account of his size, which was abnormal for his years. He had been greatly flattered by this, as are all young boys when patronized by boys of superior age.

Ever since his initiation into the gang he had fed his mind on the cheap sensational literature, piles of which still littered the shack. On the floor, stacked behind the rickety table upon which smoked the old kerosene lamp—everywhere were familiar covers. And they all held highly colored narratives through which murder ran like a crimson thread. It was not called murder, however. It was merely killing, and it did not seem the same. In real life Tommy Mullen never had seen a man die.

"I'd have been here sooner," observed Tommy, breaking the long silence, "but I met old Mike the cop and he wanted to get me a job."

"Dangerous friends, cops!" remarked Eddie Baxter. The cigarette stuck upon his lower lip flipped up and down as he enunciated the words. "Never know what they're up to. When a cop tries to get friendly wit' me I hit the rattler for a new town, see?"

Baxter, the newcomer, was already the acknowledged leader. They knew very little about the boy. On his own recommendation he had been all over the United States, working here and there as a bell hop, traveling like a bum when he traveled and living by his nimble wits. He never boasted. The narration of his adventures dropped casually from his loose lips, and this made the effect greater. He now sat slumped upon a box, long, predatory hands dangling limply between his knees, his cap on the back of his plastered black hair. His black eyes continued upon the floor between his feet.

"I guess a cop would have to get up early to put anything over on you, Eddie," said Andy Butcher admiringly. "Say, experience is a great thing, and you got it, I bet you!"

Baxter's thin, bloodless lips drew back from his teeth in a pallid grin.

"Oh, I been round the block two-t'ree times in me life!" he admitted modestly. He slipped another furtive glance at Tommy Mullen, then his gaze went back to the floor. "You said it, kid," he agreed. "Them guys down at the Bonnie Brae pulled a neat job. I gotta hand it to them."

Once more Andy Butcher hid his coarse mouth behind one hairy, red-splotched hand. But Baxter's white face did not change.

"I'm for 'em—hard!" he said. "Who's got any right to say it's a crime if a bunch of strong-arms goes out and puts the bee on a flock of rich guys once in a while? It's adventure. Everybody's got it—the love of adventure. But it's only here and there that you'll find a fellow wit' the nerve to pull it, see? The rich guy does it; but he always keeps inside the law, the sneakin' stiff. The law lets him rob the poor guy, see? What chance has the two-bit fellow got?

"Listen here!" He emphasized his points with downward stabs of two long, thin fingers, yellowed with cigarette stain. He did not lift his eyes from the floor. "What's wrong wit' it, at that? Don't nations go out and kill and rob? And don't we call it glory? Sure! And we write songs about the head roughneck and teach him in the school histories. And maybe he wasn't wit'in two miles of the place when the rough stuff was goin' on, at that. But suppose you or me croaks off a stiff for a bunch of kale, what do the rich birds and the cops give us? Glory? Nix! A session in the chair! Get me? Or ninety years in the trap! Say, where do they get that stuff?"

"Sure!" agreed Tommy Mullen excitedly, his mind seething with the Nick Carter inflammation. "How do they get that way?"

"It's in all of us—just like I said." Baxter went back to his first proposition. "Love of adventure, that's it. Riskin' our lives for the kick that's in it, see? Why, away back yonder when everybody wore knee pants they had it! Look here!" At every point that downward stabbing of two long, thin, yellowed fingers. "There was that young bird, Robin Hood. There was a tough guy! Nerve like a telephone wire! He put the rich guys over the jumps, all right! He got the coin too. He didn't want it himself; he was just in it for the love of adventure. So what does he do wit' the kale? He splits it wit' all the poor guys along the block.

"And the weak mutts loved him for it. Put him in the movies and everything. He never got his map in the Rogues' Gallery either. He was a hero. He had nerve. The frails was nuts over him. And he got the coin, don't forget that! And if the poor johnnies could have had their way they'd have elected him mayor!

"Well, what's the answer? Any difference between Robin Hood and a bunch of nervy guys that rounds up the Bonnie Brae and knocks a hundred or so rich swells for a row of ash cans? Not a chance!" Another swift, furtive side glance at Tommy Mullen. "Believe me, kid, it's the guy wit' the nerve that people like. They may think they don't, but they do."

He took a fresh cigarette from its pasteboard box, tapped it upon his wrist and lighted it, his eyes upon the floor. He inhaled deeply and streamed twin clouds of blue smoke from his nostrils. Three times he did this; then with a deft motion of his tongue he stuck the remains of the cigarette upon his lower lip and sat silent.

The silence held so long that Tommy Mullen grew uncomfortable. He began vaguely to get the feeling that his coming here tonight had been inopportune.

"Well," he said finally, "I got to ramble."

Eddie Baxter did not look up.

"So long, kid," he said. He shot a glance from his hard black eyes at the door as it closed and Tommy's footsteps died away up the alley.

"Pretty young," he observed. "Too friendly wit' cops. I bet he's got a frail too. Dames is the bunk when you're on a job. Slip it to him next time you see him. Still, he'd be a good one to send in for a pinch. They're easy on minors. Tell him to lay off us for ten days or two weeks; then —"

It was long after midnight when Tommy Mullen started home. As he passed Kingston Alley, Red Wilson slipped out of the darkness and hailed him.

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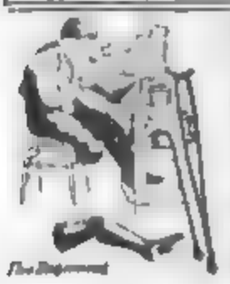


ERICKSON LEGS

Comfortable to Wearer

Do not Chafe, Overheat or draw end of Stump

If you have had a recent amputation send for New booklet on TEST LEGS for beginners. (Estab. 1907)

E. H. ERICKSON CO.
36 Wash. Av. N. MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

"Say, listen, kid," said Red, speaking in a husky whisper, his pale eyes glancing furtively up and down the street. "Eddie talked you over after you left. He's for you—strong. But he wants you to lay off the shack for a coupla weeks, see? We're goin' to pull a few stunts and then we're travelin' east. Eddie's got a lot of juicy things staked out back there. He's takin' you wit' him. You'll see some life back there, take it from me! Regular he-man stuff! Six months of it—and you'll have all the money you'll need for the rest of your life." He leaned closer and Tommy discovered that he had been drinking. "But keep it dark, kid, or you'll spill the beans. Keep it dark!"

Tommy went on home in a fever of excitement. Regular he-man stuff! And Tommy Mullen in the thick of it, a hero! More money than he could use!

He awoke suddenly to find himself standing in front of Moira Kavanagh's home. It was very quiet here. Beyond a window in the house next door he could hear the sustained snoring of honest old Mike Lafferty, sleeping soundly after a day's work well done.

He looked at Moira's little parlor window, dark now, with the shades drawn. Only six months—and Moira Kavanagh needn't ever work at Bernstein's any more!

Get a job! He had to laugh! A vaguely uneasy thought of what Moira might say flitted through his mind, but he buried it promptly beneath a comforting blanket of youthful optimism. Moira would forgive him. She loved him. And all the things he'd buy for Moira Kavanagh! The instinct common to most men rode the top of his excited mind—the instinct and desire to buy extravagantly for his girl.

By and by he proceeded to his own home and went to bed. He fell asleep with his irresponsible young mind wandering down a delectable lane that was bordered all the way by applauding heroes who admired him for his nerve.

Tommy Mullen was still a fool kid.

III

FOLLOWING the sensational hold-up at the Bonnie Brae Inn there began an era of banditry never before equaled in the history of the city. In rapid succession three other road houses suffered. The scenes of the outrages were widely separated, but the methods were the same, and the personnel of the gang also. Always four men—the leader a thin, fiercely jocular man with a biting tongue. Invariably they all wore white masks. Invariably, too, the surprises suggested genius; the work of a mind rich in criminal imagination. The papers were full of the thing, and as usual the police department came in for a choice roasting. Up at headquarters Chief Donahue flung his copy of the Evening Record to the floor and danced upon it.

"Listen to them!" he bawled, his neck red with wrath. "No matter what happens, it's always the fault of the department! Do they think a cop's a prophet! Or a mind reader? Or is a crook supposed to walk into me office and say 'Here, listen! I'm goin' to pull a job at McGoozlemville, twenty miles sout' of here, day after tomorrow at five o'clock P.M. sharp. I just thought I'd drop in and tell you.'

"Say, does the public think I'm able to patrol every cow lane in the county, and the city's streets as well? Stop every flivver on the highway and see is there a bunch of crooks ridin' in it?

"But that's always the way!" raged old Jerry Donahue, getting madder and madder as his mind went back down the years and contemplated old wronga. "They cuss the department because the weather's bad or the milk sours overnight or the baby swallies a safety pin! But let a cat yowl in the back yard and they rush to the telephone and yell for the cop!

"The black curse on the gangsters! I haven't slept a wink since they started this thing! But let 'em try to pull anything here in town! Let 'em!"

Abruptly there came a lull in the gang's activities. It lasted several days, and presently people dared to hope that the epidemic was over. Automobile parties began once more to venture upon the highways. It was as though a hovering hawk had ceased to circle above the barnyard and already the chickens were beginning to forget.

And then, in the very heart of the fashionable shopping district, the great house of Thorpe & Marshall was struck. Four men appeared mysteriously, just after closing time, when but few of the store's employes remained. Some said they came from the basement, others thought they had been hiding in the store itself. Anyway they were there. They took charge of the place and cleaned it out thoroughly and at their leisure. When they went away they left every remaining employe securely bound with baling wire.

Four other big stores fell victims in rapid succession. The city was thrown into a condition bordering on panic. Once more the newspapers shrieked hysterically, excoriating the police department. Up at headquarters old Jerry Donahue was having fit after fit.

"Sometimes," he bellowed hoarsely—"sometimes I wish I was a mad dog. And if I was, why, I'd bite every newspaper man in town!"

And at the very moment the bedeviled chief was uttering this wistful sentiment the South Side gang was in conference. Sitting on his box, Eddie Baxter was unfolding the next plot.

"This is our play," he said. "Pussy willows!"

Seeing the puzzled looks on the faces of his colleagues, he leaned forward and explained, tense and vivid, his yellowed fingers darting like snakes as he emphasized his points. His sinister black eyes were like snakes' eyes also. The eyes and the sleek black hair contrasted strangely with the dead-white pallor of his face. When he had finished he leaned back complacently and lighted a cigarette.

"Am I good?" he demanded. "Say, youse guys, am I good or not?"

A delighted chuckle ran round the room.

"Pussy willows!" sniggered Red Wilson, his fish mouth puckered in the caricature of a grin. "Eddie, you win the cast-iron toot'brush!"

Tony the Wop was a slow thinker. But he got it, too, after a while and exploded in a hoarse guffaw, his uncouth projecting upper teeth showing white against the darkness of his animal face. Andy Butcher's huge splotched hand clamped across the laugh, smothering it. However, Andy, too, was grinning broadly. He picked up an old piece of cheesecloth and draped it about the face of the grinning Wop. The effect was startling.

"Pipe the perfect lady!" chuckled Andy. "I'll be queen of the May, mother! Oh, what a kid on the cops!"

"Cops!" sneered Eddie Baxter contemptuously, and blew twin streams of smoke from his translucent nose. "Before we get t'rough wit' them we'll have every cop in town stepping on his own neck!"

A little after noon next day there came a wild call from Bloomvale. The Bloomvale Bank had been robbed ten minutes before and the cashier killed. Answering the frantic appeal, the chief sent his shotgun squad roaring across the country to the little town, which was the center of a flourishing orchard and dairy district.

The squad traveled the Lincoln Highway. It was improbable that the bandits would choose this thoroughfare. Nevertheless the officers sharply scrutinized every car they passed. Many they halted for swift examination. Most of the machines, however, plainly carried commonplace holiday parties, returning home after a day in the country, the women holding branches and ferns and miscellaneous greenery.

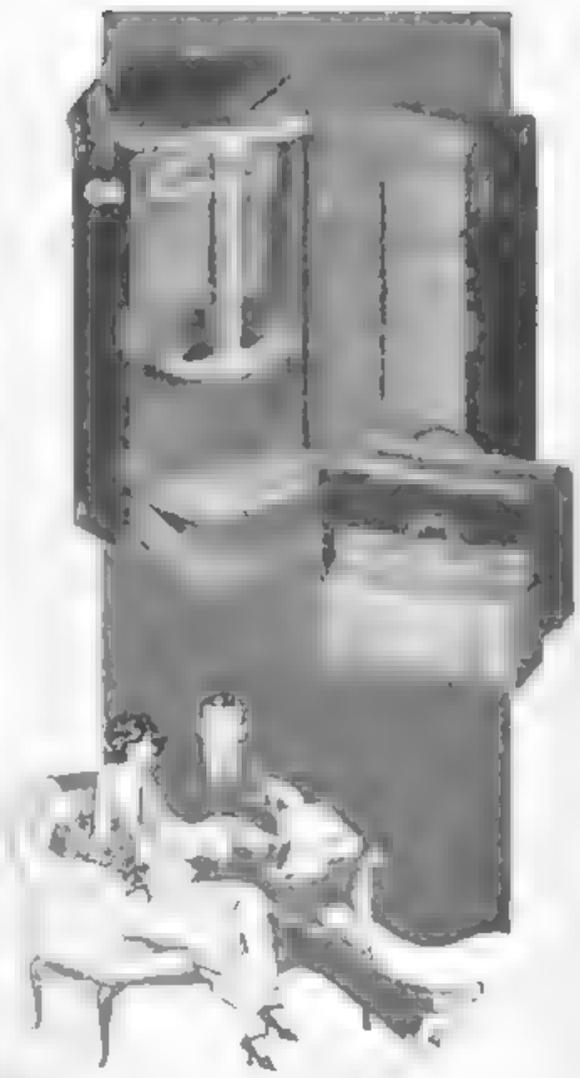
Halfway into Bloomvale the police machine met a modest little flivver chugging along, nearly filled with a mass of pussy willows. In the car were two young men and two women, the latter wearing automobile veils and feminine wraps. The police car swept on.

Back at headquarters old Jerry Donahue was congratulating himself. Within fifteen minutes after getting the call he had telephoned about over the country and now every road was heavily guarded.

"They'll challenge every auspicious car!" he chuckled excitedly. "I'm bettin' ten dollars against the hole in a doughnut that the murderin' hellions is mine this time! And then I'd like to hear what these yowlin' newspaper mutts will have to say about the inefficiency of the police department!"

He heard.

As the hours wore along and no news came in Jerry began to grow uneasy. About four o'clock the telephone rang and he took down the receiver nervously. As he listened the eager look gradually gave place to a stony expression. At the end he hung up gently and sat hunched up in his



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New Belber
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THE new Belber Safe-Lock Wardrobe Trunk multiplies the pleasures of traveling many times over. It is so convenient to pack and unpack—and it carries the clothes so securely without wrinkling or mussing. It serves as an attractive wardrobe whenever you stop.

No other wardrobe trunk can possibly give you the same conveniences. The new Belber Safe-Lock, for instance, eliminates all of the unpleasant stooping and straining to lock or unlock the catches. Simply turn the lock up or down—and your Belber is unlocked or locked easily, quickly and pleasantly.

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This discovery enables you to make a delicious Ginger Ale at home just as easily and economically as you make Rootbeer from Hires Household Extract.

One package makes 80 glasses. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c and we will send postpaid package direct, or send $2.80 for carton of one dozen. Canada and foreign price, 35c and $4.00, respectively.

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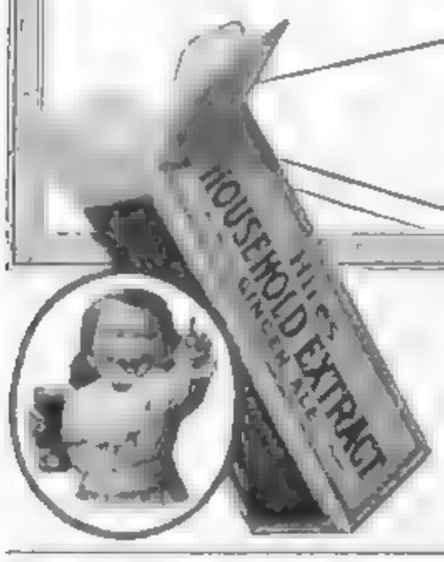

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453 Riddle Building, Toledo, Ohio

Lamp No. 603, at left, $42.50
Bridge Lamp No. 642, at right $75

chair, his big, capable hands lying open upon the desk before him.

He told no one what he had heard over the telephone. It was not necessary, for incredibly soon every paper in town was out with an extra, coupling the police department with scandalous obloquy. Someone brought a copy of the Evening Record and placed it upon the desk before the chief's eyes. This rotten message jeered up at the old man, the headline an inch high:

BLOOMVALE BANDITS ROB BANK, KILL CASHIER

ESCAPE AS USUAL

CAMOUFLAGED IN A BOWER OF PUSSY WILLOW!

Once more the utter incompetence of our police department made itself apparent today when the automobile bandits who have been terrorizing the county for so long robbed the Bloomvale Bank, killed the cashier in cold blood and escaped leisurely in a car that brought them back to the city.

Three miles out of Bloomvale Chief Donahue's celebrated shotgun squad met the bandits, viewed them benevolently—and passed on.

Late this afternoon the bandit car was found in a by-street near the terminus of the Burnett Avenue street-car line. The machine was of the flivver type. It was stolen from the West Side this morning, but the owner, a school-teacher, did not know it until this evening. When found the car was still full of pussy willows. Flung carelessly aside were the automobile veils and cheap wraps worn by the two robbers impersonating the females of the party.

And in a column adjoining the news story, printed in bold-faced italics boxed, Jerry's eyes met this editional harpoon:

Oh, what's the use! Why go on indulging hopes of deliverance when we are cursed with a police department that couldn't find a hen's nest in a haymow.
How long, O Lord!
How long, did we say?
Ask Pussy Willow Donahue!

Old Jerry slammed his huge fist upon the desk and stared at the sour insult with apoplectic gurglings deep in his heavy throat.

"Pussy Willow!" he uttered in a hoarse, strangled voice. "Me! Pussy Willow! I—I ——"

And then he collapsed inertly in his chair like a sack of meal. He did not rage, for he had been beaten far below the raging point.

Suddenly he had begun to look old and worn out. The Donahue goat had gone A W O L for the first time in the history of the Donahue race. Twenty minutes passed. The door swung open a trifle and Mike Lafferty peered in.

"Excuse me, chief," he said, and saluted. "Might I have two words wit' you, sir?"

The chief grunted but did not look up. Old Mike came in and sat down, his helmet in his lap. His shrewd eyes looked from the chief to the slanderous headline and he hid a grin behind his big paw.

"Aw, never mind them, Jerry!" he said. "They'll forget it pretty soon"

"You're a liar!" said the chief, though quite without heat. "It will stick to me the rest of me days—that name! A newspaper man will never forget a good thing like that"

"Speakin' of pussy willow," said Mike, hitching his chair closer and lowering his voice, "maybe I'm a fool, Jerry; but ——"

He fished in his helmet and brought up a sprig of willow, upon which were four or five pale gray buds. Evidently it had been broken from the parent stem that day. Old Jerry regarded the exhibit malevolently and with vast distaste.

"Are ye joshin' me, Mike?" he demanded truculently. "If ye are ——"

"Not a bit of it!" Lafferty assured him stoutly. "It's this way: I was passin' the mout' of Kingston Alley half an hour ago and out of the corner of me eye I saw this bit of stuff. It was lyin' on the ground five or six feet down the alley. I went on for half a block or so; but me mind was full of pussy willow, me havin' heard nothing else all afternoon, you know. So I went back to the alley and picked it up. Sure enough it was pussy willow.

"'Now this,' I thinks to meself—'this looks like it might have dropped from the clothing of someone who had been walkin' down the alley, after messin' wit' a lot of the stuff today.' I thought about it some more. I remembered the Sout' Side gang. They're still holdin' forth in the old shack down Kingston Alley, and there's a tough-lookin' young divil hanging round wit' them lately. He looks to me like a hop head. I—I ——"

Old Mike grinned sheepishly, the bit of pussy willow pinched between big, clumsy finger and thumb.

"I'm not a detective, Jerry," he said. "I'm just a plain cop. Still ——"

Something like a weak, trembling hope arose in the breast of the discouraged chief. He knew from experience that clews often come in the most improbable ways. Rapidly the two old friends talked it over.

"Go to it, Mike," said the chief at last. "Sure you can have the listening-in machine. Though I hope you don't come in for some of the raspberry they're handin' out to me over this bandit stuff. And, Mike," he added, as the flattered old patrolman was leaving, "if it turns out that you're right, and if you get the stuff on them, I'm goin' to detail you to lead the shotgun squad and make the pinch. You'll shoot to kill if one of them even bats an eyewinker!

"And if you pull it off, Mike, I'll see that you get promoted. And more than that, you'll get the thousand dollars the bankers' association is offerin' as a reward. Snap into it now!"

IV

DRESSED in unfamiliar plain clothes, old Mike Lafferty turned into the side street that led past the rear of Bernstein's department store. He was reconnoitering. It was half past twelve.

Out in front, on Fourteenth Street, the people had been pouring in and out of the main entrance all day in an eddying torrent, for it was Dollar Day and the sale was a popular one. But back here on Acton Street no one was visible. Mike swept the three or four waiting trucks with a casual eye and turned to slip into the rear entrance to the store. At the same moment a small girl sped through the door plump against the big fellow's ample stomach.

"Unk!" grunted the policeman. "Moira Kavanagh, ye little divil! What's the hurry now?"

"Lunch!" said Moira, smiling up into her big friend's eyes. "I've a lot to do. I'm in the cashier's office now, you know. I've been promoted."

"Is it so?" Mike was highly delighted. "What are you in such a hurry about? Can't they run the store for five minutes wit'out you then?"

"I'm the messenger," explained Moira. "For a week I've been carrying the money to the bank. It's an honor," she said proudly. "They don't trust everybody like that, I can tell you! What's the matter, Uncle Mike?"

"Me tooth!" mumbled Lafferty, his big red paw half covering his face. "I got to go and get it fixed. It's jumpin' like a red-hot flea."

He turned about and started swiftly back the way he had come. His ruddy face had turned a mottled gray. When he reached police headquarters he burst unceremoniously into the chief's office. Donahue was alone.

"Jerry!" panted Lafferty in a strange, hoarse whisper. "They's a new messenger! Moira Kavanagh!" For several moments the two tough old crook hunters looked at each other helplessly.

"Let's call it off, Jerry," wheedled Lafferty. "Let's pinch 'em on the stren'th of the listening-in machine."

Donahue shook his big round head.

"And have some shyster lawyer say it's a frame!" he said. "No, Mike; we got to catch 'em red-handed—wit' the goods."

Again a silence while the patrolman wrestled mightily. He brightened.

"We'll just tip a word to Bernstein's manager," he suggested. "Ask him to switch messengers—just for today."

Again the big round head shook resolutely.

"It can't be done, Mike."

"It's got to be done!" insisted the excited policeman. "The little girl will maybe get kilt in the ruction."

The chief was grimly inexorable.

"And so may you or any of the squad, Mike," he said. "It's like war; lives must be risked that the greater good may be saved. Besides, a tip might blow the whole works. It goes as it lies, Mike!"

"You're a stony-hearted old fool!" bawled Lafferty.

He had forgotten that he was talking to his chief. It was just old Jerry Donahue,

(Continued on Page 131)

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Most Foot Troubles Begin With the Heel

If your heels run over—look out for trouble

Ever since the days of Achilles, the human heel has been a vulnerable spot. The heel forms one end of a perfect arch in every normal foot. The other end rests on the broad ball of the foot. If both ends are true, your arch will support your weight comfortably. If the heel leans, the arch is twisted and weakens. The other end of the arch also is drawn out of position. Thus the seat of most foot troubles is in the heel. WIZARD ARCH BUILDERS, by supporting the arch and counteracting the tendency of the heel to lean, effectively correct the trouble.

Leaning heels cause fallen arches

Does that surprise you? Prove it by forming an arch with your fingers and your wrist flat on a table. Press on this arch as hard as you please and it will hold. Then twist your wrist a little; your support is gone and even a little pressure hurts. Now you see why a support under the arch alone is not effective. The heel also needs a support under it.

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With soft cushions under both arch and leaning side of heel, the foot is gently supported in its normal position. The *cause* of the trouble being removed, the pain disappears instantly. It is wonderful how this simple yet scientific principle almost immediately ends troubles which have for years resisted other methods.

Cushion your feet

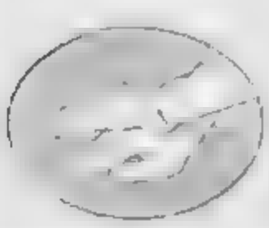
Don't confuse Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders with ordinary arch supports, for they contain no metal, and are designed to give a cushion support to any part of the foot needing it. Wizard Arch Builders are made of smooth, flexible leather, so completely adjustable that you can form a *cushion* which will conform exactly to the normal shape of your foot. This cushion can be built up gradually, if desired. Your foot will rest upon it naturally and will function with freedom and grace. It is impossible to describe the comfort one immediately feels when properly fitted with Wizard Arch Builders.

Special shoes good but unnecessary

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders will correct foot troubles in *any* shoe that fits properly. They do not show when worn and will not affect the trim appearance of the smartest shoe. The sensible shoes, often called corrective, are a good foundation for Wizard Arch Builders, but they cannot take the place of them. For callouses and leaning heels Wizards are necessary. For weak and fallen arches Wizard Arch Builders form a support that can be adjusted to conform to the individual arch. As arches even in feet of the same size vary greatly in height, length and shape, it is essential, if you want complete relief, to have the support under your foot exactly fit your own arch. No fixed or rigid arch, either separate or a part of the shoe, can possibly take the place of Wizard Arch Builders in this respect.

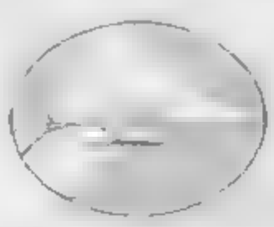
Where to get relief

Go to a shoe dealer where there is an expert who has studied the Wizard System. If you don't know of such a dealer, write us. We will send you our book, "*Orthopraxy of the Feet,*" and a chart on which to make a diagram of your foot. This chart will locate your trouble and will enable us to direct you to immediate relief.



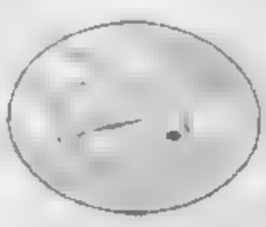
An interesting experiment

Prove that your weight doesn't break down your arches unless there is trouble elsewhere. Leaning heels are usually the cause of fallen arches



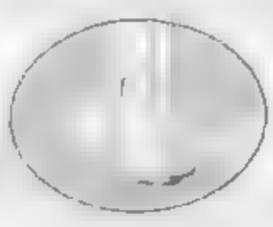
Relief for weak arches

Note how inserts in pockets permit building up arch any shape, height and position needed. No metal is used. The arch rests on a soft, flexible cushion.



For relieving callouses

Note the soft rubber inserts supporting the bone just back of the sore spot. This takes off the pressure and gives complete relief.



Correcting run-over heels

Note how the insert under the heel straightens ankle. This prevents twisting the foot structure, avoids serious trouble, and causes heels to wear evenly.

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ARCH BUILDERS

(Continued from Page 178)

and Mike was minded to sock him on the jaw. The chief turned a bleak, menacing eye upon the demoralized patrolman.

"Officer Lafferty," he growled, "you will speak respectfully to your superior or you'll be broke. You will proceed according to orders. That's all! You may go, officer!"

Old Mike remembered, straightened and saluted.

"Yes, sir," he said, and started out.

His shoulders sagged hopelessly. Old Jerry watched him go, and the big granite face softened slightly.

"You're a good man, Mike," he said. "Remember, one bat of an eyelash and you blow the whole rascally bunch plumb to hell!"

About two o'clock a flivver drove up and stopped at the curb two doors below Bernstein's department store. There were four young men in the car. One of them got out and lounged across the sidewalk, where he became absorbed in the contemplation of a display window filled with pipes and tobacco, marked down. This young man was evidently a foreigner. His face was swarthy, and the upper teeth projected uncouthly from beneath his insufficient lip.

A second young man with coarse features and huge red-splotched hands joined the crowd and disappeared inside the department store. A third idled along until he reached a point just beyond the store entrance. Here he backed against the display window and stood indifferently, watching the crowd go by. He was a tall, shambling creature with pale eyes set too far apart, and a fishlike mouth beneath an absurdly stingy nose.

The fourth young man stayed at the wheel of the little flivver, smoking a cigarette and reading a newspaper. He was a thin, pallid youth, and he wore a cap pulled low above his hard black eyes. His sleek, dead-black hair was plastered smoothly upon his head.

Two minutes after these things happened a big closed truck rumbled up and stopped at the curb on the opposite side of the street. The driver was whistling. His sleeves were rolled above his elbows and a pencil was stuck behind his ear. He swung expertly down from his seat and walked briskly across the sidewalk into Peck & Graham's Outfitting Emporium.

Five-ten-fifteen minutes elapsed, and still the uncouth foreigner with the protruding teeth studied the tobacco display. Farther up the sidewalk the one with the pale eyes and absurd nose stood listlessly, watching the crowd go by. The red-splotched one was still inside the store somewhere. Across the street the big closed truck stood motionless, its heavy canvas curtains securely drawn.

Twenty minutes to three. The youth in the flivver suddenly dropped his paper and yawned ostentatiously. The act suggested that he was bored; but beneath his low-drawn cap his eyes were glittering like snakes' eyes, and his yellowed fingers quivered expectantly upon the wheel. The engine awoke and began to throb nervously. The uncouth foreigner heard, quitted the tobacco display and jumped into the tonneau, one hand holding the door open as the little car slipped forward.

From the front entrance to Bernstein's a small Irish girl had stepped to the sidewalk, a yellow leather bag in her hand. Close behind her followed the red-splotched man. The flivver had crept up to the curb alongside and was keeping pace, the man with the protruding upper teeth still holding the door of the tonneau open.

As the girl passed the pale-eyed loafer he stooped suddenly and seized the handle of the bag. The girl screamed and struck him with a ridiculously inadequate fist. The man wrenched violently, but without success. The arm holding the bag went limp and the girl's face turned, white and contorted with pain.

At this moment the red-splotched fist of the trailing man smashed above her eyes and she went to the sidewalk in a pathetic little heap.

It was at this instant that Tommy Mullen, cap on the back of his head and whistling gayly, bumped into the scene. As though dropped suddenly into a hideous, monstrously improbable dream, he saw the blow. Like an echo his own blow went across. When his husky fist crashed against Andy Butcher's jaw the impact sounded like the crunch of a hammer upon a pile of eggshells. Something hot swept past his face, half blinding him. His arm went up instinctively to block as Red Wilson's automatic was flung down for a second shot. The bullet went a trifle high, boring a savage groove through Tommy's scalp, and a cold paralysis went all through him; but he did not fall. One hand clutched the rawboned wrist back of the gun, striving desperately to keep it away from his body. A mounting thunder was in his ears, and he felt himself falling; but still he clung fiercely to that struggling wrist. His other hand found Red Wilson's throat and clung also. Through the blood that streamed over his face he saw that the big truck across the street had erupted a swarm of uniformed policemen. As he fell across Moira Kavanagh's body, still clinging to the relaxing wrist with one hand and the skinny throat with the other, he heard Eddie Baxter's voice screaming above the tumult:

"Framed! Beat it, youse guys! We been framed!"

And then arose the sharp crackle of automatics, mingling with the uproar of the escaping flivver, these noises drowned suddenly in a volleying roar of the sawed-off shotguns. As he lost consciousness Tommy heard a great silence and somewhere the gong of an approaching ambulance.

Someone picked him from the sidewalk and stood him upon his feet. His head was humming and red flashes were half blinding him. Through the flashes he saw dimly that it was old Mike Lafferty whose friendly arm was about him.

"Buck up, lad!" Mike was adjuring him. "Sure, they can't kill the son of old Pat Mullen wit' a pea shooter! Buck up, Tommy!"

"Take that man to the emergency!" ordered a crisp voice.

"Come on, Tommy," said Lafferty. "Let's get out of this and lave the boys to clean up the mess."

"Moira!" muttered Tommy, still half unconscious. "They killed Moira!"

"Divil a bit!" scoffed the policeman. "A bump in the face—that's all. She's gone home. In a week or so she'll be as good as new. They didn't even get the bag of money offen her. She had it padlocked to her wrist, the plucky little divil! Here's our limousine, Tommy. In wit' you!"

Obediently Tommy stumbled into the waiting ambulance, assisted by old Mike. As they rolled slowly out of the excited crowd they passed the little flivver where it had skidded against the curb. It was splintered and torn by the shotgun volley. The windshield was quite blown away. Glass and bits of wood littered the street. In the tonneau sprawled an uncouth figure, the protruding teeth shining in the sun.

Slumped awkwardly forward in the driver's seat, long, predatory hands dangling, the remains of a cigarette still stuck upon the loose lower lip, that which a few minutes ago had been Eddie Baxter hung motionless upon the wheel. The boy's cap had fallen off. There were no marks visible, yet the eyes were fixed and unwinking. From the pallid face they looked down at the floor of the car in a long, intent, thoughtful gaze.

Tommy lay back upon his canvas cot, weak and sick. Old Mike Lafferty was talking cheerfully.

"Mighty lucky we got Baxter," he observed. "There was one dangerous man! I got all the dope on him yesterday. He was of a good family; a college graduate, too, but he talked like a yegg. He was t'irty-five years old, but you wouldn't think it. Lookin' at him, you'd say he was twenty-two. He could speak more languages than Borowitz, the polyglot interpreter down to the police court. Wit' all them fine brains of his he could have got him a job in a library, or maybe a soft place in the city hall. He could have spent the rest of his life sittin' pretty wit' his feet on a desk and a two-bit cigar in his face. But he'd rather be a yegg!"

"It was Andy Butcher!" mumbled Tommy Mullen, his mind still on the hideous scene he had witnessed. "He smashed Moira in the face! I saw him! Smashin' a girl!" He began trembling violently.

"Now, now," soothed old Mike, "never mind! You busted Andy Butcher's jaw and you nearly killed Red Wilson. Let it go at that. They got a beautiful engagement ahead of them—a long, calm session wit' nothing to do but break rock for the rest of their lives. Don't you worry, Tommy."

He thought for a moment, then chuckled.

"And Brainy Baxter!" he laughed. "Braggin' what he was goin' to do to us

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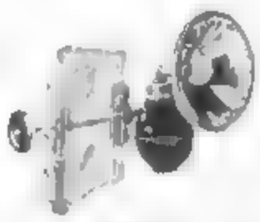

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cops! Called us pussy-willow flatfeet! I'll tell you all about it sometime, Tommy. You'll get a kick out of it. Wit' all them fine brains of his, Eddie never once t'ought about the listening-in machine. And that's the way it always happens. Dumb-bells or wise Johns, they all pull a bone sooner or later

"And the joke of it, Tommy—the joke of it is that he wasn't caught by any noted detective either. No, sir; just an old flatfoot. A common cop from the goat belt who happened to put two and two together and made 'em spell pussy willow. Well, here we are."

It was long after dark before Tommy Mullen managed to sneak away from the hospital.

He was weak from loss of blood and the flashes still came and went before his eyes, for the bullet had jarred his brain seriously. But by the time he reached Moira Kavanagh's home the cool night air had revived him. He was a husky young roughneck, and he was terribly in earnest about this trip.

Good Mrs. Lafferty demurred, but finally allowed him a single minute in the sick room.

"Not the wink of a gnat's eyewinker longer than one minute!" she pronounced ominously. "And you wit' your fool head tied up in a tablecloth! You'll scare the child to death! Go on in, Tommy lad, but be aisy! She's been hurted cruel, the poor lamb!"

It was a new Tommy Mullen that knelt beside the bed and leaned above the bruised face that was half hidden in a mass of bandages. A sob caught in his throat, and suddenly something seemed to be rent away from before his eyes and for the first time he saw crime as it really was—not a thing to be idealized, but a hideous monster, fattening its hellish selfishness upon the lifeblood of all that was sweet and good and honest.

They had struck his girl! His little Moira, who trusted him! The one creature in all the world who knew absolutely that deep in his roughneck soul big Tommy Mullen was all right! "Killing is so awful, Tommy!" He heard again her words of that night, and he saw with his mental vision that cheap sensational picture wherein wanton killing and brutal, selfish robbery had been sublimated into something glorious, justified by the picturesqueness of the criminal. The picture revolted him now. These cheap bandits—they had struck his girl!

The Irish-blue eyes opened and looked up uncertainly. In a dim, hazy way the girl recognized the head bending above her, though it, too, was heavily bandaged. One weak arm lifted painfully and crept about the boy's neck.

"I was—scared ——" The whisper was halting, as though the tongue groped for familiar words, now grown strangely unfamiliar. "Then—I saw you coming and it was—all right. You were there, Tommy, and everything was all right."

The blue eyes closed again. Beneath the edge of the bandage appeared indistinctly a great bruise, left by the brutal fist. Tommy bent down and kissed the edge of the bruised place and presently he could not see it because of the blur in his eyes. Mrs. Lafferty touched his shoulder.

"Lave her sleep, Tommy," she whispered. Then, as Tommy hesitated, "Beat it, ye big divil, or ye'll have me cryin' mesilf!"

Tommy stumbled out on clumsy tiptoes, wiping his eyes with his fist. Reaching the sidewalk he saw old Mike Lafferty sitting upon his front steps, smoking. Tommy went up to him.

"I've been thinking I'd like to have that job you mentioned, Mike," he said. "The one at the ironworks, you know."

"It's not a rotten idea, at that," Lafferty assured him heartily. "Lave it to me, Tommy. I'll pass the good word to Jawn first thing in the morning"

Still Tommy hesitated. In this first hour of his new birth his soul felt naked and ashamed

"Mike," he faltered, "I—I want you to know. I used to travel with the South Side gang myself."

"Sure you did, Tommy!" chuckled the old patrolman. "But don't hold it against yourself, lad. Every boy is a heathen at first. Yes, sir, a boy's first human instinct is to raise hell. But if he's wort' anything he'll snap out of it—like you've done."

Tommy could not believe that the incident was closed with merely a laughing bit of philosophy.

"But, Mike ——" he began. The old policeman interrupted him.

"G'wan home now!" bawled old Mike in his professional voice, which threatened *Schrecklichkeit* beyond the power of human imagination. "Beat it, or I'll work on the wild head of you wit' me night stick!"

Tommy grinned and hurried away. His head had ceased to hurt him. Something new and clean sang in his heart and made him feel warm and happy. As he passed the dark mouth of Kingston Alley he shuddered and turned his eyes away. Then he straightened and looked up at the stars, upon his face the joyous smile of clean, strong youth, proud of its strength and assured of its wonderful tomorrow.

For the warm pressure of a soft little arm was still about his neck: and somewhere within himself—down where the warm happiness continued, he seemed to hear the echo:

"You were there, Tommy, and everything was all right."

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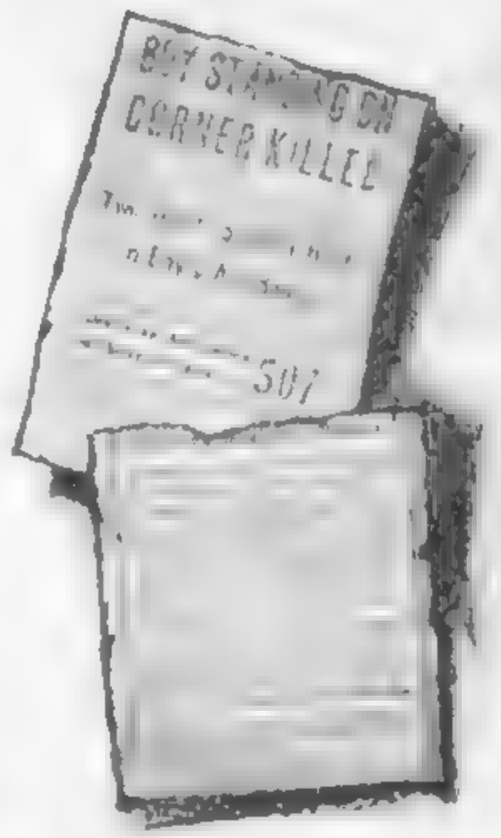

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"Iron Clad"

OUR LORDLY LIVER

(Continued from Page 13)

photography on the part of the liver, for although the whole body is saturated with yellow bile, its brightest colors are developed only in the skin under the influences of light, so that jaundice, like beauty, is chiefly skin deep, but also, like ugliness, goes to the bone.

The source of the bile tint is the coloring matter, or pigment, of the red blood corpuscles, of which the liver becomes the graveyard as they die and go to pieces, straining them out of the blood and pouring their poisonous colored remains into the bile, through its discharge tube or bile duct into the bowel, and so out of the body. A little coloring matter literally goes a long way in the body, clear through the blood, bile and urine, tinging them red, green and yellow respectively.

A good illustration of the kaleidoscopic color possibilities of this red pigment of the blood, known as hæmoglobin, is an ordinary black eye or everyday black-and-blue bruise. Here the crimson hæmoglobin is changed by the ferments in the tissues first into black, then purple and finally blue, green and yellow color effects.

Incidentally, there are forms of anæmia, or thinness of the blood, in which so many red blood corpuscles are destroyed that they fall to one-third or even less of their proper number, and the skin may be tinged lemon color or greenish by their pigment. In these the liver gives a last resting place to such myriads of the broken-down red corpuscles that it becomes fairly rusty with the iron they contain, and may actually come to hold more than half the total iron in the body.

This is no mere mechanical straining out, but a valuable storage of this indispensable metal against the day when the poisons that are destroying the red cells or preventing their regrowth will have been overcome and the new corpuscles will again be eagerly calling for iron. It explains why iron, our great blood food, is sometimes of little value in anæmia until the toxins causing the disease have been cut off by cleaning up local infections in the nose and tonsils or around the roots of the teeth or elsewhere in the body. Giving iron pills when the liver is a regular Mesaba Range of the precious metal is certainly carrying coals to Newcastle.

Common Causes of Jaundice

Obviously jaundice may be due to either of two main causes—unusual breaking down of the red blood cells faster than the liver can take care of them, or blocking up and damaging of the liver itself so that it can no longer deal with the usual wreckage. And to simplify matters, one and the same cause often produces both of these breakdowns—namely, an infection or fever.

One of the commonest causes, for instance, of jaundice is a common cold or feverish catarrh, the germs and toxins of which act from both ends, attacking the red blood corpuscles with one hand, so to speak, and inflaming the liver and blocking its bile ducts with the other. This type, in fact, is known as catarrhal jaundice and runs the usual course of a cold, its special symptoms being indigestion and loss of appetite, with constipation, because the bile cannot get into the intestines, where it is wanted to assist in digestion and stimulate the bowels; headache, from the bile being piled up in the blood, where it is not wanted at all; and, finally, itching of the skin, because one of the fragments into which the blood color—hæmoglobin—is broken becomes extremely irritating in the presence of light. White mice or rats, for instance, when injected with it and kept in the dark remain perfectly healthy and comfortable; but if exposed to bright daylight they promptly develop severe congestion and inflammations of the skin. And hardy experimenters who have taken doses of this pigment poison themselves have developed intense inflammation and burning of the skin, with swelling almost like hives. This is another self-made poison from which the liver saves us.

Jaundice, as its name implies *jaune* being French for yellow is simply the name of a color, and probably the origin of our colloquial "yellow streak." Its importance depends upon the seriousness of the disease that causes it. Catarrhal jaundice begins to break up soon after the cold does and is usually over in a couple of weeks.

At the other end of the scale the ghastly yellow mask on the pillow, which has given its name to the dreaded yellow fever of the tropics, owes its deadly significance to the furious destruction of the blood cells by the germs of the fever, which also produces the fatal black vomit of broken-down blood. This is but another illustration of the chameleon powers of hæmoglobin. At the same time the liver is poisoned to the verge of breakdown and fatty decay.

Between these two come the more lasting forms of jaundice, such as those due to cirrhosis or to gallstones. Contrary to what one would have expected, only about a third of the hugely enlarged livers of cirrhosis are accompanied by jaundice, the reason being that a large part of the mass is found to be new growth of true liver substance, budded out in a desperate effort to make good the loss and destruction of liver cells by poisons and by the shrinking of scar tissue—a plucky attempt to grow a new liver, and wonderfully successful on the chemical side, not only in preventing jaundice in two-thirds of the cases but in not a few instances preventing any unpleasant symptoms whatever! So that cirrhosis is quite often never even suspected during life, but only discovered after death in the course of a routine post-mortem examination.

Waxy Stones

The seriousness of jaundice depends, as has been said, entirely upon its cause, and as the great majority of cases are due to the milder forms of infections, like colds and diarrhea, it usually clears up quickly when these have run their course, and is not half so alarming as it looks. The only treatment required is clearing out the food tube with laxatives, flushing the kidneys with plenty of pure water, and aiding the body in every way to form antitoxins against the infection that has caused it.

There are two rather curious forms of jaundice in the newly born, both due to unusual destruction of the red blood cells. The first is quite common, in some series of cases listed as many as a third being affected, and is marked by varying degrees of yellow tinting of the skin all over the body, appearing within the first two or three days after birth. The baby does not seem ill and the color gradually fades away and disappears, usually within a couple of weeks. It is believed to be due to the fact that the infant has before birth a much higher proportion of red cells in its blood than the adult, and this surplus is broken down and got rid of very soon after it begins to breathe air into its lungs, thus throwing a large amount of waste coloring matter into the blood and liver. The yellow stain looks alarming but is quite harmless, and quick recovery is the almost invariable result.

The other, or severe form, is fortunately much rarer. It appears several days later, strikes a much deeper tint, often with patches of greenish-black mottling of the skin, hemorrhage from the bowels, and fever; and most serious results may occur. It is usually due to some infection that enters through the cut end of the umbilical cord.

The other common cause of chronic jaundice is gallstones. They have a most curious and interesting history and are literally a case of too much of a good thing. They are not really stones at all, in the sense of pebbles of chalky or other mineral stuff, but usually little lumps of an animal wax, called cholesterol, which means literally solid bile. This curious substance is a solid alcohol, not unlike the cakes or cubes which we burn in the little alcohol cooking lamps. It is present in very small amounts in almost every tissue in the body, particularly in the blood, where it strongly protects the red blood cells from the attack of bacteria and their toxins. Score one point for alcohol, to offset, in fairness, the hundred against it! It's a good preservative, if it is a poor food.

Picked up by the liver with the fragments of the red cells, this cell varnish passes into the bile and some of it gets backed up into that strange little pear-shaped side-kick, or settling basin, opening off from the main bile duct like the air bulb on a force pump, the gall bladder. Here it seems to weary of a wandering life and

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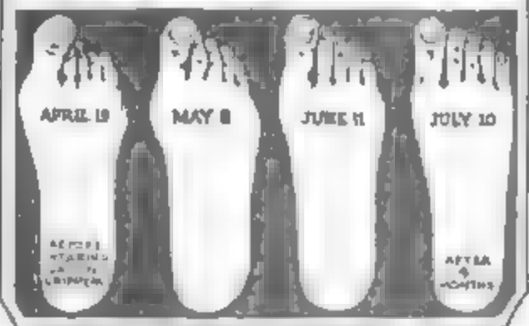

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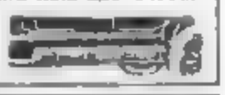

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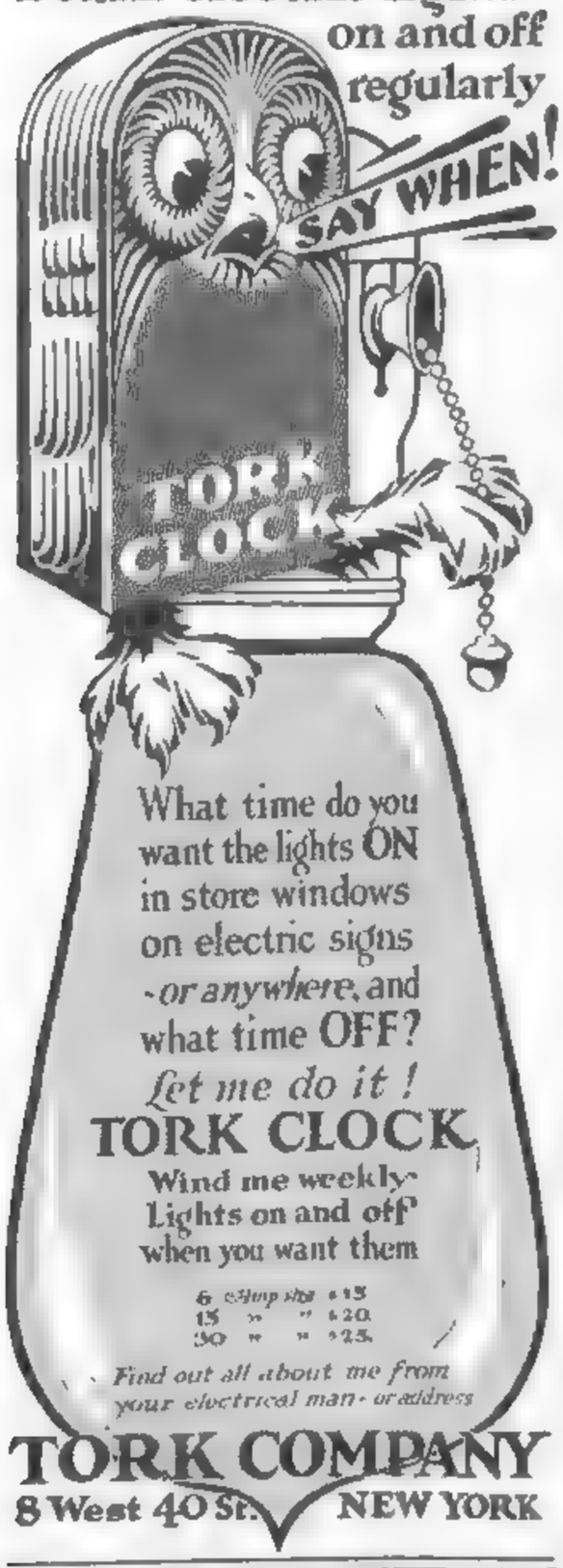

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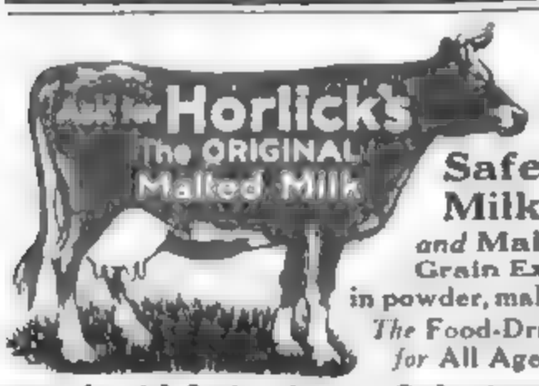

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Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

shows signs of settling down; in an evil moment some half-dead bacteria, often those of typhoid or diarrhea, drift into the gall bladder, get marooned in its dead end and start the witches' brew to bubbling.

Soon a curd of mucus or a clot of fibrin is formed, and the animal wax, true to its protective instincts, promptly coats it over; the next batch of wax that is backed in follows its example, and, behold, a gallstone has begun. A grain of bile pigment or even a clump of half-dead bacteria may start the wax to settling down. All it needs is stagnation and a nucleus. This has been positively shown by cutting a stone in two and growing cultures of typhoid bacilli from its center. Very much, in fact, as pearls are formed in an oyster. The latest and finest ones, which cannot be told by experts—to their rage and dismay—from real, or, rather natural pearls of high luster, are actually produced by injecting the proper half-dead bacteria into the living oyster.

What happens next depends on circumstances, which is usually another way of spelling "bacilli." If the bacteria are alive and active enough to keep up a steady but mild inflammation, plenty of other clots and scraps are furnished for the wax to settle on, and five, ten, twenty gallstones may start in rapid succession. In which case, like a large family on a slender income, they are all likely to remain stunted and poor. But the size of the family is far beyond human possibilities of fertility—more like that of a cod or a lobster, for the number of gallstones in one small bladder may reach up into the hundreds; even, incredible as it may seem, to over a thousand! Their commonest number, however, is, roughly speaking, from five to twenty, and their size from that of a huckleberry to that of a large cherry, usually faceted from pressure against one another.

At the other extreme, if the bacteria die off after starting the trouble, or if their formation is due to simple excess of cholesterol in the blood and stagnation of the bile in the bladder, as may occur, only one stone may be formed, which makes a mold of the entire body of gall bladder, as large as a small pear, from four to five inches long.

If there be much inflammation in the bladder, lime from the blood will also be deposited upon the gallstones along with the wax, which has the slight compensation of making them visible to the X rays.

Successful Surgical Treatment

By one of the many paradoxes of the liver, the larger a stone is the less trouble it gives. When it is once too big to get out of the gall bladder—roughly, beyond the size of a cherry—it is comparatively harmless. This is because the chief mischief arises when it starts to travel down through the small duct of the gall bladder and the quill-sized main bile duct below. These it stretches almost to bursting, causing spasms of agonizing pain, known as gallstone colic. If it lodges for a time in the main duct it backs up the bile into the liver and all over the body, producing striking jaundice. But usually, after a few hours, or, at most, days of terrible agony, with vomiting and often fever, the stone finally slips through into the intestine and the jam is broken. Unfortunately there are usually plenty more where that came from, and other attacks are likely to follow. Really, considering the ease and frequency with which gallstones form in the stagnant backwater of the gall bladder, it is surprising how little trouble they cause.

They are found in 6 to 12 per cent of all routine examinations made either during abdominal operations or after death. And the great majority have never even caused a suspicion of their presence. They are one of the "blessings" of advancing years. Half the cases occur after fifty, and very few under twenty-five. Post-mortem records show that 25 per cent of all women over sixty carry them, usually unsuspected, and they are three times as common in women as in men.

Why this should be is a mystery. Possibly because anything that slows down the food current through the intestines increases the supply of bacteria for infecting the gall bladder. Hence constipation promotes the formation of gallstones. Probably also on account of women's more sedentary habits; for in active exercise, with its deeper breathing, the liver is vigorously squeezed between the diaphragm above and the muscles of the abdomen below, thus pumping both bile and blood through it more rapidly. This beneficent action was also cramped by that instrument of torture, the old-fashioned corset. There should be cheering prospects of a falling off in the frequency of gallstones when the modern open-air girl, with her uncorseted figure and active athletic habits, reaches the middle decades.

A program of balanced rations, exercise and open-air life is the only rational method of attack upon the gallstone problem. Once the deposits have formed, especially if of the reënforced-concrete type, with lime and wax mixed, no known remedy under heaven can touch them, though various mineral waters have been reputed, in the quaint language of Montaigne, to be "strong enough to break stones." Like other remedies recommended, such as salts, calomel and the salicylates, they may give some relief by flushing out the food tube and helping the flow of the bile, but nothing more.

One of the most widely used remedies, olive oil in wineglassful doses, gained its reputation in a singular way. It slightly increases the flow of the bile and soothes muscular cramps, and then in a few days' time gallstones begin to pass by the dozen, to the patient's delight. But when the inquiring skeptic cuts in two a few of these little cubes of apparent animal wax he finds that they are really little cakes of fatty green soap into which the fat-digesting ferments of the intestines have turned the surplus olive oil!

The Road to Karlsbad

But, fortunately, relief is at hand from another quarter. When repeated attacks of gallstone colic have occurred in spite of medical and hygienic measures, and there is reason to suspect the presence of more stones in the bladder, then the case becomes one for the surgeon, who can usually give permanent relief by opening, emptying, and in some cases removing the gall bladder. The operation is, of course, a serious one, but in skilled hands is well worth the risk, which is less than 5 per cent. One great surgical clinic has a record of more than four thousand operations with a mortality of barely 2.5 per cent, and in only three cases did the gallstones re-form. In the face of figures like this there need be no hesitation in resorting to surgery.

In an earlier day surgeons were not so superbly painstaking and expert, and there was always the hope that each attack of gallstone colic would be the last; and operation was put off until the main duct was firmly blocked or the peritoneum infected. Thus the surgeon had no fair chance, and opening the gall bladder gained a bad name. But that is all past now.

The whimsical uncertainties of all remedies except surgery may be illustrated by the experience of an elderly Greek lady, related to the writer by her son. She went up to Vienna some twenty years ago for relief from gallstones, from which she had suffered for more than ten years. Her consultant in Vienna advised against an operation on account of her weak and exhausted condition, and sent her up to Karlsbad to drink the waters and, when she had sufficiently recovered from the fatigues of her journey, take the baths. Two days after her arrival she passed three huge gallstones, and never had another attack of colic, making a rapid and complete recovery. The doctor at Karlsbad begged one of the stones as a trophy, and on her way home the delighted lady called on her consultant at Vienna to express her gratitude, and presented him with another. He showed it to his class the next day, and after relating the story of the case he remarked with commendable frankness and fairness that he dared not flatter himself that the gratifying cure was due either to the good advice he had given the patient at Vienna or to virtues of the waters at Karlsbad, but more probably to the wretched condition of the railroad bed between Vienna and Karlsbad and the vigorous jolting it had given to her liver and gall bladder!

Not unnaturally the question rises, If the surgeon removes the gall bladder how does the patient get along without it? This raises another of the many mysteries of the liver—that, after observations reaching back to the days of Babylon and hundreds of careful experiments in the last few decades, we don't really know what the use of the gall bladder is in the body!

It is too small for a reservoir, as it holds only a couple of ounces, and the bile flows at the rate of one to two pints a day. All we know is that it acts feebly as a safety

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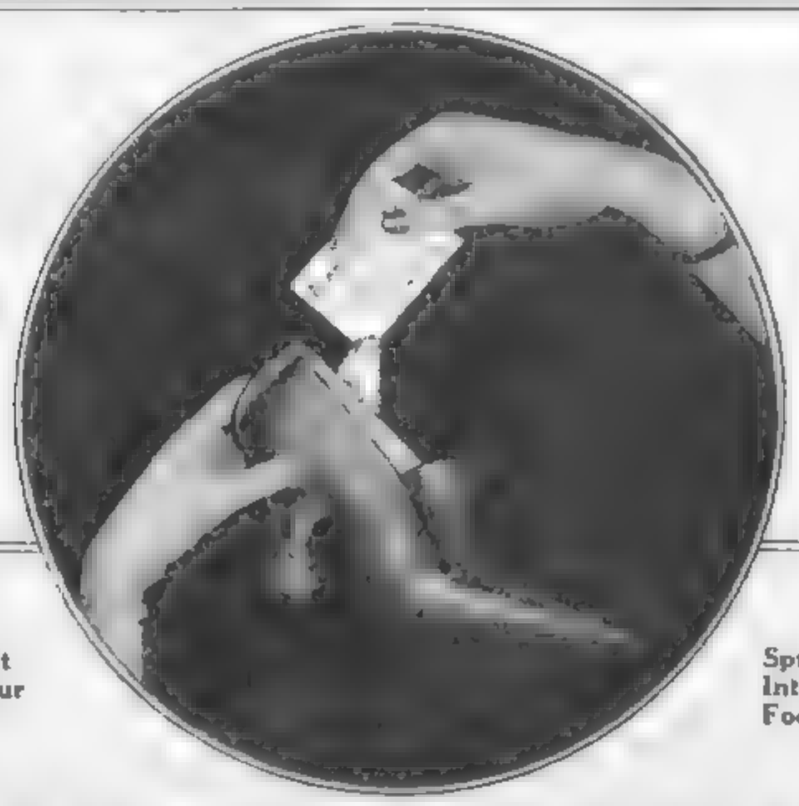

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valve against back pressure when the bile flow down the main duct into the intestine is shut off between digestions. And it does not always take the trouble to empty itself when the bile flow starts again. Also, it thickens the bile backed up into it by the addition of mucus, which is no particular improvement. In fact, the most striking thing that it does is to lay gallstones. When it is filled full by a big single gallstone or removed by the surgeon we are not a whit the worse.

A similar paradox is found in the animal world. Some animals, as the horse, have no gall bladder at all. More perplexing yet, the deer has one, the wild goat has none, and the antelope, which is halfway between the two, sometimes has a gall bladder and sometimes has not! The giraffe shows the same whimsical variability. It seems to be a matter of individual taste.

Among birds the hawk has one, the dove none, and the ancients used to cite this as accounting for the savage temper and solitary habits of the one and the gentleness and sociability of the other.

Shakspere, with his wondrous range of information, brings in this contrast in Hamlet's soliloquy, when the latter is trying to justify himself for not taking vengeance upon his father's murderer:

But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter.

It may seem strange to leave almost to the last the most visible and apparently important work of the liver, the manufacture of bile. This golden-brown fluid, which turns green or to acid gastric juice on exposure to the air, has always made a powerful impression upon popular imagination, partly by its striking color and partly on account of its intensely bitter taste when forced up into the mouth. With such a taste and such a color it surely must be big medicine. And so it is, but with a lot of curious contradictions about it. In the first place, not a little of it is pure waste product, as it pours down through the great bile duct into the first or highest part of the intestine, close below the pylorus of the stomach, and goes on out of the body with the other food wastes. Its flow also follows the daily rise and fall of the body temperatures without very constant relation to meal times.

The Liver's Crowning Service

More singular yet, although its shutting off from the intestine, by a gallstone, for instance, produces serious indigestion and putrefaction of the foodstuffs, bile has not the slightest digestive action when mixed with food in a test tube. Nor has it the feeblest antiseptic powers; in fact, it makes an excellent culture medium for germs to grow on. It seems like a regular false alarm.

The secret of the paradox is that although almost powerless itself, when mixed with the pancreatic digestive juice it nearly trebles the powers of the latter. So the lordly liver is placed in the almost humiliating position of playing second fiddle to the sweetbread, though this is a most valuable service.

The bile also helps in the absorption of the fats and hastens the onward movement of the dissolving food and wastes by stimulating the muscles of the intestinal wall. But there is not much use giving bile pills to aid intestinal digestion, because they cannot wake up any more pancreatic juice than is already there.

The crowning service of this wondrous chemical gland factory consists in its masterly handling of our food wastes. Not only can the liver burn the poisonous ammonia into harmless urea, or kidney food, but it can actually transform bacterial poisons and plant poisons, like morphine, into the same easily got rid of substance.

More extraordinarily yet, it can take the waste fragments of the proteins or meats of our food and, combining them with poisons from the bowel, manufacture sugar! "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of sweetness and light."

Incidentally, our recent discoveries of the conjuring powers of the liver have unexpectedly shown that sugar, instead of a menace to health, is one of our most valuable antiseptics and protectives against poisoning. One of the dangers of very prolonged anæsthesia under chloroform or ether is a severe fatty decay of the liver. Experiments upon animals have shown that this happens only when the liver is nearly empty of sugar, and that it can be prevented entirely by injecting large amounts of dissolved glucose into a vein before the anæsthetic is given. So it is now becoming customary to administer a full dose of glucose to patients who are going to take ether, chloroform, salvarsan or other drugs that may possibly have poisonous after effects. Sugar is Nature's great antidote as well as priceless fuel, and although we have only just discovered this, the liver has known it for countless ages.

To sum up, the best treatment of liver disorders, from jaundice to cirrhosis, is prevention. Give the liver pure water, uncontaminated by either sewage or alcohol, clean food and daily churning by vigorous muscular exercise, and it will carry out its chemical miracles of life-giving and life-saving, of turning poisons into fuels and antidotes, as long as the life stream flows.

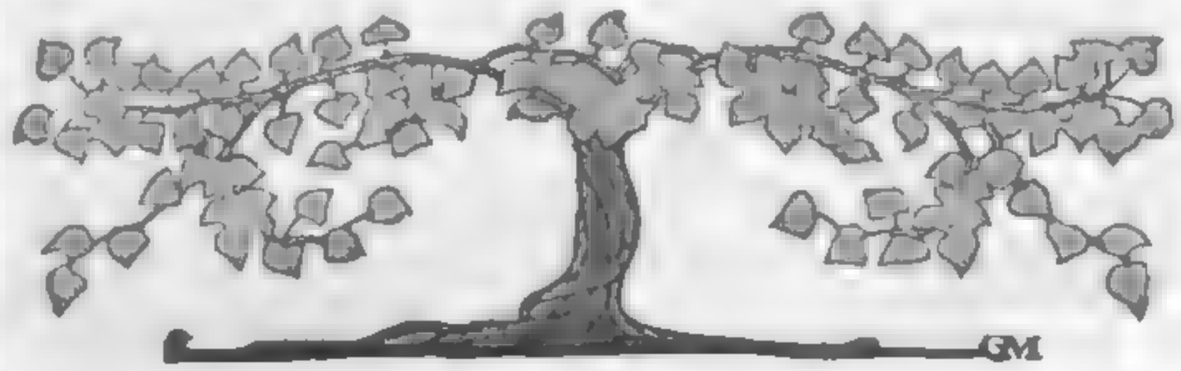
Life's Lengthening Span

This spotless cleanliness of foods and drinks would have been practically impossible for the individual to secure alone and unaided twenty or even ten years ago, but today, with the powerful assistance of our devoted and triumphant health officials and authorities, heartily supported in recent years by most of the larger and more progressive food manufacturers, who clearly see the financial as well as the communal benefit of a campaign of cleanliness, we are living the germ-free life as never before. Our water is filtered, our food protected; great stress is laid by many food firms on the facts that their product is untouched by human hands and that ceaseless inspections are made of every step of the process to make assurance doubly sure of absolute purity and cleanliness. The advertising value of such a régime is tremendous. The less careful manufacturers tend to be squeezed out of business entirely, a battle for supercleanliness begins to rage among the successful ones, and the public profits greatly by the competition.

The two campaigns, one of private enterprise, the other of communal activity, as a powerful part of the great world-wide movement for public health, have already produced solid and substantial results. An addition of fifteen years to the average span of human life has been made since 1870, of which three and a half years have been added since 1910, and there is a clear prospect, even if no new discoveries are made, of adding twenty years more within the next half century.

Every germ that by modern methods we can bunker before it even enters the body means just that much less extra work for our long-suffering liver. But even when it has begun to stagger under its load of poisons, restore decent hygienic conditions in the food tube and it will recover completely nine times out of ten, literally growing a new liver for the purpose if necessary.

Almost the only germs it cannot deal with victoriously are the spore cells of cancer, floated to it in the blood and lymph currents from cancers all over the body. So literally is the liver the trade capital of the body state that nearly 50 per cent of all secondary or transplanted cancers occur in its substance. But even these form only a small percentage of its disorders; so probably three-fourths of the invader cells fail to get a foothold. Press the shining button of cleanliness and the liver will do the rest.



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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

SUBSIDIZING THE FARMERS

(Continued from Page 29)

elderly members of the household. For a woman to raise a large family and be a good mother—to say nothing of doing the housework—is enough for any American woman. It is dead wrong to expect her to do any farm work. If the women of our farms formed blocs and should seek special legislation we all should help them out. They deserve our sympathy and aid—especially as their work is 365¼ days every year, while the men on many farms half hibernate during the winter months. But unlike most animals that hibernate in winter, these farmers continue to eat, and—according to some wives—they eat more in winter than in summer because they have nothing else to do.

As to relieving the children on the farms, I am not so sure that this is advisable.

"Why should my children be compelled to work, while your city children do not?" asked an Illinois farmer of me this past winter.

My answer was, "They perhaps should not be compelled to work; but the very fact that they are taught to work is what makes them forge ahead of the city boys in later life."

Buying Our Own Pickerel

Statistics show that most of the great bankers, manufacturers and merchants of America are the sons of farmers and preachers. Go through the list of bank presidents of Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland or even New York. Were these men born in the city the finances of which they are now directing? No, they were not. Moreover, they probably were born in no city, but—if not a minister's son—were born on a farm. So, although the politician has a right to urge legislation "which will take the children out of the hot fields," yet he may be doing the children a great injustice. City children often don't amount to much because they don't have to work. Boys brought up on the farms become great captains of industry because they early form habits of honesty, industry and thrift. These great basic factors cannot be learned from books, but only through the actual daily work such as boys get under a good father and mother on a farm. The farms are the best and greatest schools and colleges of America. Shall we take away from these farms one of their most useful and valuable functions, namely, the development of young men in physique, integrity, industry and thrift? That invaluable function known as gumption in some sections, and common sense or good judgment in others, cannot be learned from books, but only from work. Can America afford to take away this work from the most promising of her youths?

I have a friend in Gloucester who is very fond of pickerel. Although Gloucester is the greatest fishing port in the world, it is very hard to find any pickerel in the town, because pickerel are fresh-water fish. All kinds of salt-water products, from the tiny smelts to the mammoth halibut, exist in abundance; but my friend did not care for any of these luxuries; he wanted pickerel. All of which illustrates how our wants are not determined by the actual merits of the things desired, but by whether or not we possess them. People who have curly hair want straight hair; people who have straight hair want curly hair. Farmers envy the city people and the city people pine for the country. So it goes.

Well, my friend wanted pickerel so much that he stocked a near-by pond with the fish. But to his great joy the next summer a boy came around each week to sell him pickerel. So he did not bother about his pond and the fish he had imported from an inland hatchery. Yet several times—very often, in fact—he and his wife would discuss the fish in the pond, wondering whether or not any were there and if they were large enough to eat. Finally one day they decided to walk up to the pond and test it. On the way up they met, coming down, the boy of whom they had been buying pickerel. When asked where he got them he explained innocently "In the pond"—the pond that my friend had stocked.

While traveling about the great Central West during the past few months I have often heard discussed in the smoking compartments of the Pullmans this question: Should the farmers be subsidized? All the discussions were on the assumption that farmers today are not subsidized. The real situation, however, is very much like the pickerel case. While we are discussing whether or not the farmer is subsidized or should be subsidized he is every day drawing his subsidy in some form or other. We are all paying this subsidy. In other words, we are buying pickerel from our own pond while arguing whether or not any pickerel exist there.

Let us examine the case and see if this is not so.

The farmer has the privilege of selling tax-exempt bonds in order to secure money for himself at a lower rate than he otherwise would have to pay. This is a privilege that even the Federal Government is not now taking for itself and one that it is asking the states and cities to give up. This is not saying that our farmers are not entitled to this special privilege; but it is nevertheless a subsidy enjoyed by no other class of people. Bonds secured by railroads, steamships, factories, stores, and even homes are taxable; but bonds secured by farms are exempt from all Federal taxes. This means that those who are not farmers have just so much more to pay in interest, because the money needed to run the Government must be raised in some way, and other securities must be taxed higher than if the farm bonds were not exempt. This feature saves the farmers 1 to 1½ per cent on all they so borrow, which saving now runs up to about $10,000,000 a year on the $855,000,000 Farm Loan Bonds now outstanding. When, however, one remembers that the low rate on the Farm Loan Bonds and Joint-Stock Land Bank Bonds acts as a check on all money the farmer borrows, this saving is multiplied several times. I mean that the farmers are today borrowing money from insurance companies, banks, and so on, at a lower rate than they would if the Government did not set the pace. This tax-exempt privilege, however, costs the rest of the people much more than the amount I have mentioned, because these farm bonds are largely bought by very rich men who otherwise would have to pay a heavy surtax that in many cases would amount to 50 per cent of the income. So you see that here we are surely buying pickerel from our own pond.

The Tariff Subsidy

If ever an honest attempt was made to subsidize the farmers it was when the latest tariff bill was passed. If you have any doubts, read the congressional records. The Farm Bloc openly determined to place a tariff on everything the farmer sells and to put everything he buys on the free list. Of course this was not carried out to the letter, but we came pretty near to it. These items, with the duty placed on each, will illustrate the fact:

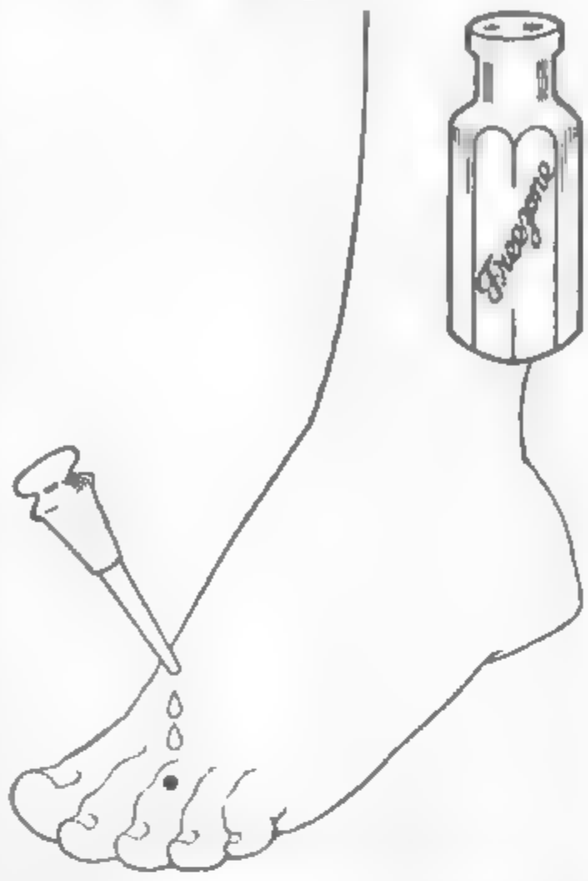
	CENTS
Clean wool, per pound	31
Fresh beef and veal, per pound	3
Fresh mutton and goat meat, per pound	2½
Lard, per pound	1
Butter, per pound	8
Cheese, per pound (But not less than 25 per cent)	5
Eggs, per dozen	8
Dried egg albumen, per pound	18
Corn, per bushel	15
Rice, milled, per pound	2
Wheat, per bushel	30
Rye, per bushel	15
Barley, per bushel	20
Oats, per bushel	15
Raisins, per pound	2
Lemons, per pound	2
Apples, per bushel	25
Unshelled peanuts, per pound	3
Shelled walnuts, per pound	12
Flaxseed, per bushel	40
Honey, per pound	3

Yet the things that the farmer buys, such as agricultural implements, barbed wire, breeding animals, fertilizers and their ingredients, such as arsenic, dried blood, bones, guano, lime, potassium, and so on, are on the free list. Even oil-cake meal and pads for horses are specifically mentioned to be free from duty!

At first thought this does not seem so important, as we do not import much wheat, butter, cheese, and so on. But if this means that we pay thirty cents a bushel more for all the wheat that we use, and eight cents a pound more for all the butter that we use,

Corns

Lift Right Off



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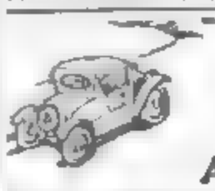

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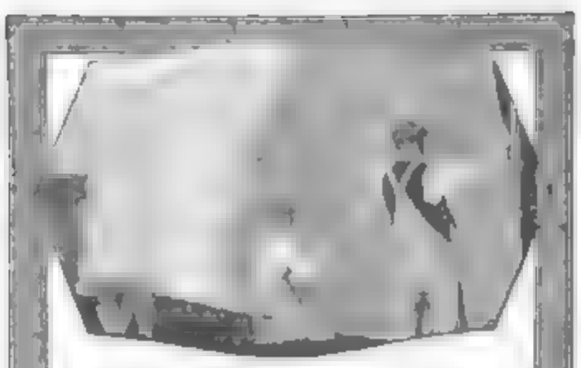

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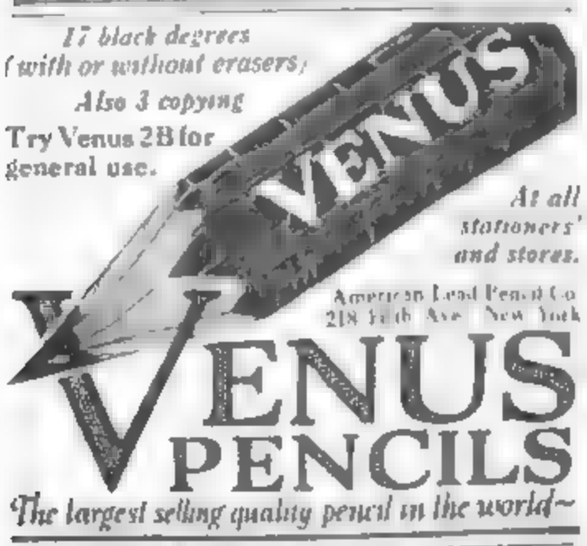

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and so on—the resulting figure is tremendous. In other words, if—as some claim—this tariff protects the farmer by raising the price on all farm products by the amount of the duty, then the rest of the country is today subsidizing the farmers—by the tariff alone—to the extent of about one billion dollars a year. Some subsidy!

A study of railroad rates shows that in this connection the farmer enjoys special privileges that have never been granted to other lines of industry. The railroads have made the farms possible. The increase in the value of farm lands, from which the farmers have had the sole benefit, has been largely due to the railroads. To no other one thing does the farmer owe so much as to the railroads. Yet as I travel throughout the great farming section I hear constant talk against the railroads. Everything points to a drive against the railroads in the next Congress. Why is this discontent?

It is because two years ago a part of this special privilege was taken away from the farmers. Today on interstate business the farmer must pay the same freight rate as other people pay. To this he objects very strenuously and damns the railroads for ingratitude. Yet if one will study intrastate rates he will find that the farmer still has a distinct subsidy in connection with railroad rates. The farmers of the agricultural states still control the rates for traffic that originates and ends within the state. Much of this the railroads are compelled to carry at a loss, which means that those in other industries—those who are not farmers—must pay just so much more on the goods they send through the state as interstate business.

A Few Kind Words in Order

One of the clearest cases of special-privilege legislation was passed by this last Congress when exempting from suit, under the Sherman Anti-trust Law, such cooperative-marketing corporations as the farmers might form. It is very true that the Sherman Law may have outgrown its usefulness, but why should farm products alone be exempt? Are farm products any more essential than fuel, building materials and ordinary clothing? The sole reason is that the farmers believe that such associations will enable them to get more for their products, and they had sufficient political power to put the legislation through. Moreover, it is the belief that similar associations operated by lumber, brick, clothing and other people would likewise enable them to get more, which causes these same politicians to forbid such groups combining and to keep them under the Sherman Anti-trust Law. It seems to most people as if a law should apply equally to all producers of the necessities of life, and if repealed for one should be repealed for all. But to discuss this point is not the purpose of this article. My only object in mentioning the subject is to show that the farmers are today a distinctly favored class and well subsidized. Moreover in so subsidizing them we are buying pickerel out of our own pond.

The purpose of this article is to show first that the farmers deserve protection and subsidy, and second that they have been already given protection and subsidy far above that even considered for any other industry. Every man today who is not a farmer is contributing liberally through high interest rates, higher taxes, higher railroad transportation and in many other ways to the support of the farmers. Moreover, most of us should be very glad of the privilege of making such a contribution. We do not object to paying more for everything we eat in order that the farmers may be more prosperous, but we do ask the farmers to recognize the fact, and not bite the hand that helps them. The East is glad to help the West, but it asks the West to protect its investments in return. The North is glad to help the South, but it asks protection for its industries in return. The cities are glad to pay 80 per cent of the cost of running the Government, but it asks that the farmers treat wisely the hen that is laying the golden eggs that provide this 80 per cent. Everyone wants to help the farmers, but asks in return recognition and a kind word.

Relations With Europe

Of course the farmer has been up against one very discouraging feature—namely, that the price of what he has to sell has fallen out of all proportion to the price of what he must buy. The farmer's discontent is not hard to understand. High labor is one of the chief reasons for the fact that the farmer is still at such a disadvantage. He is not unionized; he cannot fight unionized labor, which has such an advantage over him. Then, of course, the farmer is tremendously affected by the European situation. America can eat only so much of cereals. The farmers are absolutely dependent upon a foreign market for any surpluses. The plan for fixing the price of wheat at $1.75 a bushel for three years, as proposed by Senator Gooding, of Idaho, would do the farmers more harm than good. As one of the best authorities says: Wheat at present is selling for about $1.20 a bushel, which price is based upon world conditions. Not even the United States Government can arbitrarily raise the price to $1.75 or to any other level in peacetime, because it does not control the supply, as it did during the war. If this bill should pass we should sell very little of our surplus abroad, but it would, in effect, be a subsidy for the farmers, to be taken out of the pockets of the American consumers.

Naturally, if wheat were fixed at any such price it would result in a greatly enlarged supply. It would not follow that the Government would be compelled to buy every bushel that the farmers offered, and, as the export demand would be practically killed, it would mean that all that the farmers could sell would be what the American millers would buy, and they would find themselves with this unsalable surplus remaining on the farms. It would not take long before the elevators of the country would be gorged with the wheat and although the farmers might receive more money for what they did sell, they would sell less wheat and actually receive less money. The United States would not be able to sell its wheat abroad until all other exporting countries had disposed of their

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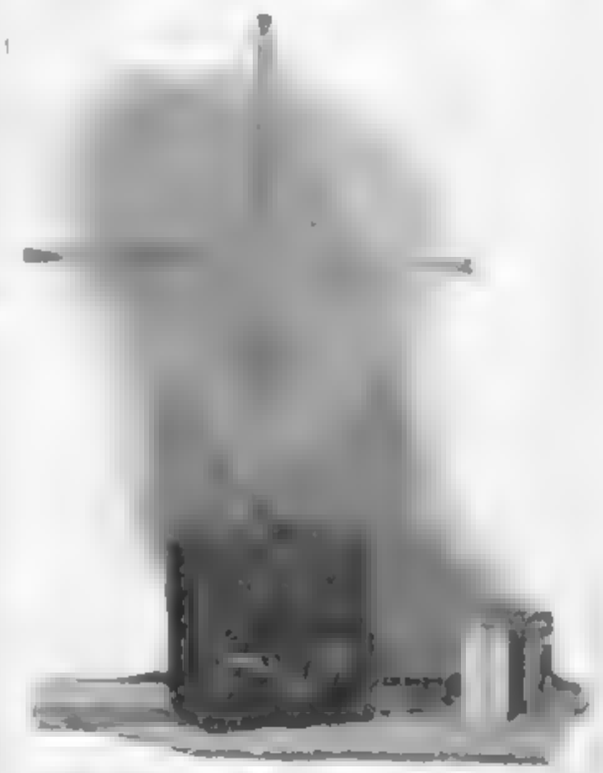

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surpluses, because they would eagerly undersell this country.

Yes, the farmer has his problems—and the whole country should help him solve them; but the solution—so far as foreign markets go—can far better come through some such economic conference as suggested by Senator Capper, of Kansas. Says he: "Aside from a few American financiers interested in foreign securities the American people realize that to cancel Europe's debt would simply be to finance its new militarism, and they are overwhelmingly against such a fatal mistake. . . . If we should buy off one fight in Europe now, how long would it be before it would be demanded of us that we buy off another?

"We can do nothing for Europe, nor for ourselves by furthering, aiding or abetting directly or indirectly the war schemes of Europe's diplomats. What Europe's governments seem most in need of from us at this time is a plain statement of what we will not do under any circumstances, as an earnest of what we will do if Europe will return to sanity and peace and industry. Such a statement would do more to clear the atmosphere, and still more to settle Europe's troubles, than any limited or unlimited access to Uncle Sam's strong box. An international economic conference might be made the vehicle for such an undertaking. In the preamble to the American suggestion to be offered at such a conference, certain facts might courteously but plainly be stated to this effect:

"That the United States under no consideration will cancel foreign war debts, or any of them; that these billions were borrowed from the American people and must be returned to them, no alternative existing.

"That the United States will not pay or finance any war debt or indemnity.

"That the United States will join no European political league or alliance.

"That the United States will send no more troops to Europe.

"The people of the United States will go far to find ways and means to help the peoples across the seas if they will abjure militarism and go to work. On the other hand, nothing lasting or worth while can or will be done with the assistance of the United States under any other auspices."

The need of an international conference to forestall the impending crash in Europe is only less necessary to us than it is to the Old World. Next to Great Britain Germany is the largest consumer of our foodstuffs. As indicating what the growing strife and the demoralization in Europe are doing to us we need only glance at our decreasing exports in 1922. Notwithstanding the financing we did to support the buying power of European markets, and in great helpfulness, the Government's Department of Commerce has just made public the following figures:

Exports of meat: 1922, $134,919,343; 1921, $150,878,243; decrease, $15,958,900.

Exports of dairy products: 1922, $24,905,495; 1921, $44,145,749; decrease, $19,240,254.

Exports of grain and grain products: 1922, $515,913,077; 1921, $758,397,520; decrease, $242,184,443.

If an economic conference of the nations offers even a ray of hope—and it does offer much more than that—let us invoke it. The sooner the better. In other words, if the farmer needs more help—and most of the evidence shows that he does—let it be of a practical and permanent nature. Instead of increasing the farmer's subsidies or attempting to suspend economic law, let us help the farmers to create and to hold a larger foreign market for their products. We thereby help not only the farmers but we help the world as a whole.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Babson. The concluding article will appear in an early issue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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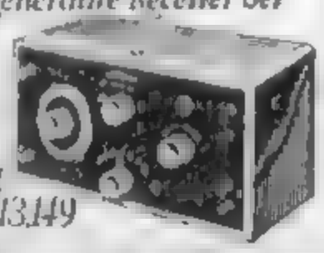

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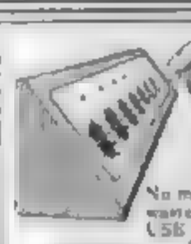

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BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR EXCLUSIVE AGENTS

Who has the right to Burn up a City?

If you want to know ***what happened*** *when the Board of Aldermen met to consider this matter, read the report week after next in this publication.*

"I'LL tell you it's an oppressive and impractical idea," bellowed the owner of a block of old buildings in the heart of the retail section. "The city's got no business telling me how to equip my buildings. This Chamber of Commerce has no business recommending any such measure to the City Council. It might be a great benefit to tenants but it would be an intolerable burden to the building owners. I'm opposed to this ordinance that allows the city to put in sprinklers wholesale and charge them against the particular property affected on a six year tax plan."

An unknown man: "I'm a tenant in one of the last speaker's buildings. Within two days he has notified us of rent increases on the renewal of leases that will more than make good the special fire protection tax necessitated by the badly needed sprinkler protection called for in this ordinance."

Building owner: "The value of real estate is going up—those rent increases have nothing to do with the matter."

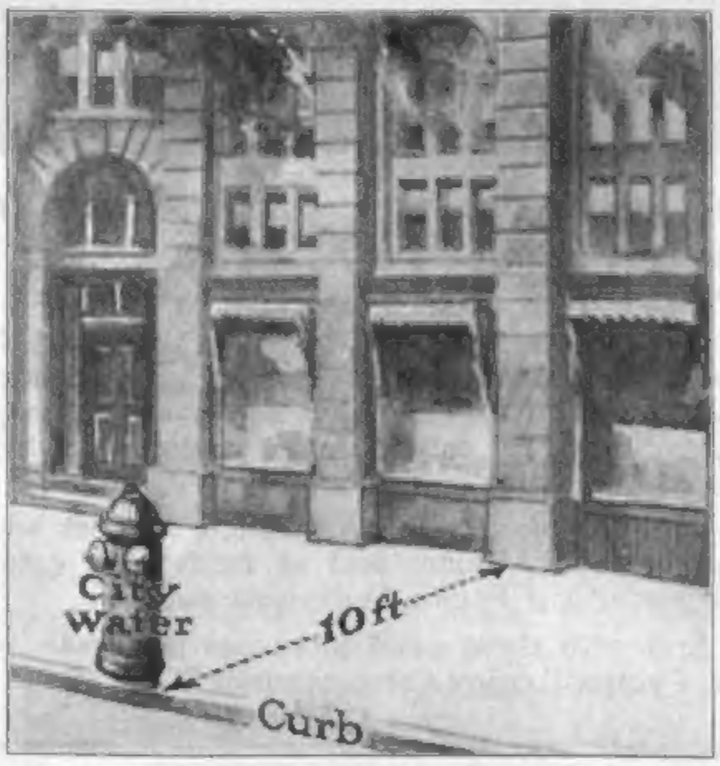
Tenant: "Maybe not, but those increases will pay for your sprinkler system in 5 years and from the time the equipment goes in your own insurance savings of over $500 a year on the building will be net profit."

Building owner: "But some of my tenants say they won't renew—then where do I—" *(His further tirade was interrupted by loud laughter.)*

Second building owner: "But my case is different. You know the group of two and three-story buildings in the block between Fourth and Fifth Streets hasn't enough value in it to pay for the sprinklers in insurance savings in 20 years. I might better tear the buildings down."

Instantly four men were on their feet clamoring for recognition.

Mr. Brown: "As an insurance man I know that rates on the modern and improved buildings adjacent to these antiquated structures are paying from 5c to 20c per $100 more for insurance than they would be if the owner tore the buildings down and thus removed one of the city's greatest conflagration breeders. I submit that the city has more right to demand safety in his buildings than he has to fling danger for blocks around." *(Applause)*



Safety brought to the curb—but stopped

Same building owner: "But I'm likely to sell that property inside of eighteen months and the sprinklers would be a total loss."

Health Commissioner: "You might have said the same thing about the sanitary plumbing the city forced you to put in." *(Applause)*

Fire Chief: "And I believe the Doctor will agree from what he has heard that there is more danger from the scourge of fire than from epidemic."

Health Officer: "I do—we can vaccinate against disease. As I understand your plan it is to provide a vaccine for fire—namely water applied automatically. I say—do it!" *(Applause)*

Chairman: "I gather from the applause that buildings of the type in question have been successfully disposed of. There is a more serious problem. Since our last meeting the Chamber of Commerce has received scores of letters from the owners of very small shops, typified by chain cigar stores, barber shops, Chinese laundries, etc., saying that the cost of a sprinkler system would amount to more than the value of the building."

Fire Chief: "Mr. Chairman, since the sprinklers will be installed in units of city blocks, such small buildings will be protected as parts of larger adjoining structures. They won't have separate systems. I happen to know that the corner cigar shop which the Economy Department store couldn't buy was connected to the store sprinkler system at a nominal cost which under the ordinance tax plan would be only about $10 a year for six years."

Managing Editor of Sentinel: "Our editorial against this ordinance was based on misinformation. When the Chief's statement and the other points brought out here are published I tell you all opposition will fade away. The endorsement of this ordinance by this body—which now is certain—will insure its passage; it will save the business men of this city nearly a million a year in fire insurance cost and besides will keep that money here instead of sending it out of town—more than half of it to foreign countries. It will make the city a model of fire safety throughout the country and will materially increase its prosperity."

* * * * *

IF you want a copy of an ordinance similar to the one here discussed, send to Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I. This ordinance was drafted by *Fire and Water Engineering* and reprinted from that magazine.

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When the fire starts, the water starts

"MAN IS NOT THE CREATURE OF CIRCUMSTANCES. CIRCUMSTANCES ARE THE CREATURES OF MEN"—*DISRAELI*

THE LAND BEYOND

INTO the lives of most men comes at some time an urge—

An impulse to journey out and see what lies beyond the local horizon, to prospect other, newer lands.

The story of many a man's success is a record of that impulse acted upon—of a fortune founded in "the land beyond."

The Pacific Northwest is singularly rich in men who came—many of them empty handed—to see what the country offered. And found there opportunity, happiness and prosperity beyond the common measure.

* * *

This is an invitation to you to visit the Pacific Northwest. An invitation to *invest* in a vacation that will not only enrich your experience and broaden your horizon, but may change for greater happiness and prosperity your whole future life.

The gigantic forests, tremendous logging operations, saw mills and paper mills; the titanic hydro-electric power plants; the stupendous irrigation projects—all typical of the vast scale of things in the Pacific Northwest, are sights worth going far to see.

If your interest is in the soil, you owe yourself a first hand knowledge of the marvelously fertile farming and fruit lands. Or stock: there are the superb dairy herds, the equally magnificent beef cattle, the great sheep ranches and the famous poultry farms.

Visit the world's largest salmon fisheries and canneries; the mines and oil fields; the great harbors of the Pacific Northwest ports.

And with these—and more too numerous to list—you will enjoy a scenic grandeur and climate that will make your tour an unforgetable pleasure! Yellowstone, Glacier, Rainier, and Crater Lake National Parks, the Columbia River Highway, the Alaskan tour—numberless natural wonders that are nowhere in the world surpassed.

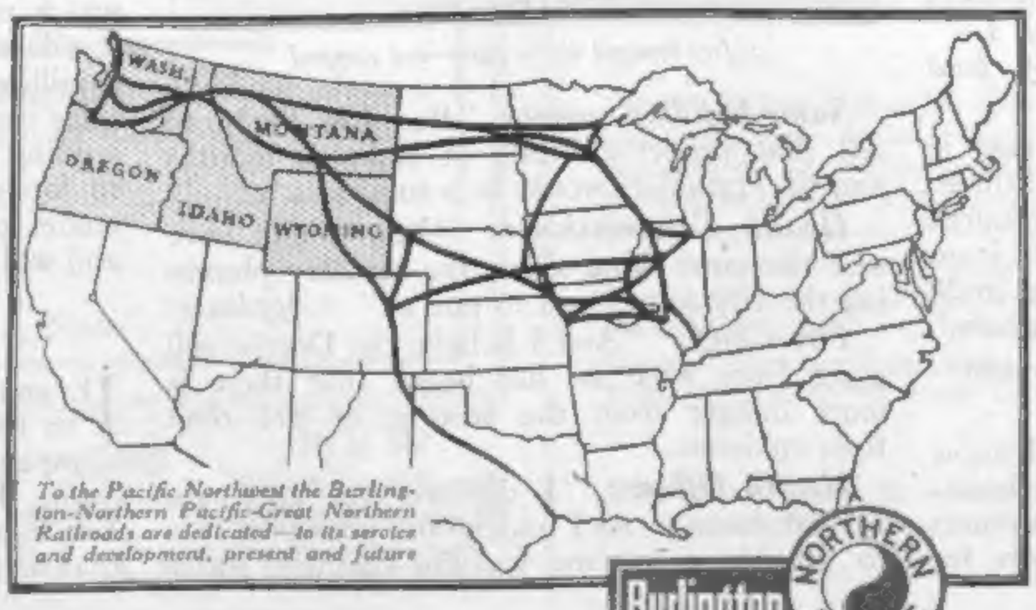
* * *

Everywhere in the Pacific Northwest—in the cities, in the country—you will sense a vastness of achievement, a rush of progress, the nearness, of a great destiny—but more than that!

You will feel the *realness* of "equality of opportunity"—a higher valuation of the individual and a larger chance for a man to succeed on his own resources.

Visit the Pacific Northwest!—not alone to see it, but to appraise it. Cover the ground yourself—weigh your abilities and means in the scale of its opportunities. Let your own judgment, based on your personal observation, decide whether or not this is the land for *you*.

Write for interesting booklet, "Through the American Wonderland." Address P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.



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GREAT NORTHERN RY.

To the Pacific Northwest
THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

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Notice the beauties of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate

THIS fine silverplate is displayed generously these days—pieces that will add immeasurably to the delicacy and crispness of every summer meal. Ask to see the salad forks, ice cream forks and iced tea spoons or some of the serving pieces, like the berry spoon.

Price need not deter you from purchasing "1847 Rogers Bros." In spite of its classic beauty and unquestioned durability, "1847 Rogers Bros." is surprisingly inexpensive. A set of six iced tea spoons, for instance, costs only $6.00. Other pieces are priced as reasonably.

In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you may purchase the pieces you need to-day, and add to them when occasion demands. Leading dealers everywhere carry "1847 Rogers Bros." In the newer patterns they will be glad to show you just the pieces you need to make your table service complete.

Be sure to see the Ambassador and the Anniversary patterns. They are unusually attractive.

Send for "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," booklet E-90, which outlines the table-service families of different sizes should have for gracious, comfortable living—every day and for entertaining. We also furnish handsome illustrations of the Ambassador and other patterns.

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1847 Rogers Bros. patterns are matched by vegetable dishes, platters, trays and beverage sets. These pieces are a finishing touch to the well set table—beautiful in themselves and most practical for everyday use.

Ambassador Iced Tea Spoon

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